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WHEN in July 1850 the arrangements for the Great Industrial Exhibition in Hyde Park, were made, and the plan for that Crystal Palace in which its priceless collection was to be enshrined, finally determined, how little did we think that within four years, four exhibitions similar in object, though of various merit, should have been witnessed. New York, Dublin, the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and Munich, have all put in their claim to notice, while a stately building is being reared at Paris, to which the world has been summoned for the year 1855.

That vast Exhibitions, and Crystal Palaces, are the fashion just now, there can be little doubt; and so judged the projectors of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, when they planned the spacious building, with its beautiful grounds, but which unlike the others, 'is destined for permanent service;' indeed, as the general guide book informs us, as 'an institution intended to last for ages, and to 'widen the scope, and to brighten the path of education throughout 'the land.' As much attention has of late been paid to the question of the artistic education of the masses, and as the Crystal Palace

claims to aid largely in this movement by its Fine Art Courts; it is to them that we shall exclusively devote our notice, waiving for the present the questions which might arise as to the expediency of placing the arts and the sciences in such close juxtaposition, and of endeavouring to assemble 'all and everything' within the compass of one building.

The scope taken in these Fine Art Courts is wide indeed. Beginning with Egypt, and ending with the schools of modern sculpture, the mind has to range over a space of almost three thousand years, from the tomb of Aboo Simbel to the latest statue of Wellington, from the sands of Nubia to the plains of Northern Europe. Much however of this extensive collection is already well known. The casts from the antique have long claimed a place in every gallery of art, and the Egyptian and Assyrian remains have attracted their thousands of visitors to the British Museum. Many of the specimens of modern sculpture, too, found a place in the original Crystal Palace, and many more are familiar to us. Glancing therefore as we proceed, at the Egyptian, Assyrian, and Greek Courts, we shall reserve our chief notice for the courts of Christian art; which include the Byzantine school, until now, almost unknown, together with the Gothic and Renaissance schools, whose respective merits and demerits are so bitterly contested by their partizans, and which, viewed as representatives of antagonistic principles in religion as well as art, are attracting such wide attention.

Let us enter the Egyptian Court, where, to use the words of a clever contemporary, 'the great folio of Egypt is brought out in duodecimo parts to suit the times.' A mighty folio truly is Egypt! much suggestive reading does it present to us, and much care have the constructors of this court bestowed upon many of its more striking pages. Here are colossal kings of the earliest day standing calmly with hands crossed on the breast; here are colossal kings of a later period, seated in quiet majesty, and here are huge lions, but not eager to spring on their prey, not eyeing with roused and angry look the crowds that press and jostle around them; but solemnly couchant,—warders who have nought to do but to watch, and wait, until the mighty cycle of years shall have revolved, and the new world spring forth. And here are pictured walls with long ranges of gaily coloured figures, variously employed, but all, whether occupied in peace, or in war, in the field, or in the temple, calm and solemn; and here are the idols before whom they bow, stiff and angular, but inspiring a sensation of awe, and marked like all the rest by deep repose. Then here is the later court, illustrating the period when the Greek artist moulded the lotus into more graceful forms, and gave light-

ness to the massive column, and height to the low browed roof, and strove to reproduce for the Ptolemies and Arsinoes, somewhat of the matchless elegance that marked the buildings of his own fair land. Would that these representations of a far off antiquity, almost lost in clouds and darkness, had been presented through a similar medium; that 'a dim religious light' had been diffused over all! But the bright positive colours, the dazzling white, the glare of the fresh gilding, wholly do away with the solemn mysterious feeling, which the relics of Egyptian art, whether in their ancient resting places, or in the national Museum, always awaken.

Perhaps no monuments are so dependent on site, as the elder Egyptian. Just as every ornament, every symbol, is strictly and exclusively of Egypt, so in every portion of his design the architect who reared the temple and pyramid, or the sculptor who smote the huge image out of the granite rock, never forgot that it was for the *plains* of Egypt their works were intended. It is this strict adaptation of the figure, or the building, to the locality, that has won a tribute of admiration from every traveller, whether he has beheld the Pyramids rising lone in the purple distance, or the solemn avenue of sphynxes, stretched out in measureless extent; or stood spellbound before the stupendous hall of Karnak. How then did it come to pass that the monument which claims from its size, and its high antiquity, to be perhaps the most important in the whole series, the tomb of Aboo Simbel should be placed where it is? It would be difficult we allow to find a suitable place at all in the Crystal Palace for a temple hewn in the living rock, and surmounted by giant figures: but surely, far away from the Egyptian court, to which alone it belongs, pressed upon by the Assyrian court on the one hand, and by the gaudy Alhambra court on the other, with marble-edged basin close in front and waving palm trees and crowded flower beds, around, that solemn old temple, excavated from amid the sands of Nubia, is as much out of place as Stonehenge would be,—grey mysterious Stonehenge, if its huge stones were taken from their lone resting place, and set up on one of the fairest slopes in the garden for holiday folk to gaze at. Those huge sphynxes too,—how solemn would they look, two and two, on the wide plain, or on the verge of the sandy desert. Even those twin overgrown monsters which, seen close at hand, suggest the mere idea of huge idols from some barbarous land, how awful would they look seen from afar,—giant forms looming through the distance, in dim outline, steadfastly keeping watch through thirty long centuries.

That the Egyptian deities offer no claim to beauty of form, and scarcely any to mere beauty of feature, is a recognised fact;

and yet we think few can deny their peculiarly solemn and impressive character. There is repose in some, a placid, dreamy repose, as though they had banqueted on the lotus—but in most the repose is that of power, self-sufficing power, the repose of deep thought, of far seeing wisdom, and we recognise the deity, despite of the angular form and the harsh outline. We shall not readily forget the dim November morning when passing from one part of the British Museum to the other, we unconsciously pushed open the door of the great Egyptian Hall, and met the calm gaze of the young Memnon, and stood alone in the presence of those huge bolt upright figures that keep watch there. There they sat, solemn, stern, unyielding, with no beauty that should stay the passer-by lovingly to gaze on them; there they sat, rigid and unchangeable,—just as they sat ere the first coracle had been moored on the shores of unknown, untrodden Britain, ere the first huts of future Rome had been thatched, while Nineveh was in her first glory, and Egypt and Assyria battled for the mastery of the ancient world! And then, as we passed along with hushed footstep, and with hushed breath, we felt there was a strange impressiveness in these relics of an early world. How weak and inadequate is mere beauty to shadow forth those qualities which the mind clings to in its time of need!—how earnestly will human helplessness look up to power, and human weariness to repose; and amid the ceaseless change and decay of all earthly things, how will man seek with intensest yearning, after that which is unchangeable! And thus among the earliest nations, those in whose minds still dwelt the dim traditions of a lost Eden, how did they rear the colossal figure, type to untold ages, of power and steadfastness; and how, when more widely separated from the one great family, did the Celt set up the huge grey stone, ruder symbol indeed,—but still emphatic symbol of the Changeless One!

Here is the Assyrian court; and here, as in the Egyptian, the eye rests upon symbols of power and permanence. It is worth while to linger here, and mark the distinction between the power embodied in the Egyptian remains, and that which looks forth from those relics of forgotten Nineveh. There is power in both, there is grandeur in both, but the maneless lions and the sphynxes that guard the doorways at the Egyptian temple are couchant, and the deities within are seated,—all is calm watching; while the winged bulls are standing, with feet firmly planted on the portal, and with outspread wings; and the giant warders stand, ready to advance against the intruder, clutching the lion cubs as though they would strangle them. And on the walls, the same indications of *active* power meet the eye. The Egyptian procession is solemn

and slow, but the Assyrian, whether it be for peace, or war, is full of life. How the monarch is hurrying onward his war chariot, how eagerly the men are fording the river, how vigorously they drag the huge bull up to the platform,—above all, that wonderful lion fight! what energy in the spring of the lions, how fine the recoil of the horses, and how spiritedly are they executed. The Elgin frieze with the battle of the Centaurs, rose to our minds, when we first saw it, for no conventional forms were studied here, but the Assyrian sculptor, just as the Greek, long after, sought his models from nature alone.

The conventionalism that unquestionably checked the progress of Egyptian art, never seems to have shackled the Assyrian sculptor. Indeed, the freedom and the spirit of his style would appear almost incompatible with the stern despotism beneath which he was crushed. It may be, that the Assyrian worship allowed greater scope to the fancy. We have sometimes thought we perceived indications of this in the varied expression of countenance which those gigantic winged bulls and lions present. Looking at the originals,—for the casts here, bright with fresh paint and varnish, are true only to the general character, we can trace a progress from the placid gaze of the Egyptian type, to the steadfast look of the early Greek. Those two mighty symbols of the mysterious ‘living creatures,’ which on their first arrival were placed at the foot of the great staircase at the Museum, how often have we looked up as the afternoon sun shone on them,—the one, with its strongly marked features, its intent and steadfast look; the other, the lion, with its calm wide forehead, and placid eyes, and delicate mouth and chin, almost Grecian, until the belief grew into certainty, that it was from Assyria that Greece herself derived her first knowledge of the arts—and that from the plains of Shinar came not civilization, not science alone, but art itself. Thus in the Xanthian marbles and in those of Egina, we trace the still westward progress of art, ere she sat down triumphant in Athens. In each school the outline becomes less rigid, the features soften into more positive beauty; but in each the impression of power is fainter and fainter, and the sense of awe, which if it sometimes checked the sculptor’s hand, gave sometimes a nameless solemnity to his touch, is no longer visible.

In the lapse of ages, in the wider dispersion of the human race, every remnant of the solemn old traditionary faith at length faded away. Men ‘felt after God, if haply they might find him;’ and baffled in their search, and dwellers in a beautiful land, and surrounded by beautiful forms, the Greek gave up the task to body forth by symbol the vast and incomprehensible, and contented himself with his heritage of beauty. And

how fair were his creations these Greek and Roman courts show, and the admiration for centuries of the whole civilized world. We need not linger among them, beautiful as they are, for of all this art collection they are the best known; but ere passing we may remark, how with all their matchless grace, all their surpassing beauty, they are still 'of the earth, earthy,' formed indeed of the finest clay, moulded with the most exquisite skill—superior, even as the precious porcelain outvies mere coarse pottery—but still, merely human. Look at that goddess, timidly smiling; her place is the boudoir, not the shrine; that stately youth, with scorn on his beautiful lip—the world-famed Apollo,—we might ask his aid against the wild beast of the forest, but could we kneel at his feet suppliants for protection from the deadly pestilence? It is while lingering with admiration among these forms of ancient beauty, that the feeling how utterly inadequate they are to the wants and desires of man is most strongly pressed home upon us. These 'fair, false gods of Hellas,' well fitted, indeed, were they for a holiday worship,—beautiful creatures to invoke beneath the sunshine, and on the margin of a summer sea: but amid the storm and tempest, amid the chafings of the vexed spirit, and the earnest longings to uplift the veil of the future, what wonder was it that the popular mind of Greece ever refused to accept the merely perfect form of the human being for its hope and resting place, and still clung to the time-worn symbol. How did the peasant bend with greater awe before his rude boundary stone, than within the neighbouring temple—how did the shapeless olive log divide in Athens itself, the worship with the Minerva of Phidias, resplendent in ivory and gold? and how did the beauty-loving Greeks crowd from afar to Ephesus, to bow down before—not the graceful hunter-goddess, not the fair crescent-crowned Artemis, but before the rude mummy-swathed idol with its Isis symbols, the 'great Diana of the Ephesians!'

Many generations did Greek art reign unchallenged; conquering the conquerors of the world, and maintaining her supremacy through full seven centuries, even until the wreck of the Roman empire, and then in the utter disruption of the ancient world, classic art passed away and was forgotten. What a season of wild confusion succeeded—of wars, of revolutions, of social changes;—the mightiest empire the world ever saw swept away, and with it the laws, the literature, even the languages of that elder day! 'Old things had passed away,' for ever, but a new element had been infused to mould the rude upheaving mass into form and beauty. 'The dayspring from on high' had visited the

nations, and beneath that unerring light a riper civilization was to blossom forth.

And here we enter on the history of modern and of Christian art; and of this the Byzantine was its earliest manifestation. We might take exception at the name Byzantine used as a general term; for, judging from the earliest remains of this school, the Romans seem fully to have equalled their brethren of the eastern capital; and naturally enough, for the city which Constantine quitted surely possessed specimens of ancient art equal, more probably superior, to those which favoured Byzantium could show. We cannot but think, too, that the buildings reared by the Lombards and the Normans, were copied from the ruined monuments of Roman skill, still remaining around them, rather than the production of workmen brought from afar, and workmen accustomed to very different materials, and to a very different kind of labour. To carve the delicate alabaster, to inlay the precious marble with more precious serpentine, and porphyry, and jasper, to trace 'with the most tender pencilling and cautious reserve of resource,' those 'labyrinths of beautiful lines' which their best remains exhibit, was the work of the Byzantine sculptor; but to rough hew the coarse stone, to carve the rude ornament to be set up on high, was the work of the early Lombard and later Norman.

That the Roman—the debased Roman style, was the source from whence every portion of Byzantine art was derived, cannot, we think, admit of doubt; and if we concede that the new builders copied from the remains around them, we shall readily find how from the very beginning, this style branched off into two great divisions, which, from their respective localities, we might term southern and northern. In the southern specimens, great richness of material, combined with much neatness, often delicacy, of execution, is manifest; in the northern,—the Lombard, and the Norman,—coarser materials, and far coarser execution. The wealthy cities of southern Europe, especially the twin capitals Rome and Byzantium, could afford to lavish rich marbles and splendid mosaics on their buildings, and costliest materials and the finest remains to copy from, as well as workmen, were close at hand; but their northern imitators had to use stone hewn from their own quarries, to copy from inferior buildings, and to use, most probably, appliances far inferior to those of their brethren in the south. And how suggestive, too, of the distinctions of race and circumstance, are the results of their respective efforts. The richly elaborated ornaments, the intricate convolutions of lines and foliage, the high finish to which spirit is constantly

sacrificed, how do these shadow forth the over civilization, the effete nationality of the Lower Empire? and how do the sharp, deeply cut mouldings, whether chevron, or billeted, or cable, of the ruder Lombard and Norman—above all their attempts at pictorial sculpture, body forth that barbarian energy, that wild, ever active young life, of the conquerors of ancient Rome. Those rude Lombard sculptures, with their long-backed horses and lions, and their lank hunters, and nondescript monsters, nothing can be more out of drawing; but a life-given vigour comes out, even too strongly, everywhere. The horses bound with all their might, the lions roar with all their might, the strange huge-eyed creatures stare with all their might, for the sculptor, rude as he might be, was thoroughly in earnest; felt his work, loved his work, and *willed* to do his very best. The work of the Byzantine sculptor is the copy traced by the feeble hand of age, most accurate, elaborate, but spiritless—that of the Lombard and Norman, the rude copy of a schoolboy, rough, utterly careless as to strict imitation, all over faults, but faults which prophesy future excellence.

In the Byzantine Court of the Crystal Palace, scarcely a specimen of the Lombard style will be found; the roof, and vaultings, and upper part, are painted from the elaborate remains of Byzantine and Venetian art, while the Norman specimens occupy a place immediately beneath; we have thus the most finished specimens of the school, and the rudest placed in a scarcely fair contrast with each other, and we miss the intervening link of the Lombard. In the Byzantine decorations of the ceilings and upper portion of the walls, many of the compartments display high merit, and the really subdued effect of the golden grounds, seen almost in shadow, produce a solemn harmony of colour. While we look up we begin to imagine how fine San Paolo, and St. John de Lateran, and those ancient basilicæ must have appeared to the early worshipper, although the portion of real mosaic in this court is too small to exhibit its full effect. But when the eye glances down on Kilpeck doorway, and Shobden chancel-arch, picked out in the brightest and lightest of colours, we cannot feel surprised at the contempt with which the holiday visitors turn away from them. Surely a little search would have discovered better Norman remains than these. Iffly doorway is in finer style, and from Oxford, Canterbury, and Norwich cathedrals—not to enumerate more—specimens of capitals, almost rivalling the Gothic in their graceful combinations of flower and leaf,—almost rivalling the exquisite lily capitals of St. Mark's in their fine execution,—could readily have been found.

After all, the Byzantine was but a transitional school. The young poet begins by copying, so does the young artist; and

thus 'young Europe' looked admiringly on the remains of Roman magnificence, and set about imitating them. But the active, inventive spirit will never be long content with mere copying; nor was the artistic spirit of the earlier mediæval period thus content. Like the clever schoolboy, the Lombard and the Norman often tried to improve upon their copy, but were sure, like him, to blunder; still, like him, they went on, and gradually the stately Norman style attained its short-lived perfection. But the restless spirit of the twelfth century would not settle down amid its massive columns and interlacing arcades; although solemn and imposing, the heavenward aspiration was wanting, and then arose the beautiful, the suggestive Gothic.

Who gave the first type of the Gothic? When did it first triumph—but gently triumph, as though in a sisterly rivalry—over its predecessor; and where first did its slender shafts, and graceful arches, and 'fearless height of subtle pinnacle and crested tower,' proclaim—not in the feeble voice of the officiating priest, but loud as its silvery bells, and far as its fair upspringing spire could be seen in the blue distance, '*sursum corde?*' These questions are as yet unanswered; perhaps they never will be answered; but the nearest approach as yet seems to be, that some time during the twelfth century, the earliest features of the Gothic appear, and that these are to be found chiefly in Northern France and England. The claim which some of our earlier architectural writers have made for England as the originator of the Gothic, has been met with a strangely bitter opposition—not from foreigners, that would be natural enough—but from Englishmen, who, determined to view their forefathers as barbarians, will not even inquire into the subject. Very probably the claim may be unfounded; but certain is it, that no style of architecture was ever so universally welcomed among us, or held its unchallenged supremacy so long. From the close of the eleventh century, to the middle of the sixteenth, Gothic edifices filled the land; and when the Renaissance, under noble and royal patronage, appeared among us, popular feeling still clung to the time-hallowed ecclesiastical form, and even during the worst days of 'restorations,' and churchwarden's whitewash, looked reverently on the old 'Gothic building,' then a word of scorn, for they felt its impressive beauty.*

* Ere passing from the Byzantine Court, we must complain of the overcrowding of the specimens. Even if all belonged to one school of art, the effect would be bad; but here are sepulchral effigies of the thirteenth century, and of purely Gothic form, surrounding a *fountain*, much resembling the *cinq-^{cento}* in its style, and of German workmanship. What business have the effigy of King John, from Worcester Cathedral, and the effigies of his father, and mother, and wife, and brother, from Fontevraud, to be in a court arched over with imitations of

From whatever source the Gothic was derived, to whatever people it may owe its birth, the Englishman was among the first to make it his own. He trained around the niche the foliage of his own 'merry greenwood,' hung round the clustered shafts flowers plucked from his own fresh meadows and blossoming hedge-rows; and sculptured the very features on which he had gazed reverently in infancy, or which had smiled upon him by his own fireside—heightedened into a sterner grandeur, or into a loftier beauty, beneath the pressure of a solemn faith—for the martyr confessor and the virgin saint. To the exquisite beauty of the English gothic foliage, a tribute of admiration has at length been paid; and it has even been conceded that English hands might have chiselled it; but that our fine statues, those stately rows of kings and saints, and angels and apostles, that rise tier above tier on the west front of Wells and Peterborough, or keep solemn watch above the arches of Lincoln, and York, and Exeter—should be the work of English hands, is pronounced to be utterly unlikely. 'The best benefices, we are told, were held by French and Italian churchmen,' during the period to which these works refer, *ergo*, they would not have employed *English* workmen. Now the asserters of this are bound to prove that these foreign prelates resided in England, and moreover, that they really did pay attention to the repairs of their cathedrals. What mere handbooks may say on the subject, is of little consequence; sure are we that the contemporary monkish historians expressly assert the foreign prelates to have been neglectful of everything save their stipends; that the cathedrals might have fallen to the ground, ere *they* would aid in upholding them; and likely enough, for we find that when they came to England to receive their dues, they ran the risk of being stoned by the populace. But it is significant, that wherever we find extensive improvements to have taken place, we always find *Englishmen* holding the see. To whom is England indebted for her most perfect specimen of early Gothic, Salisbury cathedral?—to Bishop Richard Poore, who, from its foundation, to the day on which its fair portals were

early Byzantine mosaics? Their place is unquestionably in the adjoining quadrangle; but we suppose, in consequence of *un embarras des richesses*, any place is considered suitable for the sepulchral monument. Then there are the six Temple Church effigies, newly varnished and gilded, lying in front of this Byzantine Court, among the South American palms! Farther on,—in the broad highway as we may call it,—we find the tomb of Henry the Third, and, just beyond, that of Queen Philippa; while, not far from a bust of Jupiter, is the fine effigy of Edward the Third, with his ample forehead and magnificently flowing hair and beard, challenging comparison with any antique statue near him. We must also remark the bad effect of this court being unenclosed. We look from the Fontevraud effigies through a Byzantine arcade, upon Tabitian palm-trees, and the hind-quarters of the Egyptian sphynxes.

flung open to the wondering crowd that weeping pressed in to worship there, constantly watched over its progress. To whom does Lincoln owe her new front, and the fine decorations of the interior? to Robert Greathede, that true-hearted Englishman, who denounced the misrule of Henry and his foreign councillors, and incited the people to demand a second confirmation of their Great Charter. And under the episcopacy of Fulke Basset, 'the Londoner,' old St. Paul's became a fabric worthy of the stately city; and the finest portion of Lichfield was built during the rule of Bishop Heyworth, while to Bishop Joscelyne Trotman,—English alike by birth and education,—Wells is indebted for its noble west front, indeed, for nearly the whole building. The same English superintendence is seen in our abbeys. To whom did our Westminster Abbey owe its second erection? not to the Provençal queen of Henry III., not to his Italian primate Boniface, but to Abbot Richard de Berkynge, and under his successors, Richard de Crookesley and Richard de Ware, was that resting-place of our kings completed. Peterborough, too, that especially Saxon foundation, where the venerable Saxon Chronicle was compiled; it was during the abbacy of Walter of St. Edmunds, that the improvements were commenced, and under his successor, Abbot Kirkton, that the fine sculptures were set up.

Still, it may be argued, foreign artists might have been employed:—they *might* have been; but wherever we find a record of workmen's names, we find the great majority English ones.* Besides, the sculptures have chiefly reference to English history, to Saxon legends,—subjects utterly unknown to French and Italian sculptors; and if these artists had condescended to come to England, would they not have chosen their own subjects, more especially as the whole book of the legends of Christendom was open before them? But, on the contrary, we find during the whole period of our best sculptures, a strongly English, indeed Saxon bias. The whole life of St. Etheldreda is sculptured at Ely; of Edward the Confessor at Westminster,—and yet Westminster is


* Messrs. Wyatt and Waring in their 'Handbook for the Mediæval Court,' take Mr. Cockerell bitterly to task for presuming to believe English workmen could have executed the fine statues at Wells and Lincoln. Their grand argument seems to be, that as one 'William of Florence' was the king's chief painter, he must have employed foreigners. But in a list of painters and sculptors collected by Mr. Hunter, we find only *two* out of *thirteen* bearing foreign names. Now, this would appear somewhat conclusive on the English side of the question; but these gentlemen reply, 'The fact of the men being known as Richard of Stowe, or John of Battle, proves nothing, since these very men may have been foreigners; their names—surnames being unknown—being given them only as indicating the place where they worked, or had been impressed into the royal service!' Now, according to this shewing, 'William of Florence' himself might have been, after all, an Englishman.

dedicated to St. Peter. St. Guthlac takes his place at Croyland, the swineherd of Stowe among the saints and monarchs at Lincoln,—while the west front of Wells, as Mr. Cockerell in his admirable work has shown, is dedicated to the ‘laud and honour’ of the kings of the West-Saxons. Now, that the Saxon had always possessed great manipulative skill, is a well-known fact; this is repeatedly referred to by the Norman writers, and even by the Italians themselves, who tell us that a most exquisite kind of work,—whether of gold broidery, or filagree, we cannot well ascertain,—was known by the specific name of ‘*opus Anglicanum*.’ That the pictorial skill of Englishmen at this very period was superior, is well known from unexceptionable testimony. To brother Walter of Colchester, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, the task of carving and painting the walls of St. Alban’s abbey church was assigned, and also of illuminating the altar books; and Matthew Paris exultingly records how it was through ‘the powerful persuasion and attraction of brother Ralph Gobion,’—how thoroughly Saxon this name—that the gifted brother Walter took up his residence among them. In the records of Henry III.’s reign, we find John of Gloucester employed by him as a mason and statuary, and William, the monk of Westminster, is commissioned to paint the ‘gestes of Antioch’ in one of the apartments of Westminster palace, afterwards known by the name of the Antioch chamber; while William of Gloucester, ‘the goldsmith,’ is employed to cast the brass effigy of his little daughter Katharine. Now these facts alone prove that there was native talent in painting, in sculpture, and in casting, sufficient to command the patronage of a king who really hated his countrymen, at the very period that the most beautiful works in our cathedrals were undertaken. These details will probably seem dry to the reader, but be it remembered, that on a subject like this, bare assertions and vague conjectures can be successfully met, only by specific statements and by quoting ‘chapter and verse.’ But beyond the testimony offered here, to which may be added the great superiority of our illuminated manuscripts, at this period, even to those of Italy, is the witness,—to us the most conclusive of all,—of the English character and feeling, that look out from every portion of these beautiful remains, and incontrovertibly proclaim their parentage.

It is not to the credit of England, that while we have fine collections of Egyptian art, and Assyrian art, and Grecian art, we should, up to this moment, have no national collection of Christian art whatever; that while the student of antiquity can form an accurate acquaintance with Egyptian jewellery and Etruscan pottery, with Assyrian ornament and Greek decoration,

no information whatever is provided for him,—in the form of collected remains, or copies of them,—as to the art of the Middle Ages. And yet, surely, the men of those ages have a greater hold upon us their descendants, than the far-off nations of antiquity. Europe of to-day is far more influenced by Europe of the middle ages, than by Greece or Rome; while never should we forget, that the contemporaries of those men who decked our cathedrals, won for us our Great Charter, and that to this period we owe all the elements of our national greatness, our language, our literature, and our laws.

And when the interest of the student is at length awakened, and he contemplates the mouldering remains of mediæval art, how will its solemn beauty, its lofty purpose, strike upon his mind! The giant statues that guard the portals of the Egyptian temple are imposing,—so are the stately ruins of Baulbec and of Pæstum; but let him look up to the front of the towering cathedral,* and mark its significant imagery. The monarchs and saints who stand waiting at the portals of God's house, the angels with mighty wings bending protectingly over the doorway, or ranged in long order, solemn and expectant; and above, 'the noble army of martyrs,' each with his emblem of martyrdom, standing with uplifted eyes, even as they now stand white-robed before the throne, waiting, but waiting without weariness, for the advent of 'the Coming One.' And then, higher still, the prophets, and yet above, the twelve apostles, and over all, and above all, 'the Judge of the quick and dead,' with uplifted hand, seated on his judgment throne! Who, in the presence of this solemn picturing forth of those great verities of the Christian faith, 'the communion of saints, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting,' would pause to remember that these sculptors of an all-believing age, were not altogether protestant in their faith?—So was not St. Augustine, so was not St. Bernard, but yet the whole Christian world has cherished their writings. Wherefore, then, should these huge carven books of solemn imagery,

* In the remarks above we have merely given the *general* order of arrangement of the cathedral west-front. We may, however, add, that, in all these, there is a marked absence of anti-protestant symbols, with the single exception of the coronation of the Virgin, which is sometimes placed midway in the front. The progress of Mariolatry is perhaps, in no instance, more clearly traceable than in these representations. At Wells Cathedral the Virgin sits, with bowed head and clasped hands, meekly receiving the strawberry crown, which her Son places on her brow. In the illuminations and sculptures of the whole of this century the same type is preserved. Gradually,—and especially towards the close of the fifteenth century,—the Virgin becomes the prominent figure; until, as may be seen in the German Court and elsewhere, clothed with the sun, the dove overhead, and the Father and Son in the background, stretching forth their hands with the crown, she occupies the central place, as 'the Queen of Heaven.' 

from whence our fathers learnt so much, be passed over with indifference—sometimes even with scorn? How much wiser were it to mark the solemn grandeur that informs every portion of those fine remains; to trace the religious spirit that year after year occupied itself on the work, and the deep religious feeling that guided the hand, and how the sculptor of the middle ages in the blindness of his childlike faith, grasped at sublimities, which the more educated, more correct, but more sceptical artist of later days, never made his own.

And with this solemn religious feeling, how much of keen and deep sympathy with all the works of nature was mingled,—that very characteristic, as Mr. Ruskin so truly says in his lectures, ‘by which the language of the Bible is specifically distinguished from all other early literature.’ And thus the Gothic sculptor never grew weary of trees and flowers. What to him was the formal, conventional Greek honeysuckle,—what, even the elaborate and graceful acanthus? The wild-rose from the hedges, and the light clasping corn-bind, and the trefoil with its hallowed symbol, and the wild geranium, and the clustering leaves of oak, and beech, and ivy, and strawberry, and maple;—every leaf, from the graceful salvia to the richest fern; every flower, from the delicately drooping hare-bell to the many-leaved rose and the queenly lily,—all were lovingly sought out by him, and all found a place in his workmanship. Let the reader only turn over the plates of foliage in Mr. Colfing’s ‘Gothic Ornaments,’ and he will be surprised at their variety and beauty. And yet, more than as many again might be found, as beautiful, as various; and found, not in our cathedrals and collegiate churches alone, but often in the mere parish church of some upland village.

The graceful effect with which foliage and figures intermingle, has not escaped Mr. Ruskin’s notice in his lectures, where he points out, in a beautiful ‘bit’ of sculpture from Lyons cathedral, how the very leaves of the rose spray add to the beauty of the figure it encloses. But we need not travel so far for illustration, for our own remains will supply us with many instances. There are some most exquisite at Salisbury; and some the reader will find in the English Mediæval Court here, especially in the bosses from the cloisters of Lincoln cathedral. One is engraved in the handbook; and homely as is the subject—the swineherd of Stowe driving one of his herd—yet it is worthy of minute inspection for the admirable arrangement of the foliage. Neither side is like the other—for the middle-age sculptor looked at nature closely, and knew that she never puts forth two boughs alike—nor are the leaves mere casts from one perfect specimen, but every one is different; and yet how artistically is the whole arranged! We cannot pass from this without remarking on the natural attitudes

and the fore-shortening both of the man and the swine: we doubt whether an artist of the present day could have given a more correct drawing; and yet these cloisters were built before the close of the thirteenth century, and these bosses most probably not executed by the chief workmen. Many of the spandrels in our cathedrals may be also referred to here, as especially admirable for the combination of figure and foliage, and the grace and perfect ease with which the middle age sculptor adapts himself to his space, whether it be the circle, the quatrefoil, or the topmost section of the arch, are deserving the most attentive notice.

In his figures, especially during the first and second period, the Gothic sculptor was guided by a fine perception of beauty. More solemn, and stately almost to stiffness at first, more easy, but less impressive, subsequently; still, throughout all, bearing witness to the earnestness and sincerity with which he sought after the true, and how in that search he discovered both dignity and loveliness. From the miscellaneous collection in the English Mediæval Court (what a pity it is that, for the sake of making a gay looking place for holiday folk to lounge in, specimens, many very beautiful, from the earliest to the latest Gothic, should thus have been jumbled together) the reader may single out the noble kings and queens from the west front of Wells cathedral, and the fine 'angel choir' from Lincoln, and mark the dignity and the grace that invest them. The two female statues, also from Wells, that look toward the nave, are very beautiful; we must protest, however, against their pink and green robes, and, indeed, against the general prevalence in these courts of light and glaring colours. Crimson, and purple, and deep blue were the colours appropriated to royalty during the middle ages, and in those rich hues, harmonizing so well with the gilding, all these figures, with only slight variations, should have been arrayed.* There are two statues in the gallery behind—from the fourth tier of the west front of Wells—supposed to be Ina,

* As it is certain that all Gothic decorations were painted, it was very proper that these should be so; but we were struck with the glaring and inharmonious colours used all over this court. Now our forefathers—as we see in their illuminations and their stained glass—were remarkable for harmony of colouring, but then they seldom used pink, very seldom light green, and never light blue. Their blues, indeed,—as every one acquainted with illuminated manuscripts is aware,—are peculiarly rich—small being mostly used; and the greens, except when employed for small leaves, dark, and rather dull, but forming an excellent ground colour. Now we have many modern examples of Gothic buildings coloured after the old plan; and their effect, although the richest tints have been employed, is remarkably subdued. Temple Church—but especially the fine chapel of Merton College—may be referred to. Even the gorgeous House of Lords, with those brightest and richest hues streaming from wall and window, is sobriety itself compared with the 'English Mediæval Court.' In one only instance here—in the quaint and fanciful 'Alhambra Court'—are the colours harmonious; and in it they are mingled very much after the manner of a rich Indian shawl—which, we may also remark, the general style of ornament greatly resembles.

king of the West Saxons, and his queen Ethelburga, especially deserving notice. These figures are remarkably fine, and seem to have been carefully restored; the king, half turning round, and pointing to a scroll, is very dignified; while the queen, with her ample drapery arranged in classical folds, her stately form and beautiful features, is most exquisite.

The observer will do well to mark the countenances of all these early English statues, and especially to compare them with the contemporary remains from Notre Dame and elsewhere, and their thoroughly *English* character will, we think, be apparent. In the French sculptures we find the short face, the arched eyebrow, the pursed-up mouth, giving a kind of 'made up' expression, even to the solemn angels. In the English, we find the broad, high forehead, the even eyebrow, and the large open eye, the fuller face, too, and the fuller figure. How completely French is 'la Vierge du Trumeau,' a simpering face, trying to look amiable, and with the nose somewhat 'retroussé';—there is nothing to remind you here that she was the 'highly favoured among women:' but the Virgin from York, how sweet and how simple is her expression, how solemn too! Solemnity, indeed, seems to us far more the characteristic of the English, than of the continental schools. Look in the German Medieval Court, among the burly churchmen, and stalwart saints, and peasant-looking Madonnas, genuine prototypes of the Flemish school; there is often sternness, even grimness, but no calm solemnity. We miss this solemn character, even in many of the Italian mediæval remains. The crowned Madonna of Nino Pisano, is very beautiful, and the features are of the fine Italian type; but dignity and solemnity are alike wanting, and she is merely a very pretty Italian lady, with a pretty little child on her arm. The rapid approximation in Italy toward the Renaissance, is strongly marked by a later work of the same artist, the half-length figure of the Madonna. In this we have a very fine peasant woman, playing with a very chubby baby,—nothing more.

There are few characteristics of the Gothic, especially the early, more delightful to observe, than the deep feeling that pervades the design. Often in turning over illuminated manuscripts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, we have felt inclined to smile at the rude drawing and harsh outline, when a second look has revealed to us that fine appreciation of the subject, that intimate sympathy with the facts, which proves the possession of the highest artistic talent, and we have forgotten the defects of execution in wonder—to quote Mr. Cockerell's words, 'at the inexhaustible resources of the artist, the fulness of his embodiment, and his untiring energy of impersonation in symbol, and action,

'and character.' We might point to some specimens here in proof, although we have seen much finer. Perhaps the best illustration will be the Easter sepulchre from Hawton Church. Here our Lord appears, in the chief group, just risen from the tomb, and the three Marys are close behind; but how exquisite is the expression of the foremost. She is kneeling, leaning forward with anxious, outstretched arm, in the very attitude of Titian's Mary, in Mr. Rogers' collection; but her expression in that fine picture is merely that of eager joy, while in this there is solemn awe, mingled with the glad recognition of her risen Saviour. And the attitudes of the apostles in the Ascension above, how varied the expression, and yet what a oneness of feeling; the base, divided into four compartments, each with a Roman soldier in the chain mail and surcoat of the times, merits notice, too, for the close mingling of the ludicrous with the solemn. Observe the thoroughly stupid, even vulgar look of the sleeping watchers; the two asses' heads braying, on the shield of one—a touch of old English humour that reminds us of the contemporary miracle plays; while on each side of the arch are two goblin heads, grinning savagely—foul spirits of the night, lingering but until the dawn, to see what the end would be.

There are angels in the niches on either side, stately, expectant; and we may here remark how fine was the mediæval conception of the angel. No airy being with gossamer wings, no 'gay creature of the elements,' was the angel of our forefathers:—but lofty intelligences, star-crowned, regal, beyond an earthly regality, are they who keep vigil above the lofty doorways of the churches, or stand with folded wings in the aisles. Solemn are they, even to sternness; for are they not messengers of the Most High? Still they are beautiful, with a calm, contemplative beauty that looks out from the clear open brow, unruffled by human passion, for they are sinless; but not unmoved by human suffering, for they are *ministering* spirits. Still their distinctive character is power—calm, majestic power—for the angels of scripture are the un-earthly guardians of man: they are mighty ones, 'angels that excel in strength,' as was sung in the choir when each midnight brought its service of jubilant thanksgiving. And thus stand the majestic angels at Assisi—perhaps *they* arose to the recollection of Milton, when he wrote that noble line,—

'They also serve, who only stand and wait.'

And thus stand, or bend with stately condescension, those whose dim outline can but just be traced in the mouldering stone of our cathedral fronts.

Only in one instance does the angel of mediæval art lose his

majestic sternness: and this is when placed on the monument, keeping watch beside the sepulchral effigy. And with what deep feeling did our forefathers invest that sepulchral effigy, when they stretched it on the tomb, with uplifted hands, watched over no longer by loving friends, for they are weeping below, but by the twin angels that sit at the head, gently bending over with earnest eyes; or, as on that most beautiful of sepulchral remains, here, the tomb of the abbess, from Chichester Cathedral, looking upward, their features radiant with love and joy!

Even as works of mere art, many of these sepulchral effigies are deserving of close attention. Although alike in attitude, how much variety is there!—the knight wears his armour, the bishop his ecclesiastical vestments, the lady her wimple and long-flowing robes: the monarch is crowned and sceptred, with jewelled baldric and jewelled gloves;—we may remark here, that the first deviation from the beautiful type, the uplifted hands, will be found in the royal effigy;—while, beneath, are sometimes armorial bearings, but more frequently a range of mourners. Exceedingly beautiful in idea and execution are many of these little figures. Round the tomb of the knight and his lady their children keep watch; round the tomb of the abbot, cowed monks; of the abbess, as on that beautiful one, there stand the sisters weeping, but not without hope. The small figures on the tomb of Aymer de Valence, in Westminster Abbey, are remarkable for grace and spirit, but we were sorry to see them here beneath the effigy of Edward II. So beautiful is every part of the tomb of de Valence, that it should have been presented as a whole, if presented at all. The Arderne monument is a very fine specimen of a later date, and the feeling of the middle ages is still preserved in the clasped hands of the effigies, and the angels that keep watch at the heads; but there is a falling off, when the sculptor places among the mourners at the sides, angels bearing coats of arms;—such is not a service for ‘ministering spirits.’

But the transition from the solemn effigy of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to the mere statue-portrait may be traced very early in the fifteenth. The attitude becomes easier, but at the expense of the expression; the angels no longer keep watch beside the pillow, and the animals, mostly emblematical,—the lion and, in the earliest, very frequently the dragon, in allusion to the spiritual conflict,—now become the mere badge of the family, as the bear on the Beauchamp monument, or the domestic favourite—the diminutive spaniel of the lady, or the trusty hound of the knight. A remarkably fine specimen of the latter may be seen on the De Bohun monument. The knight has a large hound at his feet, but it is not couchant; it has half risen up, and turns

the head anxiously toward its master, as though wondering when he would awake again. The action is singularly spirited, and the exceeding accuracy of the sculptor is evidenced in the hound's remarkably short snout. This, we learn from contemporary treatises on hunting, was the peculiar characteristic of the dog most highly valued by the hunter, the hound of St. Hubert.

It is pleasant to remember the fast hold this solemn and beautiful form of tomb maintained over the English mind; how our forefathers were among the earliest to adopt it; and how, long after the Reformation, even to the middle of the seventeenth century, the recumbent effigy still found a place in our churches. Indeed, while our forefathers, with sterner purpose than their brethren on the continent, fought the battle of Protestantism, they seem ever to have been alive to the gentle and solemn and religious character which Gothic art emphatically embodies, and, save where principle interfered, to have cherished its remains.

Ere passing on to the next Court, we must remark how greatly disadvantageous to the full effect of these beautiful and suggestive remains is their utter want of classification. Specimens of the earliest Gothic, surmounted by specimens of the latest,—the thirteenth and the sixteenth centuries brought in close juxtaposition; and monuments scattered hither and thither, far from the solemn chancel or dimly lighted chapel, and often without the appropriated canopy: regal monuments, too, which we have visited with hushed footsteps in Canterbury and Westminster, brought here to add to the show! What need is there for the tombs of our kings and queens to be reproduced at Sydenham? Not seven miles off, all of them may be seen—all in their own solemn resting place, where, centuries ago, they were laid. The Temple effigies, too, neither remarkable for execution nor costume, but most interesting in their own noble church, are quite needless here. We must complain too of the absence of all illustrations of secular architecture, except John of Gaunt's window. Now, from the old cities of France and the Rhine, admirable specimens might have been obtained: even in our own land, a window from Oakham Castle, the doorway of the Jews' house at Lincoln, and portions from some of our market crosses, would have contributed to show the wonderful adaptability of the Gothic for domestic as well as ecclesiastical use. Models of the west front of Wells, and of that portion of Lincoln above which the 'angel choir' is placed, should certainly have been given; for the Gothic edifice and its statues are one; and the figures as strictly belong to the place to which the architect assigned them, as the pilasters to the modern front. No style suffers so much from being represented piecemeal as the Gothic.

But a change was at hand. The restless spirit of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and the marvellous activity of mind which, in the thirteenth and fourteenth had produced such wondrous results, had alike passed away: the devoted spirit which originated the crusades was extinct, and Europe growing each day more wealthy and more settled,—though, as in the instance of France and Germany, only to pass from a state of feudal warfare into one of regal despotism, sought about for something new. It was in Italy, where, save in the northern cities, Gothic architecture had never taken up her home, although she had been allowed a transient influence there, that the new school, which was not only to supersede her, but to cast her off, like some vile, worn-out garment, first appeared. Its earliest peculiarities were just what would be the result of a sudden increase of wealth and luxury, ‘redundancy of ornament, refinement of execution, and idle subtleties of fancy, taking the place of true thought and firm handling.’ And these are what meet our eyes on every side, in the earliest specimens of the Renaissance Court; for at first it was not so much a departure from the Gothic, as an overlaying her distinctive characteristics, and more fatal still, a rejection of her deep and solemn feeling.

Here is Ghiberti's masterpiece, the beautiful bronze central door of the Baptistry at Florence, that gate, worthy of Paradise, as Michael Angelo said: but every one acquainted with Gothic grouping must perceive that, in the pictorial portions, we have the Gothic character, not the classical, and thus to the rejected school much of the praise really belongs. In the rich borders, and more especially in the medallion heads, and the figures in their circular-headed niches, we have the deviations from the Gothic type; but however beautiful the execution of all these may be, we cannot consider the dancing figures, tossing the tambourine and cymbals, more appropriate to a church than the angels which, with scroll or harp in hand, would have occupied the pinnacled niches of the Gothic door. In Ghiberti's statue of St. Matthew, the deviation from the Gothic type is very strongly marked; the evangelist is a mere noble looking Roman, a conscript father, with the folds of his toga gathered up in the most graceful form, and his hand uplifted, as about to speak. But, true to the Gothic feeling, handled in a finer style, is Donatello's St. George. There he stands, calm, earnest, leaning on his shield,

‘A very parfaite gentil knyghte,’

ready to do his ‘devoir’ to his Lord and to all men. The changeful taste of this artist is, however, seen in his ‘David,’ a complete Mercury, save that he has no wings at his feet, and the head of Goliath is beneath him.

But although somewhat of Gothic simplicity and solemnity might linger for a short while, the deep religious feeling is never to be found. Look at the stout, full-faced saints, male and female, and the cherubs peeping out, as though at hide and seek, on the pilaster from the great portal of the Certosa: the singing angels, too, they might be practising madrigals, so far as earnestness, even a decent solemnity, is concerned. But chiefly is the cold, irreligious spirit of the Renaissance age brought out in the tombs. Mr. Ruskin has alluded to this as regards Venice, and at a later period; but we may trace it here, in a monument of the very earliest period (1413), executed by the sculptor whom Vasari considers as the father of Renaissance sculpture, Jacopo della Quercia. This is the monument of Maria di Caretto, wife of the lord of Lucca; and as we pass from the Mediæval Court, we almost involuntarily turn to it, for the altar-tomb and the recumbent effigy seem to belong to the court we have quitted, and all out of place here. And very beautiful is the figure and exquisitely executed is every part. The lady young and lovely, but she is not sleeping the sleep of death; she is merely taking her siesta, with her beautiful hands listlessly hanging down, while the little dog is watching at her feet until she shall awake. And underneath are chubby boys, not even winged, and they are bending under heavy festoons of fruit—though why they and their fruit should be there it would be difficult to say. Now just turn to the tomb of the lady abbess, from Chichester. There is a young and lovely woman, lying with closed eyes, but the hands are uplifted in prayer, for it is the last sleep; and angel-watchers at the head, half shadowing it with their soft wings, and graceful veiled women below, with heads bent in sorrow, alike testify that the gentle spirit has passed from earth to heaven.

Toward the close of the fifteenth century,—although during this very period, painters who laboured in the true spirit of the Gothic artist,—Benozzo, Ghirlandajo, Francia, beyond all, Fra Angelico, flourished,—the separation from the Gothic was complete. The very name from henceforward was to pass into a by-word, a reproach, and the Renaissance was to bear rule alone in the world of art. The revival of classical literature had, without doubt, much to do with this change; but still, when we look at the character of the men and the times, the state of society, too, both in France and Italy, we are greatly inclined to believe, with Mr. Ruskin, that it was adopted because wholly in harmony with their tastes. It was the embodiment of the pride of state and luxury.

‘Princes delighted in it, and courtiers; the Gothic was good for God’s worship, but this was good for man’s worship. The Gothic had

fellowship with all hearts, and was universal, like Nature: it could frame a temple for the prayer of nations, or shrink into the poor man's winding stair. But here was an architecture that would not shrink; that had in it no submission, no mercy. The proud princes and lords rejoiced in it, for it was full of insult to the poor in every line. It would not be built of the materials at the poor man's hand; it would not roof itself with thatch or shingle, and black oak beams; it would not wall itself with rough stone and brick; it would not pierce itself with small windows, where they were needed; it would not niche itself wherever there was room, at the corners of the streets. It would be of hewn stone; it would have its windows, and its doors, and its stairs, and its pillars, in lordly order, and of stately size; it would have its wings, and its corridors, and its halls, and its gardens, as if all the earth were its own. And the rugged cottages of the mountaineers, and the fantastic streets of the labouring burgher, were to be thrust out of its way, as of a lower species. It is to be noted, also, that it ministered as much to luxury as to pride. Not to luxury of the eye—that is a holy luxury; Nature ministers to that in her painted meadows, and sculptured forests, and gilded heavens; the Gothic builder ministered to that in his twisted traceries, and deep-wrought foliage, and turning casements. The dead Renaissance drew back into its earthliness, out of all that was warm and heavenly; back into its pride, out of all that was simple and kind; back into its stateliness, out of all that was impulsive, reverent, and gay. But it understood the luxury of the body; the terraced, and scented, and grottoed garden, with its trickling fountains and slumbrous shades, the spacious hall and lengthened corridor, the soft picture and frescoed wall. . . . Thus the Renaissance spirit became base, both in its abstinence and in its indulgence. Base in its abstinence, curtailing the bright and playful wealth of form and thought, which filled the architecture of the earlier ages with sources of delight for their hardy spirits; and base in its indulgence, as it granted to the body what it withdrew from the heart.'

Severe as this verdict may seem, is it not borne out by fact?—is it not written on every pictured wall and gilded cornice, on every corridor stretching out its long arcades, vaulted with precious mosaic or more precious painting—written alike on the dome of St. Peter's, and the gilded galleries and courts of Versailles?

That the decorations of the Renaissance are more exquisite in execution, and that—especially in what may be termed the later Italian Renaissance—much taste and elegance are often displayed, is readily conceded; but still, what is the effect of the whole?—what is the feeling that will arise in the mind of an observer, unacquainted, or but slightly acquainted, with this style, when he enters the Renaissance Court? He will pause and admire the Ghiberti doors; he will linger over the bas-reliefs of Donatello; here and there a specimen, where the solemn, the suggestive beauty

of the old despised school, even in its rudeness, still struggles forth, will attract his notice. But that huge nymph of Fontainebleau, with her enormous length of limb; those two fat caryatides of Jean Goujon, staring with all their stupid might; the angels, all hustle and flutter; the saints, with the single exception of St. George, most secular; the confectionary ornaments, stuck wherever there is a vacant space; that perpetual overdoing of decoration, even to the columns encrusted with little patterns, in form and colour greatly resembling sugar-plums; can we accept this as a wonderful triumph of genius and skill over the 'rude Gothic'?

In the adjoining Court the effect is far better. The scagliola columns, and comparatively unornamented walls, are an actual relief to the eye; and the large, simple fountain in the middle,—above all, the fine statues of Night and Day, from Giuliano de Medici's monument, and the corresponding ones of Dawn and Twilight, from that of Lorenzo de Medici, give a character of stately grandeur to the whole. But even in the finest statues, and the most elaborate ornaments of this court,—adorned with paintings from Raffaello's arabesques and statues by Michael Angelo,—we perceive how utterly unmarked by originality is the Renaissance. The Gothic, however rude, had no prototype. Where the pointed arch, the buttressed pier, and the spire originated, are still questions that await an answer. Who taught the gothic sculptor to raise tier above tier of solemn imagery, to twine his own field flowers round the arch, to clasp the huge keystone with rich foliage, no one can tell; but who taught the early Renaissance artists we can easily discover. Go into the Byzantine Court,—there are the very capitals which were reproduced in the Certosa, and the rounded arches with their fan-like ornament—that favourite decoration even in the present day; while, for the later Renaissance, the opposite Roman Court affords us types, alike, for arch and frieze, moulding and statue.

How complete is the heathenism of this so praised Renaissance! Although holding high court in the capital of Christendom, fostered by popes and cardinals, summoned to deck episcopal palaces and cathedrals, could the architects of pagan Rome have devised aught more anti-Christian? Look over M. Gruner's beautiful and elaborate plates of the 'fresco decorations and stuccoes of churches and palaces in Italy:' what an amount of pagan fable illustrates every ceiling! How do pagan deities and pagan emblems crowd each other on the walls! Venus and Europa, Ganymede and Leda, look down from the ceiling of the cardinals' banqueting room; wanton nymphs and satyrs weave the dance above the cornice of his chamber: even in the Vatican

the supporters of the arms of Clement VII. are two sportive Cupids, almost bending beneath the weight of those tremendous keys, so lately the dread of all Christendom, but which they are poising in their tiny arms, as though beginning a tilting-match ! Even the churches are not exempted from pagan ornament. Among the decorations of the vault of St. Maria del Popolo, at Rome, we find sphynxes, serpents, satyrs' heads, female figures ending in leaves, and sacrificial rams' heads ; nor are the church ornaments more exempt. In one of the most beautiful illuminated breviaries of this period, expressly intended as an 'altar book,' which we lately looked over, there was, opposite the service for All Saints' day, a fine painting of the principal saints, with their respective symbols, and within the border which enclosed it was actually a dance of satyrs. Satyrs and all the saints !

It should be borne in mind, too, that these reproduced paganisms were not the efforts of artists of inferior ability,—men who might copy but who could not invent,—but the works of painters and sculptors unrivalled in their days, and ever since, Luini, Mantegna, Julio Romano,—Raffaello himself decorated these palaces ; Michael Angelo and his contemporaries supplied their statues. Would that these great artists had taken the dying Gothic by the hand ! would that they had looked lovingly on the beauty which, in despite of rude workmanship, ever struggled forth—on the solemn majesty which, with all their skill, they could never attain to. But what had the sixteenth century to do with the days of their forefathers ?—those days of rude energy, of deep feeling, of simple though superstitious belief ? What had Italy under the sway of the Medici and the Borgias to do with that self-denying feeling which in days of yore gathered up wealth but to found the church or the hospital, and asked as payment only to be buried at its door ? 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,' was the shout that rung forth from the palaces of festive Italy, and her artists re-echoed that shout in the decorations they impressed on their frescoed walls.

There is something very suggestive in the character of the decorations of these Renaissance palaces. Although not distinguished by much variety, the dark grounds 'powdered' with golden stars and the diapered patterns of the Gothic wall decorations,—where tapestry was not used,—still have a solemn and harmonious effect. But what shall be said of the strange, purposeless arabesques that adorn the ceilings and walls of the Villa Madama, and the Alfieri Palace,—even the loggie of the Vatican ? Knots of ribbon, rows of beads, little baskets scantily filled with some half-dozen ears of corn ; blue fishes swimming in a buff-colour sea, butterflies with no flowers to rest upon, and

octagon flowers with human faces in the middle; festoons of green apples, and curved stalks with lions jumping in and out, together with a countless assemblage of cupids, satyrs, harpies, and griffins fill up the spaces between the fine medallions, and surround the centre pictures.* Was it because the painter chose, —willingly chose, at the mandate of profligate nobles, and infidel prelates, to re-adopt all the fables, and all the symbols of worn-out paganism,—to make Ovid his Bible, and Olympus his Mount Zion, that he was thus compelled to inscribe ‘vanity’ on his most elaborate ornaments? Here was the foliage still coming forth each spring-tide, courting the painter’s eye with its fresh beauties; here were the flowers unnumbered, claiming a place in his rich decorations by ‘divine right,—by right of Him, who said that ‘Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.’ But the Renaissance artist turned coldly from all the visible glories of creation, through which the invisible is seen, to paint knots of ribbon, and fluttering scarfs, and octagon flowers, and to cover yards of space with figures utterly meaningless†—‘the light within him was darkness,’—no wonder that great was his blindness!

But all the decorations of the Renaissance are not merely meaningless,—some are actually revolting. Look at the monstrous heads that grin and leer at us from the rich frieze—some may

* As the advocates of the Renaissance so bitterly vituperate those who cannot see all the beauties they do in it—especially that ‘earnest and discriminating love of nature’ which some of them have gravely declared was its chief characteristic! we will give a description of one of the arabesques of the Villa Madama, painted by Giulio Romano himself:—A man’s head, with green leaves for the beard, the same for the hair, and with two red wings on either side; this supports a kind of marigold, which, in its turn, supports two pretty little birds. Above is a green mushroom, supporting two scrolls; and above them is a female head and body, with green lizard legs, and particoloured wings instead of arms. This monster supports a long pole, from whence depends two yellow cords with little green and blue sprigs hanging from them, and these are festooned up at the ends by two creatures, half bird and half women.

† One exception to this remark may, perhaps, be taken—the frequent introduction of fruit by the artists of the Renaissance. But the apples, and pears, and melons, sometimes placed garland-wise on satyr’s heads, but more frequently tied-up like ropes of onions, just below the cornice, however suggestive of good eating, can never bear comparison with flower decoration for variety and beauty. We were much struck with the emphasis of Mr. Ruskin’s phrase—‘the dead Renaissance’—nothing save the monsters are living here. Flowers there are none, save such as never lived; leaves are square and stiff, more formal than if made of wire and coloured paper; and the fruit is gathered, and hung up to dry. How different from the *living* flowers and leaves of the Gothic! Our forefathers, with all their ‘rudeness,’ never placed eatables in their sculpture; they were content to eat their apples, or to press them into cyder, without stringing them up inside their churches. In their illuminated books, indeed, one kind of fruit forms a very frequent border; but then the graceful elegance of the strawberry, with its leaf and flower, is the reason. The fine red of the fruit, the pure white of the flower, and the bright green of the leaf, form, on the ground of dead gold, a matchless combination of colour.

be seen in the Italian Court here—the vile features that look out from amidst delicately chiselled ornaments, or from among Nymphs and Cupids, painted with matchless beauty. We well know the answer of the Renaissance advocate:—is it for the admirer of the Gothic, with all its monstrosities—dragons, goblins, demons of nightmare ugliness, to point to the grotesque fancies of the refined Renaissance? Yes, for while we readily allow, and to its fullest extent, the wide range of the Gothic grotesque, we shall find it marked by widely different characteristics, and used for a widely different end.

Our fathers were all believing,—in their days of heathendom they saw the Valkyriur on the battle-field, and Thor in the lightning, and spirits of good and ill beside the spring, and in the deep wood, or peeping in as they sat by their hearths in the twilight, or awoke in the midnight darkness. What wonder then, that when they renounced 'the Thunderer and Woden,' they welcomed a faith that did not leave them destitute of spiritual guardianship in the holy angels; what wonder that they still trembled at the power of evil spirits, who, as they were told in teachings true to Scripture, though in homeliest guise, were ever on the watch to pervert, to mislead, to destroy them? And thus it was with no mere idle play of fancy that the Gothic sculptor carved the grinning demon outside the church-door, or set up those frightful gargoyls just beneath the high-pitched roof; his faith was as solemn then, as when he carved the Nativity above the porch, or his Lord as the Judge of quick and dead in the top-most gable. But it was not thus with the painters and the sculptors of the Renaissance. What were all the solemn teachings of Christendom to men who, in the very Vatican, placed side by side, our Saviour as presiding over Theology, and Apollo presiding over Poetry?—men, who, but that their revenues might have been endangered, would have reared a new Pantheon instead of a St. Peter's, and constituted Politian and Fracastor high priests there to celebrate the deities of classic mythology in the choicest and purest Latinity. What business then had the Giulio Romanos and Raffaelles to meddle with an ugliness they did not believe in, and set it up in princes' halls, and banqueting-rooms of cardinals?—but the Gothic sculptor had a solemn meaning.

The more closely we look into the principles that guided the mediæval sculptors, the clearer shall we perceive the correct taste, founded not upon theory, but upon deep feeling, which influenced them. That deep feeling which led them to lavish their tenderest conceptions of beauty upon St. Margaret just escaped from the jaws of the dragon, led them to lavish their most extravagant fantasies on the fearful monster that lay howling at her feet; and so that

deep love and awe they felt towards the spirits of good, and which guided their chisel when they carved the noble angels that looked so protectingly down on the worshipper as he entered the church; and the loathing and hatred they felt toward the spirits of evil,—real existences to them, no mere impersonations—led them to carve those frightful gargoyls with demon faces, which still grin at us from roof and tower. A modern architect might have scrupled to set up ugliness in the very front of a church, and he might have contrived graceful urns, perhaps watched over by Cupid-like cherubs, or bending angels, but the more earnest Gothic sculptor judged a wiser judgment. Should the mighty angel check his downward flight, to direct a mere water-spout? was the virgin saint to sully her white robe with the muddy stream? No; there are spirits of the air,—foul spirits, ever on the watch for mischief, ever ready to lead man astray, and then with mops and mows, and fiendish laugh, to exult in his overthrow—let *them* do the dirty work, and do it *there*. And easily can we imagine, how in those ages of childlike belief, the sight of these grotesque beings so debasingly employed, pointed a moral well worth the marking; for it told not only that evil should at length be subservient to good, but that it was even now so. There were the demons, gaping, writhing, making horrible faces, but there they were, with the work to be done, and they to do it. Solemn were these figures thus contemplated. The world of the dead, the world of angels, the world of devils too, were alike placed before the eyes of our forefathers, as they entered the church; and who shall say that they did not lay hold of the great truths thus set forth, with a more active faith, than we, in the nineteenth century, who with our open Bibles feel half ashamed, simply and distinctly, to avow our belief in Satanic agency.

No such belief, as we have seen, had the artists of the Renaissance,—*they* scoffed at it; but yet were they compelled, as by a resistless power, to place the demon head in the midst of the golden fruitage, and paint the loathsome features—disgusting as those which Dante with such stern force has portrayed—looking down from the gorgeous ceiling on the orgies of a Borgia, a Leo, and a Louis Quatorze. ‘Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thine heart cheer thee,’ was the voice from the voluptuous paintings above, and the luxurious sculptures beneath; but ‘know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment,’ was the echo from the demon head that grinned in deadly mockery on the revellers.

And still through every age of the Renaissance triumph are these horrible grotesques to be seen,—seen too where we might expect only images of beauty. On the large bronze well, the

welcome gift of the senators of Venice to her citizens—the reader may see it in the Renaissance Court—foul creatures, hags of Sycorax-like ugliness lean forward; on the tower of the church dedicated to St. Maria *Formosa*! Mr. Ruskin has remarked with loathing the abominable head carved there; on the gorgeous ceilings of every Italian palace are they seen, upon the key-stones too of the proudest arches of the Escorial and Versailles, still the vile grinning faces leer forth. Yes, in Versailles,—Versailles, built at such enormous cost, to shut out the towers of St. Denis from view, and with St. Denis the thought of death—still, even here, though every symbol of death and decay are thrust out of sight, still the demon's head claims its place, crying aloud, 'after death the Judgment!'

We really feel a glow of national pride when we glance at the unmitigated ugliness of the English Renaissance Court, although the worst abominations of this school of art, never found place among us. But never was it, even thus modified, heartily welcomed in England. During the lowest period of our literature, during the reign of French criticism,—and when of our fifty new London churches so many were built in the Roman Renaissance style, modified though by the purer taste of Wren, people got accustomed to it, just as they got accustomed to the cocked-hats, and hoops, and powder of the same era; just as they got accustomed to cold formal prose, and to what bore the name of poetry, because consisting of so many syllables in each line, and a jingle at the end; but as soon as a purer taste arose, so soon did the Gothic resume its hold.

It is provoking to think how repeatedly we have to refute the ignorant notion that the Gothic is 'Popish,' or at least 'Tractarian.' Why, the taste for the Gothic revived in the quietest days of the low church, full seventy or eighty years ago, when Percy startled a formal age with his 'Reliques,' and Tyrwhitt pointed out the riches of Chaucer, and Horace Walpole constructed his 'pretty toy' Strawberry Hill, and Gough edited the 'Sepulchral Monuments,' and Carter his 'Ancient Remains,' and ever since the love of the Gothic has been deepening among us. But the Gothic is 'Popish'—why, from Gothic halls men went forth against king and pontiff to fight the good fight of freedom; in Gothic cloisters men meditated and prayed, and then came forth to preach the Reformation; and from the pictured front of the Gothic cathedral successive generations drew that knowledge of Scripture history which impelled them to demand as their birthright the whole word of God. Can the vaunted Renaissance claim aught like this?—her proudest cathedral built by a tariff upon the sins of Christendom, and from her stateliest palace the edict going forth for the dragonnades?

Little justice is done to the Gothic in these courts, while the most careful attention has been bestowed upon those of the Renaissance; still, we believe no earnest thinker can pass from the one to the other, without feeling that he has left all the originality, all the suggestiveness, behind him, for mere beauty closely copied from the antique, and the utmost perfection of mere manipulative skill.

And now we have passed, though but cursorily, through these Courts, what shall we say as to their teaching? To assemble hundreds of specimens of every school together for the contemplation of the beholder, seems an important onward step in art-education—but is it so? Is not the very number of the objects that claim attention, calculated to bewilder, rather than to instruct? The adjuncts, too, beautiful plants, graceful fountains, above all, a crowd of mere sightseers, eager to spend a merry holiday, how incongruous are all these to the feelings of the art-student, really anxious to profit by the miscellaneous collection. It is utterly vain to imagine that wandering through galleries of art, guide-book in hand, will make an artist, or even a man of taste. Every one's remembrance will supply instances of ladies and gentlemen who have thus gone through the Louvre, and the galleries of Florence, and Rome, too, and who yet, on their return, have hung up trashy engravings in their dining-rooms, and gone into ecstasies over staring lithographs. Far better for the student to have some three or four casts to meditate upon, to copy from at home, and better still, to have a judicious teacher to lead him onward, step by step. Knowledge—real serviceable knowledge of any kind, is not to be acquired in holiday visits with holiday friends—not to be snatched up in the intervals between lunch and dinner, or between the pauses of fine music. The student must bend his whole mind to the work; he must study earnestly and alone. Not wandering among galleries of art, but musing beside his sheep, did Giotto become a painter; and in silence and solitude is the artist nursed. The best that we can do, is to supply the best of teaching to the young student,—but not from the Crystal Palace, but from Marlborough House, will our future artists come.

That, notwithstanding the high educational claims put forth for it by its eulogists, the Crystal Palace has not fulfilled their predictions, has been querulously acknowledged by the *Times* itself.

‘Although knowledge that appeals to the eye appears the simplest to acquire, and although the information thus conveyed at Sydenham is admirably provided for, very few of the visitors carry away with them much beyond the large effects of the place. They do not trouble them-

selves to follow patiently the details of the different handbooks; objects are not specially studied which illustrate a whole department of science or school of art. The historical succession of the architectural courts is not followed, while the stranger explores them, nor the wonderful varieties of vegetable and animal life understood, while the choicest representatives of each are gazed at. *Still more than in the old Exhibition, the finest materials for contemplation degenerate into the accessories of an agreeable lounge*, and Jones, Wyatt, Latham,—even Paxton, with all his garden treasures,—are the mere decorators and furnishers of a scene which people come to enjoy rather than to be made wiser by.'—*Times*, July 24, 1854.

The question naturally arises, how should this be? but the writer in the *Times* has not supplied us with an answer. We however think, the chief reason may be traced to the anxiety to provide in the first instance a place of amusement. It may be very well to talk of 'blending instruction and amusement;' but we think this will be found much easier to be talked about than to be done; and when both are proffered, it is not very astonishing that people should seize the amusement, and bid the instruction stand over for a more convenient season, which they are not unwilling indefinitely to postpone. But another reason may, we think, be found in the bewildering variety of its contents. The having 'a little of everything,' has spoilt many an exhibition, nor can we think the case is greatly mended by having much of everything. There is certainly something very grand in the project of building one vast temple for all the arts, and all the sciences, but like many other grand projects, its very magnitude defeats its object; and the mind, jaded and exhausted, when attracted by so many, and such different objects, gladly flies off from them all. Thus, we see the crowds lounging about, listlessly fingering their hand-books; here, a young lady languidly pointing to the quaint and gorgeous arches of the Alhambra with the remark, 'how queer and pretty;' while her mamma looks askance at the giant warders of the Assyrian Court, declaring that 'they stare so, that she shall inevitably dream about them;' two or three young gentlemen, selecting some attitudinizing French statuette, begin a prattle about high art, while another group intently admire the brooches and gold chains; but all ready to enjoy the ices, and lobster salad—all ready at the first notes of the brass band to hurry away, and scramble for chairs, as though dear life depended on getting one.

And yet, while acknowledging its utter inefficiency as a school of instruction in the arts, the *Times*, and its followers, are demanding of the legislature to open the Crystal Palace on

the Sunday, expressly as a means of educating the lower classes, and as the sole method 'by which the disgraceful barbarism 'engendered in the midst of a great Christian and civilized community like London may be mitigated!' Now, we have seen how people, who have not come from shabby rooms, and dirty alleys, but from well furnished houses with pictures on the walls, and probably Parian statuettes on their tables,—people who have visited exhibitions, and have purchased 'Books of Beauty'—perhaps subscribed to Art Unions, view all these means of instruction 'but as the accessories of an agreeable lounge;' and yet those, whose eyes have never been trained to contemplate aught of art, beyond a common coloured print, or the tinsel finery of a penny theatre, are to be sent after six days' toil, to toil through the Crystal Palace on the seventh; examining the remains of nations, whose very names they have never heard of; discriminating between schools of art, of which they know nought; and poring over a guide-book of some hundred pages, stopped ten times in each page by strange, unpronounceable words,—and this is to be the holiday for men accustomed to muddle in the alehouses, or to lie on the grass, sleepily looking over the Sunday newspaper, or watching the dog-fight, and tossing up for the beer to be drank on their way home! The masses need air and exercise, so we are to shut them up in a close conservatory; they demand common instruction, so we are to edify them with Ghiberti's gates, and Canova's Venus; they ask a holiday, and we are to provide them a harder day's labour by far than a morning and evening's religious service, and Sunday-school in the afternoon.

It would be amusing—were it not for the bitter spirit that lurks beneath—to go over all the fine things that have of late been said by the advocates of the Sunday-opening movement about the mighty influence of æsthetics. This is the plastic power that is to mould the rude mass into order; the new music of the spheres which will restore universal harmony. The fine arts are to be the gospel of the nineteenth century, and Messrs. Jones and Wyatt, and their coadjutors, its great apostles. Now were not these advocates so nobly oblivious of history, we might suggest that the cultivation of the arts mostly marks a nation's decline. The old heroic age had passed away, and the old heroic lays had all been sung, ere Greece was renowned for art;—this was the latest leaf in her laurel-crown; and Rome, not in the days of her Scipios, not in the days of the Gracchi, but beneath the sway of her debased Cæsars did she stand forth the great patroness of art. And in the decline of Italian independence, and during the most crushing period of Bourbon despotism, did the arts flourish most in France and Italy. In one instance alone did they

flourish during a period of advancing civilization—the mediæval—but then all art was religious. It is this marked peculiarity that renders the history of Gothic art so suggestive and important.

Nor do we find much moral elevation of the people during the palmiest days of art-progress. The Romans, while they lavished wealth and patronage on the Greek artist, still used the phrase ‘Greek faith,’ to express the utter depth of his nation’s perfidy; and the Roman citizen hurried past all the glorious sculpture that decked his streets, to see men kill each other, or be killed by wild beasts in his Coliseum. And even in the present day is the Florentine citizen so much in advance of the dweller in London, through the teachings of his beautiful city, and its matchless galleries of art? do the inhabitants of Rome stand on such proud vantage ground, compared with others, although the costliest treasures of ancient and modern art have been placed before their eyes from infancy? But then, we shall be told that ‘their circumstances are disadvantageous.’ What then becomes of the all-powerful influence of æsthetics? By that very acknowledgment—always forthcoming—the inefficiency of the arts *alone* to elevate and enlighten a people is conceded.

But then, the combined influence of nature’s teachings, and art teaching. How much more elevating a Sunday among fine statuary, and curious plants, and fair gardens, and fair fountains, than in close churches and chapels: ‘the welfare of the industrious classes is so overwhelmingly in its favour, that it must succeed’—such is the latest verdict of the *Times*. Well, this has been tried,—tried for three successive generations, and what was the result?

Those glorious fountains of Versailles, how high and how gracefully was their diamond spray thrown, and how did assembled Paris shout the praises of ‘le grand monarque,’ and le Nôtre, when they first watched the mimic rainbows play, and vanish as the glittering shower fell again. And there each Sabbath day did Paris assemble,—heedless though poisoning was the morning pastime of fine ladies, though the dragonnades were carrying fire and sword through the land. At length ‘Louis le Grand’ slept among his fathers at St. Denis. He would not even look toward it in his lifetime, but there he was laid. And now came the days of the Regency, with its ‘lettres du cachet,’ its vile profligacy, its assassinations by cup and dagger. Still the glorious fountains of Versailles played on, and still assembled Paris kept holiday. And then the Regent went to his account, and Louis Quinzième, with his ‘*parc aux cerfs*,’ and his courtiers with whom all religion was a lie and all morality a cheat, suc-

ceeded and still the glorious fountains of Versailles played on, and still each bright sabbath day crowds lingered beside those basins of brimming crystal, or sat in Watteau-like groups beneath the orange trees. They went to gaze on fair statuary, and fairer fountains, on the Sunday, and returned on the morrow to see wretches broken on the wheel, and Damien tortured to death! And Louis Seizième succeeded, and then arose the first mutterings of the coming storm. Still the glorious fountains of Versailles played on, and they whose fathers had there kept holiday, now smiled and chatted, and began to talk about 'les beaux arts,' for æsthetic taste was spreading; and little hands gathered daisies, and young voices shouted with childish glee at 'les grandes eaux,' and all was holiday:—although strong woodmen in the neighbouring domain were falling dead from actual starvation! Not many years passed, and then, for the last time, those glorious fountains flung up their diamond spray. But the once childish voices which had shouted with glee at 'les grandes eaux,' now hoarsely clamoured for a baptism of blood, and the little hands that had once plucked daisies there, dragged the unhappy monarch forth from those fair gardens of Versailles to the scaffold, and tossed gory heads on their pikes around 'la Sainte Guillotine.' What had 'all the beauties of nature and art' done for them?

Art is good; let much be done to help it—but it is good only *in its place*. Not to become an instrument of deterioration, it must be underlaid with virtue, such virtue as art never gave, and which man must bring to it. Nations are great, not in the measure in which they live amidst flowers, and fountains, and statuary, but in the measure in which they will not lie, will not cheat, will not do homage to the selfish and the mean, but to the generous and the noble. But such virtues have their natural root in that highest form of the manly—in true religion. The arts come in the wake of national strength and greatness, they never give existence to those qualities. And it is what thus precedes art, and is distinct from it, that must secure it to its wholesome uses when it comes. With a people devoid of religious and moral principle, the arts come as an intoxicating cup, which can only prepare them the more speedily for their ruin. But whence, after a while, are our people to obtain their sense of moral obligation and of God, if the hubbub of the excursion train is to come into the place of their old quiet thoughtfulness on the Sabbath, and the habit of sight-seeing is to supersede that of church or chapel-going? Our friends of the Sunday press may account themselves quite competent to everything that can be needed in that direction. But they must bear with us in saying, that, gifted as they are, we thoroughly distrust their fitness for such a work. Their

Parisian predecessors were not equal to it. Let there be amusements—holidays, true and healthy holidays, provided for our people—but *may* not the time for this be taken from MAMMON—*must* it be taken from God? May not Saturday or Monday be so appropriated? Can no day but Sunday be deemed expedient? Or is there in this a covert blow levelled at religion, under a plea too much like his who said, ‘Why was not this sold for a hundred pence, and the money given to the poor?’

One thought we would suggest to those who would raise the price of shares by means of Sabbath desecration: let the Crystal Palace be thrown open to the irreligious on Sunday, and the next step may be, that the religious people of the community, who happily do still greatly outnumber the irreligious, will be found to make it a point of conscience never to enter such places, *even on week days*. Such, we do not scruple to say, would be our own resolve, and we think the feeling would be general. For Sabbath desecration being legalized at Sydenham, would be legalized everywhere, and would be common everywhere; and the struggle upon the question of Sabbath or no Sabbath—or on the question of a Continental Sabbath and an English one, would then become such through the length and breadth of this land as few men at present foresee. As to the difficulties supposed to be involved in legislation on this subject, we hold them to be much more imaginary than real. But this is no place for entering adequately on that topic: we hope to deal with it, and with the whole question concerning the authority of the Sabbath, in our next number.

- ART. II.—(1.) *The Manchester Guardian* of 28th May, 1853. Article: 'The Bi-Centenary of Humphry Chetham.'
- (2.) *Bibliotheca Chethamensis: sive Bibliotheca publica Mancuniensis ab Hunfredo Chetham, Arm. fundatæ Catalogus*. Edidit JOANNES RADCLIFFE, M.A. [With Supplement by W. P. GRESWELL.] 3 vols. 8vo. Manchester: 1791—1826.
- (3.) *History of the Foundations in Manchester of Christ's College, Chetham's Hospital, and the Free Grammar School*. By SAMUEL HIBBERT WARE, M.D., and W. R. WHATTON, F.S.A. 3 vols. 4to. Manchester: 1828—1830.
- (4.) *The Ancient Parish Church of Manchester, and why it was Collegiated*. By S. HIBBERT WARE, M.D. 4to. Manchester. 1848.
- (5.) *The Collegiate Church of Manchester, from its Foundation in 1122 to the present time*. By R. C. CLIFTON, M.A., Canon of Manchester. 8vo. Manchester. 1850.
- (6.) *Letters on the Collegiate Parish Church of Manchester*. By THOMAS TURNER, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn. 8vo. London. 1850.
- (7.) *The Manchester Free Grammar School; a Sketch of its History; with an Examination of the Points involved in the recent Litigation*. By an Old Scholar. 12mo. Manchester. 1849.
- (8.) *Borough of Manchester: Proceedings of the Council for the years 1846-7, and 1847-8*. 8vo. Manchester. 1847-8.
- (9.) *An Act for the better Administration of Charitable Trusts*. 16 & 17 Vic. c. 137. (20 August, 1853.)

THE well-deserved niche in that grand old gallery of '*The Worthies of England*,' which Fuller has accorded to Humphrey Chetham, has probably endeared his name to some of our readers who know but little of those 'Foundations of Manchester' with which it is triply associated. Educated in the Free Grammar School founded by Bishop Oldham, he lent in his manhood a helpful hand towards the reformation of the Collegiate Church of Thomas De la Warre, and at his death bequeathed to his townsmen a third endowment worthy to rank with those enduring monuments of the public spirit of a preceding age.

The Manchester of our day has no more striking contrast to offer to the eyes of the stranger who visits it for the first time, than that which presents itself on his turning from the busy thoroughfare called 'Hunt's Bank,' into the secluded monastic-looking court of the Chetham Hospital and Library, locally known as 'The College.' A moment before, the most conspicuous objects were dingy factories with their tall chimnies (pouring forth smoke

as dense as though no 'Smoke-prevention Act' had ever been heard of), and streets crowded with passengers walking as if for dear life; and now nothing is visible but a long and low building of the time of Henry VI., entirely devoid of modern improvements, and wanting only a few of the ecclesiastics of the Collegiate church of that day (for whose residence it was built on the site of a much older baronial hall of the De la Warres, Lords of Manchester), to make the spectator entirely forget his own chronology. Here, if anywhere, he may well recall 'the olden time,' and from the once romantic rock on which he stands, may (if he be blest with a lively imagination) look upon the scene as Drayton saw it when he made the river Irwell proudly sing:—

'First Roch, a dainty rill
 And Irk add to my store,
 And Medlock, to their much, by lending somewhat more ;
 At Manchester they meet, all kneeling to my state,
 Where brave I shew myself.'

But, alas! though the rivers still blend at his feet, all their beauty is for ever gone.

To Humphrey Chetham belongs not only the praise of founding a school and library for public use, but that also of preserving from destruction almost the only relic of antiquity—save its fine 'Old Church'—of which Manchester can now boast. But for Chetham, the baron's hall and the priest's college would long since have given place to a cotton-mill, or a railway station.

On entering the building the visitor passes through the ancient refectory, or dining-hall, with its dais (beyond which is a very handsome wainscoted room where, 'once upon a time,' Raleigh is said to have dined with Dr. Dee—of magical notoriety—at that period warden of Manchester), and he then ascends, by a venerable staircase and a fine two-storied cloister to the library, which occupies what were formerly the dormitories of the priests. The books are chiefly kept in wall-cases extending along the entire length of a corridor—somewhat of the shape of an L reversed,—and branching off into fifteen recesses, each with its little window and its latticed gate. So small are these windows, that they admit but a very 'dim religious light,' quite in harmony with the character of the building. At the end of the library is another fine oak-panelled room, with an oriel, lighted through stained glass, and containing furniture at least three centuries old. This is now the reading-room (having superseded the recesses of the library itself) and a noble room it is for such a purpose. Original portraits—chiefly of Lanca-

shire worthies—, and amongst them is a characteristic likeness of the founder.' The dormitories of the boys, and the apartments of the officers, occupy the rest of the building. The school-room is of more recent erection, and abuts on the play-ground of the Free Grammar School.

Humphrey Chetham is stated to have been the fourth* son of Henry Chetham, of Crumpsall, (once a little hamlet about two miles north of Manchester, but now almost absorbed into that much-devouring, and still hungry town), where he was born in July, 1580. In due time he was apprenticed to a linendraper or clothier of the same town, and there also he established himself in business. His trading career appears to have been eminently and uninterruptedly prosperous. He combined the business of a money-lender (dealing largely in mortgages) with that of a wool-factor and 'Manchester warehouseman'—as the term is now—on an extensive scale. He had, too, considerable transactions with Ireland in yarn and linen. But his chief traffic seems to have been in 'fustians,' which he bought at Bolton, and sold in London and elsewhere.

Having acquired considerable landed property in his native county, first (in 1620) at Clayton,† near Manchester, and afterwards (in 1628), at Turton, near Bolton; he soon attracted the notice of the money-seeking functionaries of Charles¹ I., in the shape of a summons to pay a fine for not having attended at his majesty's coronation, 'to take upon him the order of knighthood.' It will be seen hereafter that it was his lot throughout life to meet his chief troubles in the shape of greatness thrust upon him. The first public matter of moment in which there is evidence of his having taken part was the reform of abuses, which had grown to a serious height, in the collegiate church of Manchester. Duties unperformed and revenues misappropriated, were in this case combined with irregularities of even a more scandalous description. There was reason to believe that the chief offender—like a too celebrated clerical pluralist of our own day—had never been in legal possession of his office at all, and that by a vigorous prosecution of the appeal to the crown, not only might

* Comp. Whaddon, in 'History of the Foundations of Manchester,' iii. 142, and Raines (a better authority), in the notes to Gastrell's 'Notitia Cestriensis,' ii. 63.

† At Clayton Hall he succeeded the Byrons, whose principal seat it was until they obtained the grant of Newstead Abbey. It was sold by Sir John Byron to 'George Chetham, of London, grocer, and Humphrey Chetham, of Manchester, chapman,' for 4700*l.*, together with the 'impaled ground called Clayton Park, and the reputed Manor of Clayton.' The moat still surrounds what is left of the house (which is but little, though well preserved), now the property, 'by distaff,' of Mr. Peter Hoare. Clayton, too, is almost swallowed up by one of the densest of the suburbs of Manchester.

the town recover those spiritual advantages of which it had been partially deprived, but religion itself might be freed from a great scandal.

Dr. Richard Murray—an offshoot of the house of Tullibardine and Athol, and an obsequious courtier of King James I.—had obtained from that monarch a grant of the Wardenship of Manchester, in the year 1608. By the charter it was incumbent on the warden to take an oath on his induction, that he would observe the statutes, and *inter alia*, pay certain fines for every day (over and above a fixed period) on which he should be absent. To save the fines, Dr. Murray avoided to take the oath. He appears to have been more at home at court than at church, but to have borne much the same character at both, if we may judge by a characteristic jest recorded to have been uttered by his royal patron, on Murray's preaching before him from the text, Rom. i. 16, '*I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.*' On seeing the preacher after the sermon, the king is said to have exclaimed, 'By my saul, mon, if thou art not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, the gospel of Christ may weel be ashamed of thee.*' That under such a head grave abuses should be complained of in the collegiate body was in the natural course of things, as it also was that in those days of passionate controversy and rampant priestcraft an attempt should be made to turn the tables on the complainants by fixing upon them the *stigma* of Puritanism.

Amongst the papers of Humphrey Chetham, which are still extant, there are many graphic letters on this subject, addressed to him by Richard Johnson, one of the fellows of the College (afterwards the first librarian of the Chetham Library), and an active promoter of the proceedings against Murray. Whilst those proceedings were still pending in the High Commission Court, Johnson had to defend himself against charges of preaching too much, and preaching un-surplised, of administering the sacrament in a wrong part of the church, and the like; and he often expresses his anticipation of the severe censure of Archbishop Laud upon such practices. At last he writes to Chetham:—

'Thus farr enemyes have prevayled that I must not preach any more at Gorton without a surplesse, that I must not preach at 6 of clock in y^e morning at Manchester, and that I must not administer the sacrament to any one out of the quire.'

* Dr. Hibbert Ware discredits this story (first recorded by Hollingworth) on the ground of its profanity. But an objection of this kind, if applicable, would make sad havoc of the court history of James I.; and the story itself will appear probable enough to the reader of the correspondence, referred to in the text, between R. Johnson and Humphrey Chetham, preserved in the Chetham archives.

Meanwhile the suit against the warden dragged wearily on. Chetham complains to his friend that he does not write often enough about its progress. Johnson replies that 'from the uncertaintie of 'all things I was afraid to say too much least I should make my selfe 'a new labour to unsay it againe.' But at length (in July, 1635) he writes:—

'I have heere sent you downe the decree of the court [by which Dr. Murray was excommunicated, deprived of his wardenship, fined 2000*l.*, condemned in expences and costs of suit, and committed to the Gatehouse*] . . . but whether any of this will stand except the deprivation, God knoweth; neither had that ever been done whilest the world had stood, had [not] my paynes and charges, and friends also, been the greater. . . . I am perswaded we shall never have a penny. There is but an hundred mark in all allowed by the court, which the officers conceive to be by much too little for themselves. . . . I confesse with that which I borrowed when I came up, it hath cost me thirtie pounds since I came, but I must be content since God hath cast mee into these troubles. I doe owe more to him than all this money cometh to, and myne honestie is more worth, and I thank God my credit is yett more worth; I have had small help herein, and your helpe and encouragement hath been the greatest of any which I have had from any creature, for which I rest your servant. Y^e borrower is a servant to y^e lender; and I shall, as is my duty, pray for you, and if my neighbours doe assist mee, I will with God's grace see you payd; only I crave your patience for a litle tyme; I am as sorrowfull and as melancholy as may bee that I cannot come home, for if I should come before the patent for the newe foundation bee drawne, in the drawinge whereof I think I shall have the greatest hand (but in this I desire to be concealed) things may be worse; and, therefore, though sorely agaynst my will, I am constrained to stay. The warden's excommunication is taken off already, the mitigation of his fine is reserved to the next court day. I think it will be taken all, or for the most part all off. Mr. Herrick nowe is not so like to bee warden; it is uncertain who shall have it. I pray God send us an honest man.' . . .

And he concludes with a request (for the neglect of which we are grateful to Chetham) 'I pray, Sr., doe as much for this letter as I did for yours, sacrifice it to Vulcane.'

A month later,—Chetham in the meantime having alluded to reports that were current as to Dr. Murray's restoration to the wardenship—Mr. Johnson writes:—

'I think it [the warden's return] as unlikely as for a man if hee

* By a most singular euphuism, this sentence is transformed in Dr. Hibbert Ware's 'History of the Collegiate Church,' into the '*Retirement of Dr. Murray.*' This phrase occurs three times, (pp. 148, 151, 391), and the real character of the '*retirement*' is nowhere indicated. Only one letter of this remarkable correspondence is cited, and that imperfectly, and at second hand.

should with the devill have been cast into hell, to come to heaven.' I fear the archbishop (he adds) for all his former shewes, studdyes for the pomp of the future warden, and to pleasure some chaplayne of the king's, or his owne, with y^e place. God be mercifull unto us.'

In 1635, however, the new charter passed the Great Seal, and Richard Heyrick was appointed warden, much to Chetham's gratification. Heyrick was a man of great ability, and had a decided leaning towards the Puritans. It was his fortune to preach trumpet-toned sermons from the Manchester pulpit on several great occasions during the struggle for our liberties,—not without result in the increase of the local adherents to the Parliament,—and to live long enough to deliver from the same pulpit another eloquent discourse in honour of the 'Happy Restoration.'

Under the new charter, which Chetham so zealously promoted, no Murrays have disgraced their sacred functions by a shameful unfitness and gross corruption. Nor, during more than two centuries, has any warden been appointed in liquidation of a royal debt to a goldsmith, or by way of salve for the loss of a promised lay-preferment, the holder of which did not die so opportunely as was expected. During this long period the wardenship or deanery of Manchester has been almost uniformly held by men distinguished both for ability and for piety. Some, like 'silver-tongued Wroe,' have been chiefly eminent in the pulpit; others, like Stratford and Peploe, have done good service to the community by their zealous efforts to raise its moral tone, and to multiply its works of charity. Many have been (as some are now) conspicuous for their attainments in scholarship and literature. Some have even been eminent for their adherence to the principles of religious liberty and (like the younger Peploe) have sacrificed friendships and incurred hatred by seeking to widen the bands of Christian fellowship,—and this, too, at a time when party spirit ran very high in Manchester, and when a rancorous hatred of dissent and dissenters was the test and symbol of good churchmanship.

The men, in short, have been good men, but not sufficiently good to change a rigid and restrictive system into an expansive and genial system; or to transform an institution, first cast in the mould of the fifteenth century, and then modified according to the circumstances of the seventeenth, into one adapted to the ideas, or meeting the exigencies, of the nineteenth. The two or three thousand inhabitants who composed the 'large and populous' parish of De la Warre's day had grown into the 400,000 inhabitants of our own day; the '250 marks' of yearly revenue of the one period had become the £6000 a-year of the other; and yet it had also come to be matter of grave legal discussion

whether the 'cure of souls,' spoken of in the charter, meant the pastoral charge of the *souls of the parishioners*, or the pastoral charge of the *souls of the collegiates themselves*. And the controversy was both sharp and long.

The Legislature itself had not a little complicated the main question, by inserting in the *Cathedral Act* of 1836, a clause which (in contemplation of the subsequent erection of a Diocese of Manchester) at once transformed the warden and fellows of a Collegiate Church into the dean and canons of a Cathedral Church; and, whilst limiting the incomes of the future dignitaries, so as to assimilate them with those of other Cathedral Chapters, proceeded to appropriate the prospective surplus, not to the increase of spiritual provision *in the parish of Manchester*, but to the augmentation of the general funds of the Ecclesiastical Commission. Such a misappropriation was most justly resisted, as well by the dean and canons, as by many of those who on other points were opposed to them.

The bare existence of a controversy like this will, to the readers of the *British Quarterly*, be suggestive of many reflections and deductions which did not then gain utterance on either side. But with these we have no present concern. Our business is but to record its result in the enactment of that *Manchester Rectory Division Act*, which was passed in 1850, after an expenditure on the part of its promoters exceeding £4000.

By this statute (and through the intermediacy of the Ecclesiastical Commission) the original parish was divided into districts,—each several district becoming a parish and rectory with 'cure of souls.' The remainder of the parish will be the future parish of Manchester, having the Cathedral Church for its parish church. The future dean will have the cure of souls within the mother-parish, with the minor canons for assistants or curates. Four of the new rectories will be assigned to the canons. The revenues of the Chapter, received by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, are to be applied, in the first instance, to pay the stipends of the dean, canons, and minor canons; the residue is to be applied exclusively for the cure of souls in the original parish of Manchester;—that is to say,—the endowments of all the rectories are to be raised first to £150 each at the lowest, and then, when funds will admit, to £250 each. Such are the principal provisions of this much contested act of Church Reform.*

* In fairness it should be admitted, that much of the bitterness and obstinacy of the contest, is to be ascribed to the spirit in which some of the movers of the reform set to work. Their proceedings were characterized by an abundance of the *fortiter in re*, not always by the *suaviter in modo*. The work done, however, is a good work, and of a sort which the soft hand is rarely known to accomplish.

We return to Chetham. Whilst *his* instalment of Church Reform was yet in progress, he received intelligence that it was probable he would be nominated sheriff of Lancashire for the following year; and he wrote to a friend then at court:—

‘Although the consideration of my unworthiness (meethinks) might correct the conceit, yet out of the observation of former times wherein this eminent office hath false verie lowe, I cannot presume of freedome, but I am confident out of your ancient professed friendship that if anie put me forward, you will stand in the waie, and suffer mee not to come in the ranke of those that shall bee presented to the king’s view; whereby I shall be made more popular [*i. e.* conspicuous] and thereby more subject to the perill of the tymes.’

But his reluctance was of no avail. In November, 1634, Chetham entered on his office, and on the 13th of the following month received from his predecessor the first writ for *SHIP MONEY* (‘That word of lasting sound in the memory of this kingdom,’ as Clarendon calls it), so that its execution devolved upon him at the very threshold of his new dignity. His notes upon the writ are still extant. They are not such as John Hampden would have made, had he stood in Chetham’s place; but they are interesting for the contrasts they suggest between the Lancashire of the seventeenth century and the Lancashire of the nineteenth:—

‘The first thing,’ he says, ‘is to consider how much moneys will purchase a shipp of such a burden the second thing is to aporcion the same moneys equally and what parte thereof the townes within the county of Lanc. ought to pay, for if you shall tax and assesse men accordinge to their estate, then Liverpooles being poore, and now goes as it were a beginge, must pay very little. Letters patent are now sent for the same toun; and if you shall tax men accordinge to their tradinge and profit by shippinge, then Lancaster, as I verely thinke, hath little to do that waye.’

On this question of the apportionment of the levy, he consults his neighbour Sir Cecil Trafford, of Trafford, who replies (3 January, 1635):—

‘I have perused our directions for the levying of men and money within this county, and compared it to Cheshire, and find that sometime Cheshire hath byn equall to us, sometye deeper charged, and sometye this county hath borne 3 parts and Cheshire 2. Yet I cleerely hold equallity is the best rate betweene the countyes, though Cheshire be lesser, yet it is generally better land, and not soe much mosses and barren ground in it.’

These questions once settled (Cheshire being rated at 400*l.*, including 100*l.* for the city; Lancashire, at 498*l.*, including 15*l.*

for Liverpool, and 8*l.* for Lancaster), Chetham proceeded rapidly with his portion of the levy, and incurred charges amounting to 22*l.*, as to which, he says, 'I moved for allowance, but could gett none.'

In August, 1635, he received a second writ for Ship Money, by which the sum of 3500*l.* was levied upon Lancashire alone; and in the letter accompanying the writ, the lords of the council write that, 'To prevent difficulty in the dividing the assessments upon 'the corporate towns we doe conceive that Preston 'may well beare 50*l.*; Lancaster, 30*l.*; Liverpool, 20*l.*; Wiggan, '50*l.*; and so on.' The worthy sheriff resolved that this time, at all events, he would not lose his expenses, and so levied 96*l.*, in addition to the 3500*l.*, to cover the charges both of the present and of the former levies.

This piece of precaution was eagerly laid hold of by some who were his neighbours, but not his friends. Formal complaint was made to Lord Newburgh, Chancellor of the Duchy, who told Chetham's agent in London (his nephew, George Chetham), that such a proceeding was neither warrantable nor safe:—

'I tould my lord,' writes the nephew, 'it was conterary to your mind to transgress in any kind; if you had not been misled by others you had not done this; and then Mr. Blundell tould my lord the countree was more troubled and grieved to pay that which you leaved for charges than to pay the 3500*l.* and [that he had] asked the oppinion of a judge, and the judge said 'Ytt was a starr-chamber bussines.'

The issue was, that the sheriff was directed to repay the whole sum thus levied, excepting 3*l.* 15*s.* which had been abated to 'poor people, and non-solvents.' Chetham, nevertheless, delayed compliance with this order, and sent a messenger express to London to seek its repeal, furnishing him with a statement of the actual disbursements—amounting to 50*l.* 3*s.* 2*d.* (besides the 22*l.* formerly expended, and another sum of 8*l.* 7*s.*, spent in 'the conveyance of witches from Manchester')—and with the instruction—'If I must returne the overplus which is remaining in my 'hands of the 96*l.* back againe, gett me directions how I must 'pay it.' He had evidently a strong impression that the decision was unjust, and as strong an inclination to keep all he could. It appears, however, that it was enforced, and that he was compelled to bear all the charges himself.

Whilst he was yet employed in the collection of the ship-money, he had the misfortune to get embroiled with the College of Arms on that old and inexhaustible source of quarrel, the alleged appropriation of another man's bearings. There seems to

be no evidence that he used arms before his shrievalty, but it is certain that he believed himself to be descended from the ancient Lancashire family of his name, and that the arms he assumed had been assigned to him by Randle Holme, Chester Herald.* Chetham, as we have seen, was of opinion that the office of sheriff in former times had fallen 'very low;' nevertheless, his own elevation to it did not fail to excite jealousy and ill-will; and, unfortunately, there was indisputable evidence that the coat-of-arms, borne before him at the assizes, was 'Chadderton's coat.' Threatened with a prosecution before the Earl Marshal, he was advised to seek the friendly assistance of his presumed kinsman, Thomas Chetham, of Nuthurst, who formally recognised him as descended 'from a younger brother of the blood and lineage of my ancestors of the house of Nuthurst.' On application to the College of Arms, a long dispute ensued; but, ultimately, his zealous friends (of whom Richard Johnson was the most active) obtained the confirmation of the pedigree and arms which had been claimed. On transmitting the 'trick' of arms, Chetham's correspondent writes:—

'We could not give Sir Henry St. George ('Norroy') less than 10 pieces. We hope he is content, though he said he hath had 20*l*. for the like.'

The worthy sheriff replies,—

'They [the arms] are not depicted in soe good mettall as those armes wee gave for them; but when the herald meets with a novice he will double his gayne.'

From proceedings recorded in the Exchequer it would seem that Chetham did not get fairly quit of the accounts of his shrievalty until March, 1640. In July, 1641, he was appointed 'High Collector of Subsidies within the County of Lancaster,' and by this appointment was drawn into a long series of difficulties and disputes with various authorities, both civil and military, during the strife between king and parliament. Some of his correspondence with Fairfax, and with other parliamentary commanders, is still preserved. Not the least curious amongst these documents are some letters which were interchanged between him and Colonel Robert Duckinfield, with respect to the maintenance of the garrisons of Liverpool and Lancaster. 'They are in extreme want of monies,' says the colonel, 'and I will not suffer them to starve whilst I have charge of them.' Chetham in vain represents that all the monies in his

* Whatton, 'Foundations of Manchester,' ii. 145.

hands were long since exhausted, and entreats the Committee of Lords and Commons at Westminster 'to satisfy Colonel Duckinfield out of the assessment of some other county.' The rough Cromwellian soldier stuck to his declaration, that if Chetham did not pay the money within eight days, 'I will send four troops of horse into your county that I can very well spare.'

Although this particular infliction seems to have been escaped by a timely compromise, there is evidence that our worthy benefactor had personally his full share of the hardships of civil war. Amongst some papers endorsed '*Severall notts of p'ticulers for the generall accompt of charges layd out for the warrs,*' he writes:—

'Having lent Mr. Francis Mosley 760*l.*, and requiring the same of him again, he directed me to take up half of the said sum of some of my neighbour shopkeepers in Manchester, and to give my bill of exchange for the same, to be paid by his partner at London, Mr. Robert Lawe, upon sight of the said bill, and the other half of my money to be paid likewise in exchange a month after that. In pursuance of which directions, before I could effect it, the said Mr. Mosley was proved a delinquent, and the said money intended for me, with the rest that he had in cash, in cloth, his debts, and debt books, and all other his goods, by order of Parliament, were sequestered and seized for the public use: so, as hereby doth appear, there went to the Parliament, of my money, 760*l.*, and were an accompt required of losses sustained by the enemy (my house being three times entered and kept for certain time, untill all my goods, both within my house and without, were either spoiled or quite carried away), I could give an accompt to a very great value.'

It was also Chetham's lot to have a great many law-suits, some of which appear to have lasted until his death. One of these was occasioned by a dispute which curiously illustrates the disturbed state of the times.

In April, 1648, the minister of the parish of Newton (in which Chetham had property) wrote to inform him that his nephew Travis had headed a large party in

'Endeavouring to pull up Captain Whitworth's wear belonging to his mill.' . . . 'There hath been great throwing of stones, to the hazard of several men's lives. Bulwarks and cabins for the defence of themselves in the way or manner of war . . . have been made. Such a contention as this was never seen or heard of by any amongst us.' 'At length,' he adds, 'both parties were perswaded to yield thus far, untill your mind and pleasure were known about it.'

But, more than four years afterwards, we find proceedings to be still pending in the Duchy Court, between 'Whitworth, plaintiff; and Chetham and Travis, defendants.'

Such accidents as this, and others previously mentioned, if

taken by themselves, would seem to indicate in Chetham a somewhat too rigid working out of his motto, *Quod tuum tene*. Their true explanation, however, may probably be found in the fact that his munificent benefactions were the purpose of his life, not the compunctious prompting of his death-bed meditations. His charities had been acts before they became legacies. Not only are several wills still in existence which show that for a quarter of a century, at least, before his death, he contemplated the posthumous devotion of a large portion of his wealth to educational uses—the character and scope of which widened as his means increased—but there is also evidence that he maintained and educated many poor fatherless children during his life-time. He was therefore entitled to look upon himself as a trustee for the poor, and as engaged in the protection of their rights, whilst preserving (somewhat sternly it may be) the fruits of his industry from loss and waste.

His death occurred at Clayton Hall, on the 12th of October, 1653, in the seventy-third year of his age. He died unmarried, and by his last will—made in December, 1651—left considerable legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. He had already in his lifetime settled large estates upon his nephews, one of whom succeeded him, both at Clayton and Turton.

By this will Chetham also bequeathed the sum of 7500*l.* to be expended in the foundation and endowment (after the manner therein directed) of an hospital for the maintenance and education of forty poor boys for ever, and in putting them forth apprentices when of fitting age, unless ‘otherwise preferred, or provided for,’ and he directs that if, in course of time, any surplus revenue should accrue from any investment made in pursuance of such bequest, it shall be applied ‘for the augmentation of the number of poor boys, or for the better maintenance and binding apprentice of the said forty poor boys.’ He also bequeathed 1000*l.* to be expended in books,

‘For or towards a library within the town of Manchester for the use of scholars, and others well affected . . . the same books there to remain as a public library for ever; and my mind and will,’ he adds, ‘is that care be taken that none of the said books be taken out of the said library at any time . . . and that the said books be fixed, or chained, as well as may be, within the said library, for the better preservation thereof. And I do hereby give . . . 1000*l.* to be bestowed in purchasing . . . some fit place for the said library. . . . Also, I do hereby give and bequeath the sum of 200*l.* to be bestowed by my exōrs in godly English books, such as Calvin’s, Preston’s, and Perkins’ works, comments or annotations upon the Bible, or some parts thereof, or . . . other books . . . proper for the edification of the common People, to

be chained upon desks, or to be fixed to the pillars, or in other convenient places, in the parish churches of Manchester and Bolton and the chapels of Turton, Walmsley, and Gorton, in the said county of Lancaster, within one year next after my decease.* . . . And as touching and concerning all the rest, residue, and remainder of all my goods, chattels, plate, leases for years, household stuff, and personal estate whatsoever I do will and desire that all the said residue shall be bestowed in books, to be bought and disposed of, ordered and kept in such place, and in such sort, as the said other books are to be, which are to be bought with the said sum of 1000*l*. formerly herein by me bequeathed, for the further augmentation of the said library.†

The testator during his life-time, had been in treaty for the purchase of 'The College,' in Manchester, from the Parliamentary 'Committee of Sequestration for Lancashire,' into whose hands it had come as part of the forfeited estate of James, Earl of Derby, that earl having inherited it from an ancestor to whom it had been sold by King Edward VI. on the first dissolution of the Collegiate church. The agreement between Humphrey Chetham and the committee had even been drawn up and signed by several members, but on its being taken to another member, Mr. Thomas Birch, of Birch Hall, for his signature, that gentleman was pleased to endorse upon it certain conditions for Chetham's acceptance, which were thought to indicate distrust of his intentions, and which had the effect of defeating the project for a time. The will, however, directed the executors to make the purchase, if attainable on good terms, and it was effected accordingly in 1654.

In the founder's will twenty-four persons were named who were to be the first feoffees or trustees of the charity, and it was directed that when this number should, by death, or otherwise, be reduced to twelve, they should elect other twelve 'honest, able, and sufficient persons, inhabiting within twelve miles of . . . Manchester,' to complete their number. These feoffees were incorporated by royal charter in November, 1665.

Having obtained possession of 'the College,' the feoffees removed thither the boys whom they had previously put out

* Many years, however, were to elapse before this bequest was carried into effect. Good Henry Newcome's patience was sorely tried before the 'English Library' was fairly placed in the 'ancient chantry, called Jesus Chapel,' sold to the parish for that purpose (in 1655) by Henry Pendleton. Newcome seems to have taken the chief pains in the arrangement of the books; and he records in his Diary, under Dec. 11, 1661: . . . 'I was crossed because my mind was so foolish to be set on such a thing as to be the chief doer in setting up the books in that we could not bring the thing to perfection as we desired.'—Newcome's 'Diary,' (published by the Chetham Society), p. 30.

† This portion of the will is so incorrectly printed by Whatton as to be unintelligible. He seems to have copied the printed edition of 1791 without collation.

'to board' in the town, and set apart a portion of it for the reception of the library. The selection of the books to be purchased the founder himself had confided to Johnson, Hollingworth, and Tildesley, being those of his feoffees who were clergymen. On the 20th of March, 1662, Newcome diarizes:—'This day y^e matter of y^e library was fully settled between y^e feoffees and y^e exequutors . . . a thing these many years in doeing, and now done.* The first purchase of books had been made in August, 1655, and the expenditure of Chetham's original gift of 1000*l.* was not fully accomplished until towards the end of 1663, when the library possessed about 1450 volumes—chiefly works of Theology and of History—some of which had been expressly imported from the Continent.† No donation to the library is recorded until near the close of the century.

With respect to the proceeds and application of that 'residue' of his personal estate which the founder had directed to be bestowed in the augmentation of his library, there is considerable difficulty in making a clear statement. Between Mr. Whatton's account (in *Foundations of Manchester*) and that given by the 'Commissioners for inquiring concerning Charities in England and Wales,' in their sixteenth Report, there are material discrepancies, and the 'Chetham Papers' do not enable us to reconcile these conflicting accounts. Mr. Whatton's statement runs thus:—

'With respect to the residue of the testator's property they [the exōrs] took credit to themselves for the sum of 2556*l.*, as the value of an estate at Hammerton, and other places in the parish of Slaidburn, which they conveyed to the trustees for the use of the library, and they assigned to the trustees by the deed to which the accounts were annexed, in money and debts, the sum of 1782*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.* as the remainder thereof.'‡

Thus, it would seem that the library was entitled, in all, to the sum of 4338*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.* as the proceeds of the testator's residue, over and above the sum of 1100*l.*, expressly bequeathed to it. In another part of his narrative, Mr. Whatton says:—'The residue [balance of the residue?] of the testator's personal property, amounting to the sum of 1782*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.* appears to have been laid out in the purchase of . . . [estates 'situate in the town and parish of Rochdale in Lancashire'], in the years 1686 and 1691, though of this fact there are no

* 'Diary,' *ut sup.* p. 69.

† It seems worth remark, that the library does not possess a single book which was the founder's; although, in an 'Inventorie of the Goods at Turton' (preserved amongst the Chetham Papers) we find 'Books . . . £20.'

‡ Whatton, in 'Foundations of Manchester,' iii. 239.

'particulars. The amount of the purchase-money paid for these estates was 1800*l.* It is not stated from what source that money was derived, but the rents have always been carried to the account of the *hospital*.*

The Charity Commissioners, on the other hand, thus report:—

'The legacies for books and establishment of a library were applied as directed by the testator; but in the disposition of the residue of the personal estate, amounting to 2556*l.*, there appears to have been some misappropriation. A part of this sum was laid out in the Hammerton estate, in Yorkshire, and the remainder in the purchase of property in the parish of Rochdale, in Lancashire; the rents of the former have been carried to the use of the library, but of the latter to the account of the hospital.†

Both accounts, it will be seen, agree in the assertion that funds properly belonging to the library have been misappropriated to the hospital, but they differ materially as to the actual amount of the residue. The Charity Report, it may be added, was first published in 1826, and Mr. Whatton's work nearly two years later.

In the year 1693, the library had increased by successive purchases (the whole cost of which, from the commencement, had then amounted to 2469*l.*), to 3513 volumes. About that date, the Rev. John Prestwich appears as a donor of 'books to the value of 50*l.* and upwards.' Soon afterwards, Dr. William Stratford gave 'books to the number of 300 and upwards.' But the whole number of volumes recorded to have been presented from the foundation down to the year 1842, is only about 450, or a little over *two* volumes a-year on the average. It was fortunate that the growth of Chetham's noble benefaction did not entirely depend on the efficacy of his example. In 1791, a Catalogue‡ of the Library was published by the Rev. John Radcliffe, M.A., the then librarian. This catalogue is arranged under the five following classes:—I. *Theologia*; II. *Jurisprudentia*; III. *Historia*; IV. *Scientiæ et Artes*; V. *Litteræ Humaniores*. The total number of separate entries in these two volumes is 6679 printed books, and 44 MSS. But as collections of several treatises bound together, and collections of tracts on any one subject,—whatever the number of pieces or of volumes,—form but a single entry, the number of separate printed works then in the library must have amounted to 7160 at the least. A supple-

* Whatton, *ut supra*, iii. 224.

† 'Further Report of the Commissioners for enquiry concerning Charities,' 24th June, 1826, as abridged in 'An account of Public Charities in England and Wales,' 1828. p. 671.

‡ 'Bibliotheca Chethamensis: sive Bibliothecæ Publicæ Mancuniensis Catalogus.' 8vo, March, 1791.

ment, bringing down the Catalogue to the year 1825, was compiled by the late Rev. William Parr Greswell, which supplement the feoffees published in the following year. The library then contained 14,276 volumes, which may be thus classified:

1. Theology	3,261 volumes.
2. History	4,075 "
3. Jurisprudence	681 "
4. Sciences and Arts	3,403 "
5. Literature and Polygraphy	2,856 "

Total	14,276
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Of these fourteen thousand volumes, very nearly ten thousand are venerable folios and quartos—in these days almost as truly the monuments of an extinct generation as are the mammoth and the ichthyosaurus. And here lies the weak point of this fine old library. Its old books are excellent, but they need to be better supplemented by new ones. The collection—once the best public library in England, those of the metropolis and of the two universities alone excepted—has (only for a time, we trust,) dwindled into comparative insignificance, because it has kept no sort of pace with the growth of literature. From 1825 to 1845, only 1250 volumes of any kind were added to it, or but 60 volumes yearly, on the average, both by purchase and donation together.

By the exertions of the present learned and zealous librarian, Mr. Thomas Jones, B.A. (appointed in 1845), a marked improvement has begun, but his task has been a difficult one. By dint of unwearied application to the principal publishing societies of the United Kingdom, and to many individual authors—more especially to such as are clergymen—he has succeeded in obtaining (during nine years) 950 volumes by donation. Whilst, on the other hand, by earnestly pressing on the attention of the feoffees the importance of completing some of the many valuable, but imperfect works already in the library, as well as of adding a few of the most indispensable recent works, he has obtained by purchase, during the same period, about 990 volumes, at a cost of 412*l*. This, however, shows a yearly outlay on books (exclusive of that on the binding and repair of old books) of but 45*l*. a-year. Whilst, as we have seen, at the very foundation of the library, at least 50*l*. a-year (equal to a much larger sum of our present currency) was available for that purpose. Sixty years later, (according to the statements both of De Foe, who visited the library about 1720,* and of George Psalmanazar,†

* 'Journey through Great Britain,' iii. 177.

† 'Memoirs of George Psalmanazar,' 243, 244.

who has recorded a curious conversation which he had with the librarian a year or two earlier,) at least twice that amount was so available

But whether these latter statements be in detail accurate or inaccurate;—whether we are to take them as extracts from the note-books of honest travellers, or to class them with the imaginary biographies of the one author, and the fabulous history of the other;—it can, at all events, be made perfectly clear that the growth and progress of the library of our benefactor have kept no sort of pace with the growth and progress of his hospital.

First, as to ENDOWMENT: The Hospital was endowed with a sum of 7000*l.*, (or with rent-charges deemed equivalent thereto) in addition to 500*l.* for the purchase of a building. The Library was endowed with the sum of 1000*l.* (to be at once expended in books), and with the further proceeds of the testator's residue—amounting as has been shown on the testimony of the historian of the *Foundations of Manchester* (published subsequently to the investigations of Lord Brougham's Charity Commission) to no less a sum than 4338*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.*, in addition to 100*l.* for the purchase, or adaptation of a building. In round numbers, therefore, the endowment of the Library was to the endowment of the Hospital as 43 is to 70, or somewhat more than *three-fifths*.

Secondly, as to the gross INCOME: The testator's will contains no directions as to the investment of the proceeds of his residue, but simply directs that they 'shall be bestowed by my executors in books for the further augmentation of the said library,' leaving the manner of such augmentation to their discretion, and that of his three feoffees above-named. Accordingly, the deed by which the Hammerton Estate was conveyed by the executors to the feoffees, in March, 1661, recites:—

'That upon serious debate and consideration, it was conceived that it would be more beneficial for the advancement of the said library that the sum of 2600*l.* [which 'they had *then* remaining in their hands'] should be laid out in the purchase of some lands or tenements, to the intent that the yearly rents and profits of the same should be employed, as well for the buying of books, yearly or otherwise, as also for the repairing, fitting, and ordering of the said library, and the buildings thereto belonging, than to lay out the residue of the said personal estate at once.'

The estate thus purchased, cost, as we have already seen, 2556*l.*, and, in 1811, it produced 715*l.* per annum. It now produces but 500*l.* per annum.

The Rochdale Estate, which both Mr. Whatton, and the Commissioners for Inquiry into Charities, assert to have been purchased with part of the testator's *residue*—whatever the amount

of that residue may have been,—appears to produce 471*l.* 16*s.* 11*d.* per annum, notwithstanding the granting of building leases for 999 years, and the absolute sale and alienation of portions of this estate for sums amounting, in the aggregate, to 6875*l.*, which sum has been invested in stock, and produces an annual dividend of 272*l.* The total present income of the Rochdale Estate is, therefore, 743*l.* 16*s.* 11*d.*, the whole of which is carried, not to the account of the Library, but to the account of the *Hospital*.

The only income at present accruing to the library, other than that of the Hammerton Estate, is the dividend of a sum of 1050*l.*, Three-and-a-Quarter per cents. (in lieu of 1000*l.* late Navy Five per cents.) purchased in 1820, out of a balance which had accrued from the surplus of income beyond expenditure. The present income of the Library is, therefore, 531*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* What, on the other hand, is the present income of the *Hospital*? It is thus stated by Mr. Whatton:—*

Rents of the Sutton Estate	£1696 12 0
" " Rochdale Estate	471 16 11
Ordsall Rent Charge	102 0 0
Dividends on Stock	337 15 0
#	
Total	£2608 3 11

It follows, therefore, that the income of the Library, as compared with the income of the *Hospital*, is as 53 to 260, or about *one-fifth*.

Thirdly, as to the *OUTGOINGS*, or what may be termed ‘dead weight’ charges upon the income: Of these, the principal items are stated to be for the repairs of the College building, and of the farmsteads on the estate in Yorkshire; and for the expenses of dinners for the feoffees and officers on the days of meeting. As to the repairs of the building itself, Mr. Whatton says:—‘Of these expenses two-thirds were charged previously to 1818 to the account of the *Hospital*, and one-third to the account of the *Library*. They are now divided equally, the whole sum being carried, in the first instance, to the account of the *Hospital*, and credit taken for the receipt of one moiety thereof as from the *Library*.’ After stating that from 1818 to 1825 inclusive (eight years) these ordinary repairs had cost 1980*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.*, he adds, ‘In 1822 there was erected at the *Hospital* a new washhouse and laundry, the cost of which was 411*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*, one moiety of which was charged to the *Library* account in the same manner as the ordinary repairs.’† After describing various other disbursements he proceeds to ‘the expenses of the dinners provided for the

* *U. supra*, 234.

† Whatton, iii. 235.

‘governors and officers of the Hospital on the days of meeting. For these the governors have laid in a stock of wine, for the cost of which and of the dinners, *one moiety is repaid from the Library account, in the same manner as above-mentioned, with respect to the expenses of repairs.*’

‘The following sums,’ he adds, ‘appear in the treasurer’s accounts, since 1800, for wine thus purchased.’ Then follow the items, amounting, between the years 1800 and 1825 inclusive, to 454*l.* 4*s.** The cost of the dinners is given only for the three years, 1823, 1824, 1825, and the average of these years is 29*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.*; if this be a fair average for the entire twenty-five years, the amount would be 728*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, making a total cost under this head of 1182*l.* 10*s.* 2*d.*, of which 591*l.* 5*s.* 4*d.*, was charged to the Library.

Of the cost of repairs to the farm buildings at Hammerton, an account was given in evidence before the Commons’ Committee on Public Libraries in 1849, by which it appears that these repairs, together with the charge for some heating apparatus, &c., for the library itself, amounted in the five preceding years to 1245*l.*, or 249*l.* a-year on the average.† This sum appears to include the moiety for repairs to the college building (if any) during that period. Subsequently a very large expenditure has been incurred in the thorough repair and restoration of the building, which is not nearly completed.

There are, in addition to the foregoing, two other fixed charges against the Library towards the salaries of the steward and solicitor, amounting to 16*l.* 10*s.* a-year.

Fourthly, as to the NET INCOME available for the support and increase of the Library:—

It has been seen that the various charges on the income assigned to the library, which have had to be met before a shilling has been available for its proper service, have, for a long series of years, amounted, at the least, to 290*l.* a year; there remains, therefore, barely 240*l.* to defray the librarian’s salary, &c., to pay for book-binding and other incidental expenses, to keep up the ‘works in progress’ and periodical publications already in the library, and to purchase new books. The first item in this list absorbs 145*l.*—a very inadequate sum, by the way, for the services of such a man as the present librarian—which leaves 99*l.* for all the rest.

The poverty of the library, in respect of recent literature, is, therefore, no subject of surprise; and it is quite as natural that we should find a very large number of the old books in decayed

* Whatton, iii., 236.

† ‘Public Libraries Report, Minutes of Evidence of 1849.’ (T. Jones, Esq.) Q. 1106, p. 75.

and tattered bindings, and all of them covered with a venerable coating of dust.

Although the librarian has the entire charge and care of a collection of upwards of 18,000 volumes, he has no assistance of any kind, save that of an occasional schoolboy or two from the hospital. It appears, in short, that as respects all the appliances necessary for conservation or increase, the Library is worse provided than it was a century ago.

Fortunately for the reputation of the feoffees, the condition of the Hospital is very different. Its revenues are flourishing. The character of the school has been greatly improved. The number of the boys maintained and educated, has been successively increased from forty to sixty, from sixty to eighty, and, within the last eight years, from eighty to one hundred. Had the Library but kept pace with the school, there would be small cause for dissatisfaction with the administration of the trust.

Of this, however, under existing arrangements, there seems to be as little hope for the future as there has been experience in the past. The best chance of improvement in the condition and public usefulness of the Library lies in its severance altogether from the Hospital. And this, we believe, could be so effected as at once to carry out all the intentions of the founder far more efficiently than they have been carried out hitherto; to exonerate the trustees from a portion of their task, to which their resources have ceased to be adequate, and to confer a great and lasting benefit on the city of Manchester.

Few of our readers need to be informed that by the 'Public Libraries' Act,' of 1850, all corporate towns in England, having a population of 5000, are empowered to establish and maintain public libraries, by levying a rate, not exceeding one halfpenny in the pound, on the property in such towns already assessable to the borough rate, and that such libraries once established are for ever inalienable.

It is well known, too, that the first library established under that act was the Free Library of Manchester, the foundation of which was laid by a public subscription of almost unprecedented liberality, and the working of which has been successful to a degree heretofore without example in any town within the United Kingdom. With a collection of printed books, which now exceeds 24,000 volumes (brought together by donation and by purchase within three years), there has been an aggregate issue of books in this library, to readers of every class of society, amounting, in twenty months, to 240,512 volumes. Notwithstanding this great issue, but five volumes have been lost to the library from

any cause whatever, yet the reference department is, of course, unrestrictedly open to all comers, and its *lending* department is freely accessible to all who can produce a voucher or 'guarantee' from two burgesses.

The average daily number of readers, since the opening, in the reference department of this library, has exceeded 200. At the Chetham Library, the average daily number of readers, five years ago, was twenty-five; it has now dwindled to ten. In brief, it may be said, that more use has been made of the books in the free library, within twenty months, than has been made of those in the Chetham Library within eighty years; yet the first named collection has lost five volumes from its lending department and none from its reference department, and the other has lost one hundred and fifty,* as stated in the valuable evidence given by the present librarian to the Libraries' Committee of 1849.

If these facts could be placed before a resuscitated Humphrey Chetham—shrewd, business-like, energetic, and benevolent, as we have seen that he was—who can doubt the view he would take of them? If, moreover, we could tell him that all those 'Godly' English books, such as Calvin's, Preston's, and Perkins' works, and Comments or Annotations upon the Bible, which he directed to be carefully chained upon desks, or fixed in other convenient places in the churches of Manchester and Bolton, and in the chapels of Turton and Walmesley, for THE EDIFICATION OF THE 'COMMON PEOPLE,' have, to a book, disappeared, not by wear or bad usage, but by the neglect and the cupidity of churchwardens—long since in their graves—can any one believe that he would hesitate a moment to transfer his library to the keeping of the whole town, through its responsible authorities, and, by such transfer, to multiply tenfold the securities for its careful preservation and befitting augmentation, and to increase a hundredfold its usefulness to all classes of his townsmen?

Nor is this all. The same step which would relieve the books of their antique dust, and change their torn and rotting covers into sound and respectable bindings, which would complete many a valuable but now imperfect series of volumes, and fill up many a gap in every 'class' by adding to it the best recent works in its several department of knowledge, would also enable the feoffees to carry out efficiently that enlargement and improvement of the School, or 'Hospital,' which they and their predecessors have so honourably begun. It would not only afford them the means of at least trebling the original number of the boys to be

* This number applies to the whole period of the library's existence. None of the loss, we believe, has been sustained very recently.

maintained and educated (already, as we have seen, more than doubled by successive augmentations), but, which is of much greater importance, it would enable them to improve the character of the education afforded, and thus to achieve far more in that good work of preparing boys of humble, but respectable parentage, to become honest, industrious, and prosperous citizens, which the founder had so much at heart.

Obviously an Act of Parliament would be needed to effect any such separation of the Chetham Library from the Chetham Hospital, as is here suggested. But that the Corporation of Manchester, were such a proposal submitted to it, would be willing to join the feoffees in applying for such an Act, and would undertake to maintain the library for the free and perpetual use of the public in connexion with that already belonging to the town, can, we think, be a matter of no sort of doubt to those who are conversant with the manner in which that Corporation has hitherto discharged its public trusts. The advantage to all classes of the citizens which would result from the proposed transfer, would fully justify parliament in empowering the feoffees to devote all their funds to the support of their school, should that step, on deliberate consideration, appear to be expedient. The Chetham books might be preserved intact, as a collection, and yet for all useful purposes be incorporated with the existing Free Library, and might thus remain a public and perpetual memorial of the founder. The fine old building—the preservation of which we would not, on any consideration, consent to imperil—would become wholly available for the uses of the school, which is at present much in want, but entirely without prospect, of increased accommodation. Manchester would possess both a better ‘Chetham Hospital,’ and a better ‘Chetham Library,’ than it has at present; and thus the wishes and intentions of its liberal benefactor would be more efficiently realized than they ever can be under the arrangements which now obtain.

It may, however, be objected that the Library itself is scarcely worth the trouble and cost proposed to be incurred, since it is so generally said to consist, for the most part, of ‘old theology.’ The answer to this objection,—waiving altogether the very doubtful appreciation of the real value of the ‘old theology’ referred to,—is that the popular notion on this head is but a popular mistake.

(Of the whole number of printed volumes—more than 18,000—which the library now contains, upwards of 5000 are historical; nearly 4000 relate to the ‘Sciences and Arts,’ and almost as many to the class ‘Literature,’ including under that head collective and encyclopædical works. The number of volumes in the class

'Theology,' is about 4000, and includes a noble series of editions of the Bible, and of commentaries, and other biblical apparatus. The historical section of the library includes a very fine series of the chroniclers and older historians of continental Europe, especially when these have been brought together into national collections, as by Muratori for Italy, *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*; *Annali d'Italia*; *Antiquitates Italicæ Medii Ævi*; &c.; by Bouquet, and his successors, for France, *Recueil des Historiens des Gaules*; *Historiens des Croisades*; &c.; by Langebek, for Denmark and Iceland, *Rerum Danicarum Scriptores*; and *Scripta Historica Islandorum*; by Struve, Freher, Wegelin, Eccard, Offellius, Schilter, Pez, and others, for Germany, and the neighbouring countries,—*Rerum Germanicarum Scriptores*, *Corpus Historiæ Germanicæ*; *Rerum Bohemicarum Scriptores aliquot insignes*; *Rerum Hungaricarum Scriptores*; *Thesaurus rerum Suevicarum*; *Corpus Historicum Medi Ævi*; *Res Germanicæ*; *Rerum Boicarum Scriptores*; *Thesaurus Antiquitatum Teutonicarum*; *Rerum Austriacarum Scriptores*; &c.; and by many more for other countries.

The advantage which would result from that incorporation of the two libraries which we advocate, can scarcely need better illustration or more conclusive proof than will be afforded by the statement, that of works of this class—invaluable as they are—the Free Library is absolutely deficient; whilst, with modern collections, and more recent historians, the Chetham Library is almost equally unprovided.

The former (as respects its reference department), with every passing month, is becoming more and more a library for all classes, both of readers and students; because, great as are its deficiencies in such books as have been mentioned, as well as in books of many other classes, it possesses the foundation of a noble collection, as well of British history,* as of the literature of commerce.

The Free Library is yet in its cradle; but some, at all events, of its limbs are acquiring consistency and vigour. The Chetham

* In the formation of the Manchester Free Library special attention has been paid to the general history of the British Empire; but its *topography* is very meagrely supplied. Books in this class are, as is well known, of a most costly kind. Yet our free libraries ought eminently to aim at becoming *local storehouses*, in which every sort of information respecting at least the county to which they belong—whether historical, statistical, or merely descriptive—should become accessible to all inquirers. In this way that desire of our old antiquary, Leland, long since noticed in these pages (Art., 'Libraries and the People,' vol. xi. May, 1850), that every county should have its special library, might be nobly realized. The Chetham Library has some fine collections of this kind, both printed and manuscript; but these are falling into just the same sort of *arrears* that we have noticed in other departments. In not a few cases, the books that would best elucidate the MSS., and *vice versa*, must be sought elsewhere.

Library can look back upon a career of usefulness, to which many have borne grateful testimony; but this usefulness is sinking into decrepitude and decay year by year. Combine them, and assuredly the vitality of the one will be found to invigorate and fructify the accumulated stores of the other.

Nearly two centuries were permitted to elapse before any monument was raised to the memory of Humphrey Chetham, other than that which he had provided for himself. But, during last year, the pious gratitude of a worthy citizen who had been educated by his bounty, found appropriate expression in a statue which now adorns the 'Old Church.' Is it too much to hope that to this memorial of the thankfulness of an individual may soon be added that still better memorial of the gratitude of the community, which would consist in giving yet greater efficiency to his thriving School, by the same step which would free his starving Library from the obstructions which have impeded its growth and diminished its usefulness? United, the vigour of the one has been supported by the exhaustion of the other. Separate, both would thrive, and become the channels of an amount of educational and intellectual advantage to Manchester, which, otherwise, we shall have long to wait for.

The FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOL can look back upon a career nearly twice as long as that of the Chetham Hospital, and the example of the founder has been more than proportionately fruitful in inciting others to build upon his foundation. The good Bishop of Exeter (said, by some of his biographers, to have been born, like Chetham, at Crumpsall) was blessed with a sister, who, unsatisfied with merely helping him in well-doing herself, induced her husband to help him too. Joan Bexwyke (or Beswicke) and Hugh Bexwyke were not so much the trustees of Oldham, as they were his co-founders in the endowment, if not in the first erection, of Manchester School.

The existing foundation-deed dates from 1525 (when Oldham had been dead nearly six years) and recites that the founder had built a school and endowed it—

'For the good mynde wich he hadd and bare to the countrey of Lancashire, consydering the brynging upp in lernyng, virtue and good maners, childeryn in the same countrey, should be the key and groundes to have good people ther, wiche hath lacked and wanted in the same, as well for grete povertie of the comⁿ people ther, as allsoe by cause of long tyme passyd the teyching and brynging upp of yonge childrene to scole to the lernyng of gramyer hath not been taught ther, for lacke of sufficient scole-master so that the children in the same cuntrey havyng pregnant wytte, have ben most parte brought up rudely and idilly, and not in vertue, connyng, litterature, and good maners.'

The endowment consisted of the Manchester corn-mills, with all their tolls and appurtenances, of certain lands in Ancoats and elsewhere, and of a burgage or burgages in 'the Millgate.' The statutes directed that no lease of the school estates should be granted for more than ten years; that the salary of the high master should be 10*l.* a-year, that of the usher 5*l.*, and that of the receiver 1*l.*; and that when the surplus revenues should amount to 40*l.*, they should be applied to the exhibition of scholars at Oxford or Cambridge.

Bishop Oldham was one of the many eminent ecclesiastics who owed the first steps of their preferment,—and possibly, in his case, education itself,—to the munificence of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, the mother of King Henry VII. He was the intimate friend of Fox, the founder of Corpus Christi College at Oxford, and of Smyth, the founder of Brasenose. It is on record that it was by his counsel that Fox abandoned his original intention of founding a monastery rather than a college;—Oldham suggesting to him that instead of 'building houses and providing livelihoods for a company of monks, whose end and fall we may ourselves live to see,' it were 'more meet a great deal that we should have care to provide for the increase of learning, and for such as by their learning shall do good to church and commonwealth.' Nor did he content himself with giving good advice. He was a great benefactor to Brasenose; he contributed 6000 marks toward the building of Corpus Christi, and he left to it a considerable bequest in land; thus well earning the honourable mention of him in its statutes as '*hujus nostri collegii præcipuus benefactor*,' and the appropriation by its founder of a scholarship and fellowship for natives of Lancashire.

With Brasenose the Manchester school is more intimately connected by the munificent foundation first (1679) of four scholarships there by Sarah Seymour, Duchess Dowager of Somerset, for scholars 'out of the free school of Manchester,' and afterwards (by her will, in 1686,) of certain other scholarships in Brasenose and in St. John's College, Cambridge, to be alternately filled by elections 'out of Manchester school, Hereford school, and Marlborough school, from time to time, for ever.' These scholarships now amount to twenty-two, and vary in value from 36*l.* to 52*l.* per annum.

The pupils of Manchester School have also had their share of the large exhibitions arising from the bequest of William Hulme, Esq., of Kearsley, (one of its feoffees,)—now fifteen in number, and worth 120*l.* each per annum, with 35*l.* more to each exhibitor for books*—as well as of the six scholarships at Magdalen

* 'Evidence of Alexander Kay, Esq., before Mr. Milner Gibson's Committee on Manchester and Salford Education,' Q. 2411, p. 395.

founded by the Rev. John Smith, president of that college, who died in 1638.

Whilst the splendid provisions for the university career of pupils from the school founded by Bishop Oldham, attested the high position it had attained in public estimation, its own resources were largely augmented by the improved value of its lands, and more especially of its mill-tolls. But the latter, from their very nature, were as productive of ill-will and of litigation as of profit. The lawsuits they gave rise to were almost interminable; and when at last brought to issue, new suits seemed constantly to grow out of the ashes of the old.* Hence, in 1758, an Act of Parliament was passed, abolishing the custom of the compulsory grinding of the mills of any corn or grain whatever, except malt. The custom as respects malt was confirmed, and still continues. The toll was fixed at a shilling per load, instead of the accustomed twenty-fourth part. Powers were also given to the feoffees to sell land on chief for building purposes.

When the Charity Commissioners reported on this school, in 1825, its total income was 4408*l.* 17*s.* 1½*d.*, and its expenditure little more than 2500*l.* a-year. 'Whenever,' say they, 'the contemplated expenditure for improving the residences of the masters shall have been carried into effect, . . . it will be a proper subject for the consideration of the trustees, in what manner the surplus income can be most beneficially disposed of in furthering the objects of the foundation.'

When, however, the necessity for solving this problem arrived, the scheme proposed by the feoffees (in 1833, when the reserved fund exceeded 20,000*l.*) sanctioned by the Master in Chancery to whom their petition was referred, and confirmed by Lord Chancellor Brougham, failed to meet all its conditions, and excited considerable dissatisfaction especially on the part of the Manchester 'liberals.'

This scheme directed that there should be twelve exhibitions, of 60*l.* per annum each, tenable for four years. The objectors desired to abolish the practice of the taking of boarders by the masters (formerly abused to a gross extent, but which the new scheme continued under limitations); to replace the absentee feoffees by residents of Manchester, and to increase the provision for elementary English instruction, as a branch of the regular

* A very curious history of a series of such suits, against John Hartley, of Strangeways, is given in some of those papers on the Archæology of Lancashire, by means of which Mr. Harland has stamped a permanent historic value on the columns of the *Manchester Guardian*. To another of these excellent papers 'Recollections of a Manchester Nonagenarian,' 1st January, 1853), we owe the anecdote of Thyer and the Grammar-school 'Saturnalia,' mentioned in another part of this article.

duties of the school. This difference of view led to a litigation which lasted nearly thirteen years, and was not finally settled until it had been severally adjudicated upon by Lord Chancellor Cottenham, by Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, and by the late Vice-Chancellor of England.

On one main point which underlay this controversy—whether or not there should be boarders; and, if any, whether the exhibitions should, or should not, be open to them—these great lawyers differed. Lord Cottenham (1840) allowed boarders, but denied them exhibitions. Lord Lyndhurst (1843) allowed both. The Vice-Chancellor (11 January, 1849) abolished boarders altogether, grounding himself on the fact that the taking of boarders had not been sanctioned by the feoffees (as Lord Lyndhurst had inferred), but had arisen *ex mero motu* of former masters.

The decree by which the Vice-Chancellor constituted a new Board of Trustees, and laid down a scheme for their guidance, was designed, we think, to effect other and greater changes in the School. While the authorities of the School are, in this decree, enjoined to continue the encouragement of Classical Learning, they are required to add largely to the ancient course of Grammar School instruction, by appointing masters to teach, not only English Literature and Mathematics, but the Modern Languages, and Modern Arts and Sciences. So much in earnest is the decree as to these enlargements of the School System, that, as we read it, the fund for future exhibitions is non-existent, until there be a surplus income after the new branches of learning have been grafted upon the old stock. We are informed that the French Language is taught in the School, but no other modern tongue; and that Modern Arts and Sciences have still no place in the course. We have seen a list of the present Trustees, and some local knowledge of men and of opinions, enables us to say that they are mostly gentlemen who cannot but desire faithfully to carry out the intent of the trust, and to adapt the school to the requirements of this age and of the district. We fear, however, that their action in the matter may have been impeded by that clause in the decree by which it is left to the Dean of Manchester and the High Master of the School, conjointly to judge of the expediency of introducing the very instruction which the decree itself so plainly and pointedly ordains. To convince both of these clergymen that the Manchester Free Grammar School ought to give as much facility for effective tuition of a high character, in English Literature, in the chief Continental Languages, and in Modern Science, as it offers in the literature of Greece and Rome, may, perhaps, be found a work demanding resolution, patience,

and perseverance, on the part of the lay authorities of the Institution. But, that the scheme is imperfectly fulfilled, and the duty which all the authorities owe to the Court of Chancery and to the community of Manchester is not fully discharged till this be done, we have no more doubt than we have of the plainest truth in morals or mathematics.

Our readers may wish to know something of the present resources of the School, and of the extent to which it benefits the people of Manchester. What information we can communicate, on these points, dates nearly twelve months ago, but we believe there has been no important alteration since, except one that will be presently mentioned. There were, at that time, three departments, or schools; 1. The Upper, or Classical School, with four masters and nearly seventy boys; 2. The Lower School, in which little boys were prepared for the Upper and English Schools, with one master and also about seventy boys; 3. The English School, in which a single master was toiling at the impossible task of teaching History, Grammar, Geography, and a multitude of other things, to nearly one hundred and fifty urchins of from eight to about twelve years old. As an English School, forming part of a great and venerable foundation in one of the chief cities of the realm, the thing had almost the aspect of a contrivance to demonstrate with what ingenuity the letter could be obeyed, and the spirit mocked and violated, of that legal order to which this department owed its origin. We understand that, at the instance of the Trustees, an assistant-master has of late been appointed, but we are ignorant whether the result has been to raise the character of the instruction in the English School, or merely to rescue from utter wreck of brain, heart, and life, its previously overworked and slighted, but most respectable and blameless master.

The amount expended annually in masters' salaries, is, according to a statement we have seen, about 2,100*l*. We believe, but are not quite sure, that this item includes a pension of between 200*l*. and 300*l*., which a former Reverend High Master, whom primarily the present Masters may thank for the abolition of the boarder system, and who is himself a very wealthy man, lives, and has for a very long series of years lived to enjoy. It seems to us, that such a fund is not inadequate to the whole of the purposes which the scheme contemplates, and which, as we have said, are yet but very partially in operation.

The full effect of all the intended alterations, time only can disclose. That change, however, which affects the taking of boarders cannot but be productive of ultimate good. And it may be hoped that a pithy hint which fell from the lips of the Vice-Chancellor, in the delivery of his judgment, may some day bear

fruit. 'It is part,' said His Honour, 'of the facts of this case' (and rather a lamentable fact) that—the revenue of the charity 'depending very much on the profits of the malt-mill—a vast number of persons at Manchester are exercising their ingenuity 'in discovering how they can subtract from the dues of the 'mill, and it certainly appears to me that there is a tendency to 'cheat the charity of Manchester; *it would be well to counteract 'that by some act of liberality.*'

Manchester school can display a good muster-roll of eminent scholars. Amongst them stand the names of John Bradford, the martyr; of Robert Thyer; of Whitaker, the historian; of Dr. Cyril Jackson; of Dr. Thomas Winstanley; of Reginald Heber; and of Thomas De Quincey.

Of its masters, the late Charles Lawson was perhaps the most professionally distinguished. Of stern temper, but of the strictest integrity, it is possible that he was more respected than loved. He kept the staff in his hand till he had scarce strength to wield it, and thus, in some instances, became the cause of suffering as acute, though of a different kind, as that which he is said to have been but too prompt to inflict in his days of vigour. In those days Thyer gave him a rather pointed reproof, through the mouth of a school-boy, by composing a speech to be delivered on a public occasion which gave impunity to the speaker:—

'Permit me, sir,' said the boy, 'under the protection of this privileged season . . . to ask you to accept a few gentle hints in return for the many broad ones you favour us with during the rest of the year. If the Spartans allowed their slaves once a year the liberty of saying what they pleased, I flatter myself that a claim to the same indulgence may be pardoned in a British school-boy.'

'To understand an author, you tell us, sir, that we should read in the spirit in which he wrote. How, then, can you expect the manly genius of a . . . Tully, from the labours of a sour, domineering, flogging pedagogue? Pardon me, sir, if upon so feeling a subject, the warmth of imagination has carried me beyond the limits of decency.'

Some forty years later Mr. De Quincey experienced a different phase of the same stern discipline; and he, who can at will paint for us his word-pictures with the broad and massive light and shadow of a Rembrandt, or with the minute touch and marvellous finish of a Mieris, has thus depicted his experience—

'My guardians agreed that the most prudent course, . . . was to place me at the Manchester Grammar School, not with a view to further improvement in my classical knowledge, though the head master was a sound scholar, but simply with a view to one of the school exhibitions. Amongst the countless establishments scattered

all over England by the noble munificence of Englishmen and Englishwomen in past generations for connecting the provincial towns with the universities of the land, this Manchester school was one: in addition to other great local advantages this noble foundation secured a number of exhibitions at Brasenose College, Oxford, to those pupils of the school who should study at Manchester for three consecutive years. . . . At that time, I believe, each exhibition yielded about 40 guineas a-year, and was legally tenable for seven successive years. Now to me this would have offered a most seasonable advantage, had it been resorted to some two years earlier But at present I was halfway on the road to the completion of my sixteenth year. . . . As things were, delay had thrown the whole arrangement awry. For the better half of the three years I endured it patiently. But it had at length begun to enter more corrosively into my peace of mind than ever I had anticipated. The head master was substantially superannuated for the duties of his place. Not that intellectually he showed any symptoms of decay: but in the spirits and physical energies requisite for his duties he *did*: not so much age as disease, it was, that incapacitated him. In the course of a long day, beginning at 7 a.m., and stretching down to 5 p.m., he succeeded in reaching the farther end of his duties. But how? Simply by consolidating into one continuous scene of labour, the entire ten hours. The full hour of relaxation which traditions and bye-laws had consecrated to breakfast was narrowed into ten or even seven minutes. The two hours' interval . . . from 12 to 2, p.m., was pared down to forty minutes, or less. In this way he walked conscientiously through the services of the day, fulfilling to the letter every section, the minutest, of the traditional rubric. But he purchased this consummation at the price of all comfort to himself; and, having done *that*, he felt himself the more entitled to neglect the comfort of others. The case was singular: he neither showed any indulgence to himself . . . nor, in thus tenaciously holding on to his place did he (I am satisfied) govern himself by any mercenary thought or wish, but simply by an austere sense of duty. He discharged his public functions with constant fidelity and with superfluity of learning; and felt, perhaps, . . . that possibly the same learning united with the same zeal might not revolve as a matter of course in the event of his resigning the place. . . . But not by one atom the less did the grievous results . . . weigh upon all within his sphere, and upon myself . . . most ruinously. . . .

'At Christmas there was . . . a solemn celebration of the season by public speeches. Among the six speakers, I as one of the three boys who composed the head class, held a distinguished place; and it followed also, as a matter of course, that all my friends congregated on this occasion to do me honour. What I had to recite was a copy of Latin verses on the recent conquest of Malta. '*Melite Britannis subacta*,' was the title of my worshipful nonsense. . . . Probably there were, in that crowded audience, many old Manchester friends of my father, loving his memory, and thinking to honour it by kindness

to his son. Furious at any rate was the applause which greeted me: furious was my own disgust. Frantic were the clamours as I concluded my nonsense; frantic was my inner sense of shame at the childish exhibition.*

There remains—for but curt notice—the last but not least liberal of those 'Foundations' with which Manchester has been endowed. Here, happily we have not to attempt the unravelling of complex litigations; but have simply to tell of good achieved and of greater good in prospect.

John Owens, a Manchester merchant, who died in July, 1846, by his last will, after bequeathing several legacies to public charities and educational establishments already in existence, and making adequate provision for some poor relatives (without unduly lifting them out of their sphere) directed that the available residue of his personal estate, should, under the management of fourteen trustees, named in the will, be applied to the purpose of founding—

'An institution for providing or aiding the means of instructing and improving young persons of the male sex (and being of an age not less than fourteen years) in such branches of learning and science as are now, and may be hereafter usually taught in the English Universities, but subject, nevertheless, to the two fundamental and immutable rules and conditions hereinafter prescribed, namely—

'First. That the students, professors, teachers, and other officers and persons connected with the said institution, shall not be required to make any declaration as to, or submit to any test whatsoever of, their religious opinions, and that nothing shall be introduced in the matter or mode of education, or instruction in reference to any religious or theological subject which shall be reasonably offensive to the conscience of any student, or of his relations, guardians, or friends, under whose immediate care he shall be.

'Secondly. That if, and as often as the number of applicants for admission to such institution as students shall be more than adequate to the means of the institution, a preference shall in all cases be given to the children of parents residing, or who if dead, or the survivor of whom resided when living within the limits now comprised in the parliamentary borough of Manchester aforesaid, or within ten miles from any part of such limits; and secondly to the children of parents residing, or who or the survivor of whom living, resided within the limits comprised in the parliamentary district or division of South Lancashire; but subject as aforesaid, the said institution shall be open to all applicants for admission, without respect to place of birth, and without distinction of rank, or condition in society.

* 'Autobiographic Sketches,' ii. 60—80.

The institution thus planned has become THE OWENS COLLEGE. Its germ lay, we believe, in the anonymous article by which attention had been called in a public journal to the want of such an institution in Manchester. The testator was a native of the town,—born in moderate circumstances, of very unobtrusive life and manners, unmarried, and without near relatives,—and by dint of persevering industry had realized a considerable fortune. His ‘residue’ amounted to 100,000*l.* No part of it was applicable either to the erection or the purchase of a building, but a subscription (quietly raised by the personal exertions of the trustees, and amounting to nearly 10,000*l.*) soon provided one, on a scale more than sufficient for the immediate requirements of the college, and capable of large extension hereafter.

The course of study, as settled by the trustees, comprises :—

1. Languages and literature of Greece and Rome.
2. Mathematics.
3. Natural Philosophy.
4. Logic and Mental Philosophy.
5. General grammar, English language and literature.
6. History, and Moral and Political Philosophy.
7. Natural History.
8. Chemistry.
9. Modern Languages.
10. Commercial Studies.

The college was opened on the 12th March, 1851, in the presence of the Bishop of Manchester, of the President of the Lancashire Independent College, of the Rev. J. J. Tayler, and of many other ministers and laymen of various denominations. Its professors were empowered to give certificates to candidates for degrees in the University of London, by a royal warrant of the 29th May, 1851, and it has for its Principal, Mr. A. J. Scott, a gentleman who, at the time of his election, was Professor of English Literature and Dean of the Faculty of Arts in University College, London.

In a preliminary report—printed in 1850—the Committee of Trustees, charged with the preparation of a scheme for the organization of the college, thus expressed a hope which may some day grow into a reality :—

‘We take this opportunity of inviting attention to the important subject of the establishment in Manchester of a university conferring its own degrees, without resort to the metropolitan university. . . . The claims of Manchester to such a distinction are, we conceive, not inferior to those of Durham . . . and the Owens College, with adequate support, may form the nucleus of a university by which the

beneficial designs of our testator may be carried out, to an extent scarcely contemplated by himself, and greatly to the advantage of this and the adjacent counties.*

When the time shall arrive for dealing with the question here mooted, it will deserve consideration whether steps should not then be taken to realize for Lancashire some adequate amount of educational benefit from that bequest of William Hulme which, *by the inventive skill and the enterprising industry of Lancashire men*, has grown from thirty pounds a-year, into nearly five thousand pounds a-year, and is (in the opinion of a most competent judge of such questions, Mr. Alexander Kay,) in a fair way to become, within half a century, at least ten thousand pounds a-year of net income.†

Mr. Hulme bequeathed the property which commercial enterprise has thus raised an hundredfold in value, for the support at college of *'four of the poor sort of batchellors of arts,'* to be nominated and approved of by the warden of the Collegiate Church of Manchester and the Rectors of the Parish Churches of Prestwich and of Bury, in the said county of Lancaster, for the time being, and their successors for ever; *'my mind and will bring that noe such batchellors shall continue to have anything of this my exhibition but only for the space of four years, to be accounted from the time of such degree taken!'* His trustees have prevailed upon Parliament to divert a large portion of it from a purpose essentially educational, to the very different purpose of *the purchase of advowsons, the building of churches, and the erection of parsonage houses.*

The successive steps by which this misappropriation has been brought about are worthy of note. Up to 1770, the exhibitions continued to be four in number, but were gradually raised in amount from 10*l.* to 60*l.* In that year the Trustees obtained power to increase the number to ten and the annual allowance from 60*l.* to 80*l.* They were also enabled to grant building leases of the land in Manchester for terms not exceeding ninety-nine years. In 1795, these powers were extended, and it was enacted that the number of exhibitions might be raised to fifteen,

* 'Report of a Committee of the Trustees of Owens College,' Feb. 1850.

† See Mr. Kay's valuable evidence before the Manchester Education Committee, already referred to; and the twenty-first report of the Charity Commissioners (1829), pp. 623—637. At the date of this report, the trustees had a rental of 3331*l.*, in addition to the proceeds of 4911*l.*, lent on mortgage, and of 40,875*l.*, money in the funds. Since this article was first in type, Mr. Kay has published a pamphlet (which will well repay perusal) intitled 'Hulme's Charity. A letter to B. Nicholls, Esq., Mayor of Manchester, on the past management of this Charity; with suggestions for the future application of its large surplus income.'

and their amount to 110*l.* a-year. Yet within twenty years of this extension of the charity, the accumulation of its surplus income amounted to the sum of 23,700*l.**

Again the trustees applied to Parliament, and this time they sought and obtained (in 1814) power to make a *small* departure (which, however, has proved to have been but 'the thin end of the wedge,') from the testator's directions, by nominating *under-graduates* as exhibitioners *a year before taking the degree of B.A.*; and by paying to a lecturer in divinity a sum not exceeding 150*l.* a-year. They were also empowered to allow to each exhibitioner an annual sum not exceeding 220*l.* a-year; to dispense with residence in college during certain terms, and to provide lodgings for the exhibitioners at a cost not exceeding 5000*l.*

In 1827 the annual income had increased to 5887*l.* and the 'savings' to 42,203*l.* The trustees appear to have been unable to avail themselves of the new power last named either by purchase or by building. They now asked Parliament to enable them 'to apply part of their present and future accumulations of the said trust, estates, and monies, in the purchase of advowsons of livings, and to present thereto such individuals as at the time of the avoidance of such livings actually should be, or therefore should have been exhibitioners on the foundation of the said testator in Brazenose College.'

The application does not seem to have excited opposition, or even to have attracted any degree of public attention; and thus an act was quietly passed by which the powers sought for were conceded. But it was provided that a surplus fund should always be left of at least 20,000*l.*, and that not more than 7000*l.* should be expended on any one advowson or benefice.

Twelve years later the trustees appear to have thought that it was time to clench the nail which had been so cleverly driven thus far. And now they asked and obtained the following enactments (2 Vic. c. 17—A.D. 1839):—

'1. The repeal of so much of the Statute 8 Geo. IV. as directed that the accumulated fund should be kept up to 20,000*l.*, and the substitution of a proviso that the accumulations should not be less than 5000*l.*, the consent of three-fourths of the trustees being first obtained in writing. Wanting such consent the limit was fixed at 10,000*l.*

'2. Power to endow or augment the endowment of any benefice purchased by the Trust to an amount not exceeding 7000*l.*

'3. Power to expend such sums, not exceeding 7000*l.* in each case,

* Twenty-first Report of the Commissioners for inquiring concerning Charities, (1829) p. 624.

as they shall think fit in building and endowing churches or chapels; to purchase or build parsonage houses at a cost not exceeding 700*l.* in any one case; and to possess, as patrons, all the rights possessed by the patron of any the like ecclesiastical benefice.*

Under this act the trustees have already purchased twenty-nine benefices, the annual aggregate value of which appears to be about 5400*l.* a-year. Ten of these benefices are under 200*l.* a-year; four of them are under 100*l.* a-year; their average value is but 186*l.* a-year.† Mr. Kay points out—justly enough—the disparity between livings, or as he prefers to call them ‘starvings’ such as these, and the allowance made to the exhibitioners whilst at college. We are not, however, disposed to lay any stress on this point. The whole matter consists of an unjustifiable departure from the testator’s intent, and a gross perversion of the interest of the public in the endowment. The testator expressly says that he desires to assist the *poor sort* of graduates whilst they are at college, *and no longer*. Under the present system ‘rich men,’ we are told, ‘degrade themselves by seeking for their sons, or dependent relations a college education of seven years’ duration, at the expense of a charity intended for poor scholars;‡ and the trustees further tempt them to make the perversion co-extensive with their lives. Thus, what might have been a noble educational provision for men who have to fight the battle of life at a disadvantage, becomes but an additional cushion for men who are already at ease. An endowment producing in half a century more than 200,000*l.* educates, during that time about *two hundred and eighty persons*. Whilst the inquiring by-stander, looking back over the whole period of the existence of the benefaction—now somewhat more than three half centuries—has to record his conviction that ‘the deadening influence of the entire system is apparent from the simple fact that not a dozen of Hulme’s exhibitioners in the space of 150 years, have arrived at eminence either in literature or science.”§

The Oxford University Commissioners have reported that in their opinion the practice of buying livings, pursued by some colleges, ought not to be continued. If that practice be exceptionable on the part of colleges, it is obvious that it must be, at least, equally so, on the part of Hulme’s trustees. Those trustees have repeatedly asserted that it is not expedient further

* See the abstract of this Act given in Mr. Kay’s Letter to the Mayor of Manchester, pp. 15—18.

† Oxford University Calendar, as quoted by Mr. Kay, *ut sup.* p. 38. There is some disparity, however, in the gross amount, as it would appear by the table, and as it is stated in the text.

‡ Kay, Letter, &c., p. 34.

§ Kay, *ubi supra*.

to increase either the number or the allowances of exhibitors, and have embodied this their opinion in Acts of Parliament.* Surely, then, it is a reasonable inference that if Parliament be justifiable in having already legalized so wide a departure from the intentions of the testator, for a limited and sectarian object, it will by-and-bye be much better justified in proceeding a step further, for an object which shall be at once unsectarian in its scope, strictly educational in its character (and thus in that respect more accordant with the testator's will), and in conformity with a wise, deliberate, and matured expression of public opinion on the subject.

And here, in truth, lies the conclusion of the whole matter. It is because public opinion is *not* brought to bear on questions such as this, that we find Chetham's Foundation prospering in one branch, but decaying in another; the Grammar School so managed as to necessitate a litigation, lasting thirteen years and costing 6000*l.*, in order to bring it into some degree of correspondence with new wants and new circumstances; and this noble benefaction of William Hulme, so embarrassing his trustees by the rapid growth of its income as to leave them to incur the cost of three several Acts of Parliament within a quarter of a century in order to divert his bounty into a channel which the donor never contemplated.

Chetham's trustees have not published a single account of income or expenditure for five-and-twenty years. The accounts of the Free Grammar School could only be obtained by resort to the Court of Chancery. No accounts of Hulme's charity, says Mr. Kay, 'have been published since 1828,' and he adds that he failed to obtain an account of the specific expenditure in the purchase of church livings 'even by application to the House of Commons.† John Owens, on the other hand, with wise foresight, expressly directs that his trustees shall, at the expense of the trust estate, once at least in every year, publish a true, full, and plain account of receipt and expenditure, or a complete and intelligible abstract thereof, 'once, at least, in two newspapers for the time being published and circulated in the said borough of Manchester.‡ For security, both against the

* 'Private Acts,' 10 Geo. III. (1770); 35 Geo. III., c. 62 (1795); 54 Geo. III., cap. 205, (1814); 7 & 8 Geo. IV., c. 9, (1827); 2 Vic., c. 17, (1839). Abstracts of these Acts will be found in the first Report of the Committee on Manchester and Salford Education, 1852, pp. 477—481.

† 'Minutes of Evidence before Manchester and Salford Education Committee, 21st June, 1852.' Q. 2412, 2413, p. 396.

‡ Extract of the will of John Owens, Esq., in 'Proceedings of the Council of the Borough of Manchester, 1846,' p. 11.

actual malversation of trust, and against that silent neglect which springs from careless trusteeship (less stigmatized by the courts but equally fatal to the charity), there is no expedient half so good as that of thorough, frequent, and systematic publicity.

The best portion of the '*Act for the better Administration of Charitable Trusts*,' which was passed at the close of last session, is the provision it makes to facilitate the securing of this publicity by those who will be at the pains of seeking it. The machinery of the Act itself, like that of so many others, partakes a great deal too much of that tendency to place all institutions and all persons at the mercy of that most fortunate of mortals (as Sydney Smith was wont to call him), the barrister of twelve years' standing; but the following clauses, which cannot be too widely circulated, will be the seed-plot of vast improvement in the working of our public charities, if the right use be made of them:—

'X. The said Board [of Charity Commissioners] may require all trustees or persons acting, or having any concern in the management or administration of any charity, or the estates, funds, or property thereof, to render to the said Board, or to their inspectors, or either of them, accounts and statements, in writing, in relation to such charity, or the property, income, monies, management, and application thereof.

'XVI. The said Board shall receive and consider all applications, and give such opinion and advice as they think expedient, and every trustee or other person who shall act upon, or in accordance with the opinion and advice so given shall have indemnity

'LXI. The trustees, or persons acting in the administration of every charity, shall regularly enter, or cause to be entered, full and true accounts of all money received and paid and every year shall cause a clear statement of such account to be sent to the clerk of the county court for the district wherein, or nearest adjoining whereto, such charity is established, or the property thereof situate [which account and balance-sheet] shall be open to the inspection of all persons, at all seasonable hours, on payment of the sum of one shilling for such inspection; and every person may require and have a copy paying therefor after the rate of twopence for every seventy-two words or figures.'

There are other charities in Manchester, not important enough to rank with its '*Foundations*,' but which there is good reason to hope may derive benefit from those clauses of the new Act, which give jurisdiction to District and County Courts in the case of charities having incomes not exceeding thirty pounds a-year.

Tha late Thomas Walker, of Longford—a most worthy man,

both in public and private life, though, in the good old days of 'Church and King,' he was tried for 'sedition,'—at the close of his boroughreevalty, in 1792, published an account of what were then called 'the Boroughreeve's Charities.' They were seven in number, with an aggregate income of 395*l.*, and were all intended for the relief of poor and necessitous people. Two of these charities appear to be irrecoverably lost. The five which remain now produce an annual income of 210*3l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* The principal of these was established in his lifetime by George Clarke, through the trusteeship of Humphrey Chetham. In Mr. Walker's time it produced 320*l.* a year. In the time of Mr. Kay (who imitated his predecessor's example by publishing an account of these charities in 1848)* it produced 1970*l.* a year. Marshall's Charity (the next in importance) produced at the former period 67*l.* 10*s.*, and now produces exactly the same amount and no more. The difference in present beneficial result between Clarke's Charity and Marshall's Charity is just the difference between wise investment and unwise—between the good and the bad 'administration of charitable trusts.'

If the provision made by the new Act for a cheaper, speedier, and more accessible adjudication of those legal questions which so often obstruct more prudent investments and wiser management, should work well, it will be interesting to hear from its framers the reasons which induced them to confine the operation of some of the most important clauses to charities '*of which the gross annual income for the time being, does not exceed thirty pounds.*' For the present, it appears, we must be content, in all other cases, with recourse, as of old, to the tender mercies of the Court of Chancery.

* 'Proceedings of Manchester Council,' 1848, 175—190.

ART. III.—*Life of Torquato Tasso*. By the REV. R. MILMAN. Henry Colburn. 1850.

(2.) *Translation of the Jerusalem Delivered*. With a Life of the Author. By J. H. WIFFEN. And a Postscript on the Rosini Controversy. Fifth Edition. Henry G. Bohn. 1854.

MR. MILMAN has done some service to literature, in supplying the place of Black's heavy quartos by a more correct version of Tasso's life than has hitherto appeared in the English language. Black, in addition to his many inelegancies, and fragmentary method of treating his subject, embraced the absurd suppositions, framed by Tiraboschi and Serassi, in deference to the House of Este, and coloured the events of the Poet's life to meet them. Had he been like those whom he copies, a pensioned librarian of Modena, or written his dull volumes under the dictation of Alfonso, he could not have involved himself deeper in the palliation of crime, or more glaringly distorted the facts of the case, to screen the character of the last Duke of Ferrara. That such a crude apology for one of the most flagrant acts of despotism should have kept undisputed possession of our Libraries for half a century, is as little creditable to our refined tastes, as to our free institutions.

To get rid of such a work is a blessing. Here, however, our praise of Mr. Milman's efforts we fear must stop. His narration is no less faulty from the omission of essential details, than from the introduction of irrelevant matter. Though Tasso is connected with a problem in Italy, as complicated as that which surrounds the name of Junius in England, of Queen Mary in Scotland, or the man with the iron mask in France, Mr. Milman does not care to tell us one word about the matter. We are regaled with profuse descriptions of the scenery of Sorrento—the place of Tasso's nativity, informed how the orange trees grow, and the cascades fall in the vale of St. Agatha; but of the mode in which Rosini has exploded the sophistries of the Modena historiographers, and arrived at those conclusions out of which Mr. Milman has woven his narrative, not a word is mentioned. The whole affair of the Poet's love and imprisonment, though involved in the greatest perplexity, is narrated with such an air of circumstantial verity, as to lead to the supposition that the subject had never afforded room for the slightest doubt, and that Mr. Milman had been an eye-witness to the entire transaction.

Besides treating his readers to whole pages of Eustace's Tour, Mr. Milman has encumbered his narrative with a Theological theory. It was necessary, according to him, that Tasso should

experience the most cruel disasters, in order to be purged of his frailties and acquire a habitual feeling of dependence on the Divine Being. The tyrant who blasted his constitution and ruined his genius, consequently did him an important service by rendering him a better man. To assert this of the most culpable genius, reclaimed by the buffets of fortune, would hardly be in the best taste in a biographical essay, but to apply it to Tasso is absolutely revolting. Never, perhaps, was so large a store of mental resources united with so much purity of feeling and gentleness of disposition as in his person. Living in the centre of an age when revenge was considered sacred, and the bowl and the dagger were its ordinary instruments, he was forgiving to a fault: no one ever injured him, whose hatred he did not strive to smile away by deeds of winning courtesy. He regarded the code of chivalry as a second gospel, and acted up to the highest sense of honour its laws or his own feelings could inspire. What Goethe puts into his mouth is true to the letter.

O dass die edelste der Thaten sich
 Hier sichtbar vor mich stellte rings umgeben,
 Von grasslicher Gefahr ich dränge zu,
 Und wagte gern dass Leben

Even at that period of life when the passions are in the plenitude of their strength, he was distinguished for child-like simplicity and innocence of manners. The fact is, had Tasso possessed more guile, he would have escaped the greater part of his misfortunes. By acting in scrupulous conformity with the nobler instincts of his nature in a depraved age, and dealing with men as if they were as honest as himself, he got trampled underfoot. His sufferings, instead of being sent as a punishment for his vices, were in reality the natural consequence of his virtues.

If creative genius claim pre-eminence in art, it cannot be denied that Tasso belongs to the first rank of his species. He has surpassed Theocritus in Pastoral, written lyrics equal to the best of Pindar's, and, in the grandest of human compositions, placed his name on a level with Homer and Virgil. Nor are his triumphs confined alone to the imaginative art. Like his great English rival he grappled with most of the leading political, moral, and philosophical questions of his day, and has left us some dialogues not inferior to Shaftesbury, and some essays which might do credit to Charron or Della Casa. To his critical discourses on epic poetry the ripest minds of Italy have had recourse, as containing the wisdom of Aristotle, without his exclusiveness, and affording the only sure guide to the just and the true in the highest branch of poetic art. The failures of a mind so variously distinguished may be admitted, without materially detracting from its merits. That he did not succeed in a serious romantic

poem is naturally accounted for by the nature of the subject ; that he failed in tragedy may be fairly said to be more owing to the dotage into which a hideous imprisonment and a series of physical infirmities had prematurely hurried his mind when he made the attempt, than to any original lack of ability for dramatic composition. That much of his prose is disfigured by pedantry and sophistical reasoning may be as readily admitted and excused from the influence of Aristotle over the times in which he lived, and the predominance which words, at the sudden resuscitation of classical learning, had acquired over things. Even admitting these few drawbacks in their full extent, Tasso is still a man whom the moderns may fairly confront with the heathen writers, and challenge antiquity to produce a parallel. To place the biographers of such a man right with the public, is a debt which we owe to justice,—a survey of his life and writings is no less due to his genius and his fame.

Tasso, unlike others of his class, sprung from a sire who had already achieved literary distinction. Bernardo Tasso belonged to a class of men who unfortunately for Italy have long since become extinct. The rise of letters in the sixteenth century, which was peculiarly favoured by the classic associations of Italy, attracted the noblest of its minds from professional pursuits, and fixed them on the newly discovered treasures. That country, from a land of intellectual sterility, became in an age covered with literary institutions ; and gave birth to a race of scholars fitted to dispute the prizes of political eminence with the nobility and the clergy. The diplomatic service, the bureaux of statesmen, the closets of princes, and the curatorship of cities, were filled with persons of literary pretension. The sub-division of Italy into petty states, and the emulation of their gorgeous courts in the patronage of the fine arts, threw open the paths of honour to every aspirant to Parnassus, and in some measure cherished their independence and restless disposition. Such was the number of governments in Italy that whoever was disgusted with one, had only to undertake a day's journey to find a welcome reception with another ; and so great was the jealousy between the reigning princes, that a savan could carry no better recommendation to his projected allies than a quarrel with his old patrons. The ease with which men, conspicuous for their attainment and capacity, thus acquired greatness, whilst they preserved their freedom, carried the arts in Italy to a higher pitch than in any other country in Europe. The partition of territory and the jealousy of rival princes which destroyed the political power of Italy and made her plains the battle-field of Europe, led to her pre-eminence in literature and placed her in the van of European civilization.

Bernardo went through the wandering but dignified career of his

class, and if his change of service led him at last to misfortune, his miseries are to be traced rather to his want of judgment than to the necessity of his position. He was first employed in the service of Count Guido Rangone, general of the church, by whom he was sent to Paris to urge Francis I. to hasten his army into Italy for the purpose of liberating Clement VII., who had first been besieged and afterwards imprisoned by the Imperialists. When the war was terminated by the unfortunate expedition of Lautrech, Bernardo entered the service of Renée, the Duchess of Ferrara, which he soon abandoned, we suspect on account of her Calvinistic tendencies, and attached himself as secretary to Sanseverino, Prince of Salerno, to whom he had become known, by the publication of his *Amorì*. In the suite of this Prince, who followed the fortunes of the Spanish Charles, the father of Tasso, was present at most of the battles which that Emperor waged, for the subjugation of Europe. While the bullets were whizzing round him at the siege of Tunis, Bernardo composed sonnets to the beauty of Ginevra Malatesta, and in the havoc of the Spanish retreat from the bloody field of Ceresola, he was only intent on investing the defeat which Tisvart gives the giants in the *Amadigi*, with an air of reality. From the fracas of the camp, Bernardo passed to the boudoirs of beautiful women and the halls of learned societies. In the palatial gardens of Salerno he relieved the graver occupations of the desk, by reading to the Princess Villamarina the loves of Florestan and Clorisande, and the adventures of Alidor. These scenes were frequently diversified by a winter sojourn at Padua and Venice; where he invigorated his intellect by the converse of literary competitors and enlivened his feelings by new associations of wit and beauty. After a morning passed with Pomponatius, descanting on the merits of the platonic philosophy, or from a dispute with Sadolet on the effects of the revival of letters, he hurried to the suppers of Tullia of Aragon, the Aspasia of Italy.

It was not till the golden visions of youth had passed, that Bernardo fettered himself with domestic ties. He had, previous to his acquaintance with the Prince of Salerno, laid siege to the heart of Ginevra Malatesta; but that lady capitulated to Cavalier Obizzi, whose verses, probably, were worse, but whose situation was better than that of his rival.* His patron, anxious to fix

* On this occasion, Bernardo wrote the sonnet commencing—

‘Poi che la parte men perfetta e bella;’

which, as we learn from Rosalli, was committed to memory by almost every person of distinction in Italy. It is a request to Ginevra, that she would love him with platonic affection; and that, though another possessed her body, he might have her mind.

his affections by an advantageous settlement, introduced him to Portia Rossi, a lady of rank, whose beauty was enhanced by the promise of a large dowry. In company with his young wife, Bernardo retired to Sorrento, a village at the base of that spur of the Apennine which divides Salerno from the gulf of Naples. In this delicious retreat, which the ancient poets feigned to be the dwelling of the syrens, he passed eighteen months in an elysium of enjoyment, his attention being divided between the attractions of his accomplished lady, and the composition of the *Amadigi*. But the hoarse sounds of war at length broke in upon his sylvan paradise. Bernardo was summoned to attend the Prince of Salerno; who, as general of the Italian infantry, was about to proceed to the assistance of the Marquis of Guasto in the defence of Carignan. During his absence on this unfortunate expedition, Torquato Tasso, the third of the family, first saw the light on the morning of the 11th of March, 1544.

With the birth of Torquato may be said to have commenced the misfortunes of the family. Bernardo was not long returned from the Imperial Court, whither he had proceeded with his patron after the unfortunate reverses in Piedmont, before he was again called to Germany in connexion with an embassy which led to the total blight of his fortunes. Don Pedro de Toledo, the Spanish Viceroy of Naples, being anxious to confer upon that country the blessings of the Inquisition, the people foreseeing his designs of masquing political tyranny under the guise of religion, ran to arms, and requested Sanseverino to represent their cause at the Spanish Court. Bernardo, without duly revolving in his mind the fickleness of the Neapolitans, and the dangers to which the high spirit of Sanseverino would be exposed by the probable failure of his attempt to recal a powerful minister, urged that prince to engage in the rash enterprise. All the consequences followed that might have been anticipated from advocating the claims of a revolutionary party with a despotic monarch. The cannon of the Viceroy quelled the mutinous spirit of a handful of exasperated nobles and fishermen. The Prince of Salerno, after being detained prisoner at Nuremburg by the command of Charles, found his life in peril on his return to Naples from the machinations of the irritated minister, and, in an evil hour, went over to the French monarch.

At this juncture, a person of ordinary judgment in Bernardo's situation would have been bristling with caution. His conduct was characterised by the most reckless imprudence. It was certainly open to him either to forsake or follow his patron; but to share the defection of Sanseverino, while he left his family

and property at the mercy of the Neapolitan government, would have been perfect madness. Yet this step he took. We need hardly detail the consequences. Bernardo was outlawed with his patron; his property was seized, his wife detained in Naples, and her dowry filched from his grasp by greedy relatives. There can be little doubt that Bernardo was impelled to adopt the rash course he took by love of change, and by an eager desire to plunge in the glittering revelry of the French Court, and to grasp the splendid prizes which the alliance of Sanseverino with the French monarch held out to him. He passed a year between St. Germans and the capitol in seeming oblivion of the little group he left behind him at Naples, intent upon the grand scheme that was to place Sanseverino in the seat of Toledo, but relieving his contemplations at the political chessboard, by literary disputes with the members of the Academie des Inscriptions, and by flirtations with the maids of honour who surrounded the beautiful Margaret of Vallois. But the reckoning day was at hand. No punishments we meet with here exceed the effects of our own vices. The selfish father begets children who plunder him in their youth, and forsake him in his old age. Bernardo had soon to bring to the grave of a heart-broken wife the bitter tributes of affection which had slumbered only to rouse itself with the more fearful energy when it was too late; and to feel after the golden visions inspired by French promises had melted away, that he was cast a beggar on the world.

Tasso early exhibited a passion for letters, though this pursuit derived anything but encouragement from the complication of misfortunes with which his father's rashness environed him. He was one of the first scholars of the infant society of Jesus, who at Rome and Naples were beginning to evince signs of that proficiency which was shortly to give them the education of Europe. Such was the ardour with which he studied, that, not content with rising with the sun, we are informed his mother found it necessary, for the sake of quiet, to send him frequently to these fathers, before daybreak, with a lantern to show him the road. Having mastered the elements of Latin and Greek, he withdrew, in his tenth year, to pursue his studies under the roof of his father, who, bankrupt in health and fortune, had sought shelter in Rome. After two years' stay he lost his mother, who, oppressed by her relatives, and separated from her husband, had retired to a convent, where she died after twenty-four hours' illness of a broken heart. The self-devotion of Portia Rossi seems to have equalled all that is related of the Roman matrons in the best ages of the republic. She was a woman of the deepest sensibilities,* yet with sufficient

* '*Desiderando*,' says Bernardo, '*mia moglie di vivere meco, ancor ch'io stessi nell'inferno.*'—*Lettere*, vol. ii. p. 142.

fortitude to sacrifice her personal feelings to the interests of her family. Her health sank under the struggle. Bernardo poured out his grief in thrilling hexameters. Torquato ever afterwards would wear nothing but black in token of his sorrow, and when twenty years had rolled away, renewed his regret at the loss in his Ode to Metauro, with such bitter anguish of feeling as is only evinced over the lifeless body. The grave had hardly closed upon his wife, than Bernardo heard, with consternation, that the Duke of Alva, who had succeeded Toledo, as Viceroy of Naples, was marching rapidly on Rome to return the insults which Paul IV. was so inconsiderately lavishing on the Christian princes of Europe. Bernardo, in fear of his life, and dreading another repetition of the scenes enacted under the constable of Bourbon, thought of nothing but precipitate flight. Poor Torquato was despatched to his father's relatives at Bergamo. The little property, however, which Bernardo had been enabled to collect from the Neapolitan wreck, was abandoned to the Roman government, and Bernardo departed stealthily in the night for Ravenna, without luggage or apparel, with only two shirts and the Amadigi.

The father and son in a few weeks joined each other at Pesaro, whither Bernardo had been drawn by the invitation of the Duke of Urbino. Here Tasso pursued his studies under the tutors of the young prince, Francesco Maria, whose lessons and amusements he equally shared, and whose friendship was of service to him in evil days. During the two years spent at Urbino and Pesaro, Torquato completed his acquaintance with the classical languages, and grew an adept in the arts of fencing and riding, accomplishments at that age of no trifling utility in Italy. He also applied himself to mathematics under the celebrated Commandine, and seems to have acquired a strong liking for the pursuit. The instructions which Torquato received from this excellent geometer had, no doubt, a similar effect to what the same study formerly wrought in Virgil, and afterwards in Milton. It fortified those ideas of luminous order and masterly arrangement which distinguish everything he wrote, and the neglect of which has proved fatal to the reputation of nearly all the romantic poets of the sixteenth century. Southey lit his fire with Euclid, and subsequently complained that the study of mathematics deadened the fancy, and contracted the heart; but he did not care to remember that Ariosto was the only poet who had slighted the order of their methods and triumphed; and that the '*Faerie Queene*,' with all its superb imagery, through imitating the disorder of the Orlando, had become as dull as his own epics.

Tasso, in his fourteenth year, removed to Venice, where he was employed by his father, who had been appointed Secretary to the Venetian Academy, in transcribing copies of the '*Amadigi*' for

the perusal of the critics, previous to publication. It was probably owing to the drudgery of this occupation, that he acquired that fellow-feeling for Statius, who had similarly toiled at his father's ponderous epic on the Gallic destruction of the Capitol, which led him to impute the secret profession of Christianity to the poet laureate of Domitian, as well as to imitate his sonorous cadences and majestic amplifications. Like Statius, he relieved the weariness of his task by daily incursions into poetic literature, where it is to be feared the two poets met with too many examples of the systematic plagiarisms in which their sires indulged, and which they too frequently imitated. Tasso, however, did not become a poet on the easy terms of the Roman bard, because he had been articulated to the profession. He was not drilled in dactyles and spondees, and taught to write verses as soldiers are taught to fire in platoons. But in the same manner as the youthful Pope he was obliged to scramble for himself. For three years he shut himself up in the family library at Venice, and familiarized his mind with all the productions that the ancient and modern world had produced of a deathless character. He analyzed the most brilliant passages in the works of Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Homer, and commenced that critical study of Virgil, which subsequently enabled him to infuse into his great epic, the grace and majesty of the *Æneid*. Nothing was too great or too little for him that had any bearing on his art. From balancing sentiments and similitudes, he passed to the choice of words and the structures of sentences, until the magic of the author's manner, and his power of raising emotions, became revealed to him. These pursuits were not unfrequently interrupted by paternal lectures on the uncertain success of literary efforts and the scanty rewards which awaited the highest genius. Tasso had the persecutions and the penury of Dante, and the miserable fate of Ariosto, as governor of the petty swamp of Garfagnana, pointed out to him to deter him from similar pursuits, just as Horace had the examples of Albus and Barrus placed before his mind as the destiny which awaited him should he enter on a profligate career. While the strains of Ariosto were resounding in his ears from the lips of the gondoliers of Venice, and his praises were echoed by the high-born dames and cavaliers who, from the noble palaces on the Rialto, dictated the laws of taste to Europe, Tasso preferred the splendid fame of the Ferrarese Homer, to the coronets of princes, and resolved in secret to tear the sceptre of Parnassus from his grasp, though the struggle should be attended with oatmeal and a garret. His bodily movements, however, in the meantime obeyed the behests of his father. At

his desire he left Venice to prosecute his legal studies at Padua, and at the end of a year produced—as a mark of proficiency in his new pursuit—an epic poem.

The study of law is proverbially hostile to imaginative pursuits, and hardly one of the immense crowd from Ovid down to Metastasio, who have abandoned the forum for the quieter walks of Helicon, have alluded to their early legal training except in terms of disgust and abhorrence. Why this aversion to a study which Burke pronounced to afford the finest employment for the human intellect?—the reasons are obvious. A profession which exacts a strict adherence to facts, and which distributes its highest rewards to those who are most successful in disentangling facts from a series of theoretical statements, can no more blend with studies which give the reins to the imagination, than flame can mix with water. If the imaginative element be strong, anything which checks its development, or produces an alien habit of mind, must be accompanied with pain and repulsion, and these feelings will be the more severely felt, in proportion to the power which the imagination exercises over the mind, and the dryness of the adverse pursuit. But civil law during the decline of the Roman Empire and the middle ages, was not so much a series of well digested truths classified in scientific gradation, as a farrago of isolated opinions framed to meet the exigencies of the moment, and taxing the memory rather than the judgment of the learner. Nor were its enactments of any avail when opposed to the will of the reigning despot, or to the passions of any chief powerful enough to summon to his aid a troop of brigands or body of armed retainers. Hence, in addition to the abstract dryness of the pursuit, law, in those times, was stript of the certainty of science, and of the means by which it could give effect to its decrees in cases of any magnitude or importance. Montesquieu had not arisen to give to its details the elegance of philosophic disquisition, nor had the popular judgment become sufficiently mature to enable the executive to impose its mandates on the wealthy and the powerful. It is, therefore, very natural that the crowd of wits who settled in Rome during the second and third century of the decline, with the intention of studying law, and the more imposing group of poets who, in obedience to their sires, betook themselves to the same pursuit at the resurrection of letters, should recoil from the task with something like the same impulse as an elastic spring recovers its position when the pressure is removed which forced it out of its natural direction. Ovid and Valerius Flaccus, with such of their contemporaries as had been similarly articulated, felt as much relief after their deliverance, as if they had been the

victims of nightmare; and the feelings of Ariosto, Petrarch, and Marino, in similar circumstances, were not less joyous than those of the captive on renewing his acquaintance with liberty. Tasso, while appearing to listen to the dry dissertations of Panciroli on the benches of the Paduan University, was in reality exploring the forest of Ardennes with Rinaldo in quest of adventures, or communing in secret with those angelic beauties which his fancy was ever ready to summon from heaven. Nor could it have escaped his attention when the hoarse voice of the professor dissipated those visions, that Sciarra, with his army of banditti, in the immediate neighbourhood, was affording a practical commentary on the value of his legal occupations by setting alike the edicts of courts and sovereigns at defiance. The effect of these combined motives on the mind of Tasso was irresistible. He knew by the example of Cicero and the younger Pliny, that good pleading was invariably associated with wretched hexameters, and chose rather to forsake Justinian, than to become in his company an opulent citizen, but an indifferent poet. The epic he had composed during the first year of his legal course, showed Bernardo it was useless to oppose the bent of his son's disposition, and Torquato gave up the pretence of law with the air of a man who abandons his profession with the certain prospect of achieving greatness.*

'Rinaldo,' the heroic poem which Tasso completed in his eighteenth year, has been the theme of extravagant eulogy as well as depreciation. But the public, who, after all, form the ultimate court of appeal in matters of fiction, have long ago dispensed with criticism by consigning it to oblivion.† No doubt many splendid passages might be selected from the work, as the magic enchantments of Manbrino, the description of Clarice, and the Asiatic sojourn of Florian, where Rinaldo finds himself much in the same predicament as Æneas at the court of the Queen of Carthage; but the entire twelve cantos could not be mastered without prolonged effort, and even with those who have screwed up their courage

* Milton also, on every occasion, speaks of the study of law with indignation or contempt. 'Some allured to the *trade of law*' (he writes, in his 'Treatise on Education') 'grounding their purposes not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity—which was never taught them—but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees.' And in his Latin poem to his father, he thanks him for his forbearance—

'Nec rapis ad leges, malé custodita que gentis,
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.'

† Only two editions. The work appeared during the first ten years of its publication: and as the second differed in no wise from the first, and was issued by the same publisher, it may be fairly suspected to be a re-issue of the first with a new title-page.

to the task, the sense of relief when the work is thrown aside, is not unequal to that which is felt, when one has waded through a volume of Rapin or a chapter of Guicciardini. It is but justice, however, to ascribe the failure of Tasso rather to his subject than to his manner of treating it. If an artist should paint battles in which a single hero slaughters whole legions of brave warriors, without receiving a scratch in return; if he should paint delicate ladies triumphing in the massacre of their former lovers, and adoring the prowess which has despatched them to oblivion, though the drawing might rival in fidelity the outlines of Raphael, and the light and shades match the brilliant colours of Guido and Tintoretto, it is evident that the picture could not find favour with two generations. Now it was, unfortunately for the early genius of Tasso, and the more mature fame of Spenser, that the traditions of chivalry, and the important position which the Arabs had already gained in Europe, brought this kind of thing into request, and that the mocking genius of Ariosto had invested it with a transient popularity. Poets could not sing except about fairy palaces and magic castles, the abodes of love and slaughter, —of damsels who killed till they were no longer killing, and who did not feel at home with their lovers until they had seen them butcher a hundred of their former adorers; of heroes who walked unscathed through fire and water, and coped single-handed with legions of devils and armies of giants; of knights who slept in temples of beauty, dined in halls of courtesy, and wandered up hills of hope and down valleys of despair. For such subjects Tasso and his English contemporary did all that the most powerful saturnine minds could effect, but unfortunately their genius was far from partaking of that burlesque and mordant disposition which was necessary to invest their romances with the slightest interest. Instead of dealing with their romance as Burger dealt with Baron Munchausen, or giving their heroes a satirical air, and sending them with hippogriffs on a voyage to the moon, they treat them as ordinary mortals, and involve them in a dull round of solemn adventures. The consequence is that the '*Rinaldo*,' were it not for the '*Jerusalem*,' would have long since been forgotten; and that the '*Faerie Queene*' is now only read by those who are curious about the early triumphs of English poetry.

Tasso had no sooner obtained his father's approval of his new pursuit than he exchanged the tedious discourses of Panciroli for the more congenial lectures of Sigonius on the poetics of Aristotle, and applied himself to the study of what was then called philosophy, under Pendasio and Piccolomini. These pursuits were rather varied than enlivened by the pedantic conferences of his father's friend Sperone Speroni, who acted as a sort of Quin-

tilian to the university, and promised to make Tasso eloquent in so many lessons. There can be little doubt that the scholastic doctors and the professor of belles lettres took an unusual deal of pains to warp the poet's genius. As Sigonius, however, was an antiquarian of uncommon elegance and research, his critical instructions were probably of considerable advantage to Tasso. Never, at least, was there a period when criticism could do less harm, as the poets were continually overstepping the boundaries which propriety sets to fancy; and the case indeed, was so desperate, that even Aristotle might be called in with advantage.

Tasso resided at the university with the son of the Duke of Termoli, and numbered among his associates Scipio Gonzago and Annibal di Capua, future cardinals, whose rooms and purses were equally at his disposition. Bernardo having realized nothing but empty praise from the publication of the '*Amadigi*,' was unable to remit his son a shilling, and left him to lean upon the great.

The peaceful avocations of Tasso at the Padua University were disturbed by one of those college rows so customary in the sixteenth century. Sigonius, it appears, was a strict defender of the unities of time and place, and refused to abate a jot of the Aristotelian doctrine respecting the ancient drama. Robertelli, on the other hand, denounced this view as destructive to historical representation, and as imposing unnecessary restriction, on genius. The pupils of the two professors met to decide the question with clubs and swords, in the alleys of the university. Hard knocks, contusions, and blood ensued. The professors themselves engaged in the *mêlée*. Sigonius received several severe bruises on the temples, and Robertelli came off with a dislocated shoulder-blade. Such skirmishes were by no means confined to Italy. By Cam and Isis, at the university of Paris, and the Dominican halls of Salamanca, a dispute in the schools was generally settled by the physical strength of the contending parties in the field. In Oxford and Cambridge, the question whether the Latin vowels were to be pronounced in accordance with the English or Continental standard, evoked a series of brawling fights which led to many broken heads and contused faces, and placed the rooms of the professors in a state of siege for several days. In Paris, the dispute about universals raised a storm in the university, which frightened the government and cost Carpentier and Ramus their lives. Rosetti was mobbed for venturing to teach capillary attraction; and Oliva, for hazarding an opinion on the Greek chronology, was tortured in his chamber, and thrown through the window. Nor were things much better in the Spanish Colleges. Alva was frequently compelled to call out his fierce *bigotes* to quiet the gownsmen of Madrid, and the garrison was

obliged to interpose, to protect the outposts of orthodoxy at Salamanca. It seems that the combative principle which had formed the leading characteristic of society in its feudal stage, still strongly pervaded the upper classes, when the causes in which it took its rise were dying out. No entertainment was relished unless it was preceded by reckless combats, in which either life or limb was endangered. The amusements of the most refined ranks consisted in bloody tilts and tournaments, and even elegant women were taught to look out for broken heads and splintered bones with delighted expectancy. The strong muscular frame and pugnacious spirit which such customs engendered, could not be repressed by literary pursuits. Men who had grown up in the vicinity of learned halls and museums, whose entire lives had been devoted to the humanizing pursuit of letters, were hardly in that age more civilized than Barclay's draymen who thrashed Haynau.

Signorius and his friends, fearing worse consequences from the strength of the opposite party, retired to Bologna, where they were allowed to maintain the unities of Aristotle without interruption. Tasso, who was ready to become a martyr to the principle, was among the number. His stay, however, in the new university was of short duration. Some pasquinades having been circulated through the town, compromising the dignity of the municipal officers, his rooms were searched, and his letters and papers seized during his absence, without, however, affording any clue to the authorship. Tasso, offended at this violation of decency, abandoned the university, and went to seek his father at the court of Mantua. Learning, however, that Bernardo had been despatched to Rome on some business connected with the duchy, he went to reside a short time at Castelvetro, with some friends of his father, whom he had celebrated in the '*Rinaldo*.' From Castelvetro he went to Correggio, on a visit to Claudia Rangona, whose beauty and accomplishments he had also chronicled in his epic. Tasso was saved from the hard necessity of testing the gratitude of other acquaintances whom he had introduced into the '*Palace of Courtesy*,' by a letter from his noble friend, Scipio Gonzago, inviting him back to Padua, and requesting him to become a member of the Academy degli Etereî, which the noble youth had opened in his mansion. Torquato, who was not in circumstances to require much wooing, accordingly repaired to Padua, where he resumed his study of Aristotle, and commenced that of Plato.

His study of Aristotle was already beginning to influence the design of the poem that constitutes Tasso's principal claim to the attention of posterity. During his first residence at Padua, influenced

either by a Latin poem of the Holy War, or more probably by the threatening attitude which the Turks displayed towards Europe, Tasso had selected the conquest of Jerusalem by Godefroy of Bouillon as the subject of an epic poem. At Bologna he laid out the design, invented several episodes, and executed some portions of the work, rather, however, as a trial of strength, than with any view to immediate publication. In order that the poem might lose no beauty, either in the groundwork of the plan, or in elaborate finish, which foresight and reflection could furnish, he now sat down to review all the doctrines in connexion with the epic, resolved, irrespective of popular feeling, to follow those most consonant with sound taste and poetic justice. The result of his meditations was embodied in three discourses addressed to his college friend Scipio Gonzaga, the first of which treats of the matter, the second of the form, and the third of the embellishments suited to epic poetry. The positions advanced by Tasso are, in the main, those of Aristotle, but defended by more popular arguments, and treated with greater geometrical order and precision. Some of these, however, are open to criticism, and have already been challenged by critics no less distinguished than Mr. Hume and Lord Holland. Tasso maintains with some warmth that the execution of an heroic poem is of inferior importance to the choice of the subject and the invention of the design; believing, when once the groundwork has been laid, that a third-rate artist can run up the structure, and give an air of elaborate finish to the performance. Mr. Hume, and the noble biographer of Lope de Vega, on the other hand, maintained that the probability of the story, and the regularity of the design, are beauties rather ornamental than necessary, and that the force of the versification, the vivacity of the images, the justness of the descriptions, are the chief circumstances which distinguish the epic poet from the prosaic novelist, and give him so high a rank among the heroes in literature. Tasso and Aristotle were undoubtedly wrong, but their critics instead of modifying their opinions, sought to find truth by reversing their position, and only ran into the opposite error. An epic can no more succeed whose descriptions conflict with nature and whose design is involved in illimitable confusion, than one which flags from the absence of the natural play of the passions and the want of vigour in the execution. The two works in the Italian and English languages which contain the greatest quantity of poetical materials are the *Adone* of 'Marino' and the '*Faerie Queene*,' yet they are as much unread as the beautifully-modelled but languishing epics of Trissino and Blackmore. To form a combination of novel and credible events, which shall delight the fancy without

offending reason, to keep every phase of their development in consonance with nature and probability, is a task at least as difficult as to embellish the narration with imagery and sentiment, and not less necessary to the success of the fable. The magic colours of Rubens would be of little avail to a painter who could not command something of the bold and accurate outlines which distinguish the designs of Raphael. If Tasso erred in speculation, his fault was accompanied with the happiest results. It led him to bestow that attention on the design of the work which enabled him to distance all his competitors in the beauty and variety of his episodes, and in the tact of enlisting the feelings more deeply in his story at every stage of its development. Of all the great epic poems which have been the admiration of mankind, the 'Jerusalem' alone would make a tolerable novel, if reduced to prose, and related without that splendour of versification and imagery with which it is accompanied.

Tasso passed the ensuing vacation with his father at Mantua, and then returned to Padua to delve for another year in the mines of literature and philosophy. Being now in his twentieth year, Bernardo made interest with Cardinal d'Este, to whom the 'Rinaldo' had been dedicated, to obtain for his son some honourable appointment in his household. The news soon reached Torquato that his Eminence had received him among his attendants, and that he was expected to join his suite at his brother's ducal palace in Ferrara during the ensuing autumn. When the poet arrived, he found the city all astir. Alfonso II., the reigning duke, was about to lead to the altar Barbara of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand I., and the bride was hourly expected. The noise of hammers and saws, which were heard in every direction, the placing of scaffolding, and the erection of balconies and pavilions, showed that the entry of the Princess was to be as imposing as carpenters and upholsterers could make it. Princes and cardinals were assembled from the leading courts of Europe, and Tasso was jostled into obscurity among the crowd of dukes, counts, and lords who attended to lackey their pleasure. He took his place in the ranks of the eight hundred gentlemen who had the honour to wait upon the Cardinal, and doubtless in turn received his nod and smile, and felt wonderful delight at being allowed to tread in his Grace's shadow. The marriage was followed up by the usual series of feasts, balls, tournaments, plays, and magic exhibitions, upon which the Italian courts of that period founded their principal claim to distinction. Enchanted palaces were defended by monsters and attacked by knights. Fairy castles built on islands, were bombarded by ships on the lake, and the usual firework explosions

exhibited to the fascinated eyes of princes, which now form the amusement of the lower order of cockneys at Vauxhall and Cremorne. These were diversified by the usual jousts, in which spectacles a hundred chevaliers did their utmost to win the courtesy of the dames by exposing their own lives in the attempt to fracture the limbs of their opponents. But the crowning feature was the representation of the Temple of Love, which was erected in the palace garden, with a stupendous array of porticos and palaces, of woods and mountains.* The news of the death of Pius IV., put an end to the pageant as it reached its climax. The cardinals departed to the conclave, the princes to their homes, and Tasso, the least distinguished of that now totally-forgotten throng, was left behind like a piece of lumber, to make the best terms he could with the ducal inmates of Ferrara.

The court of Este at this period consisted of Alfonso II. and his two sisters, surrounded by the usual staff of courtiers and literary sciolists who thronged the palaces of Italy in the sixteenth century. Vanity, which was the ruling disposition of the reigning prince, hurried him into opposite courses, and the ardour which he threw into all his pursuits, invested each caprice with the semblance of a governing passion. Ostentatious of military parade, he scoured his petty estates for men of stalwart proportions, simply to exhibit them in regimentals about the purlieus of his castle, and draw them out in military array when any wealthy potentate was passing by. His wish to appear a Cæsar was only equalled by his extravagant effort to become a Mæcenæ, for which, indeed, he has been frequently mistaken. In emulation of his cotemporaries, he employed emissaries throughout Europe, to transmit copies of every book which had appeared since the invention of printing; so that like Domitian, he founded libraries from a spirit the most alien to the rational pursuit of letters. The dignity of the cardinalate, which with some of the richest abbeys in France and Italy descended to the second brother in the family, encouraged this propensity. The palaces and villas of the two princes were open to the literary celebrities of the epoch; but as Alfonso had a little army to maintain, his extravagance outran his means, and he frequently embroiled himself with his literary staff by attempting to place them on the same footing as his six-foot grenadiers. While amassing libraries and fêting learned men, he pursued his ends by the most unscrupulous means, and allowed nothing to stand between him and any object which his passions

* We are informed by Muratori—'che quantunque durasse la funzione di Tempio d'Amore sei ore, pure universalmente parve di corta durata,' which Gibbon pronounced the most marvellous part of the spectacle.

or interest might incite him to pursue. Punctilious in point of rank, affecting alliance with the leading potentates of Europe, he comported himself in a state no larger than an English county, as if he were master of the Roman world. Everything must yield to his ungovernable disposition. Even life was not sacred when revenge or interest dictated the sacrifice. He spared neither man in his anger, or woman in his lust.

His sisters, Leonora and Lucretia, were both ladies of masculine understanding and graceful manners, versed in the severer studies at that time common to the sex, and not without some passion for the polite arts. Of beauty they had as much as southern women can possess at thirty; nor were they wanting, though nursed in the atmosphere of courts, in the disposition to impart pleasure and receive it from others. As Leonora, during the bustle of the pageant was sick, the first days of Tasso's sojourn were employed in insinuating himself into the confidence of Lucretia. This lady had been introduced to the 'Rinaldo,' and she was now so much taken with Torquato's winning manners and disposition as to repay his delicate flattery by expatiating on his merits to Leonora and Alfonso. His introduction, which immediately followed, confirmed these golden opinions. Torquato, like most young adventurers, was exceedingly diligent at the outset of his stay in winning the esteem of his new acquaintances, and rapidly grew in favour. He was admitted into the boudoirs of the princesses and the cabinet of the duke. His advice was asked on every affair of importance; his company solicited on every party of pleasure. Notwithstanding his tragic demeanour and his philosophic turn of thought, with the ladies he succeeded to a miracle. If Lucretia had been embroidering, if Leonora was unwell, if Lucretia appeared in black, if Leonora's eyes were affected by a cold, his muse was ever ready to admire, rejoice, or condole, to follow the glancing fingers and invite the removal of the envious cloud. The princesses rewarded these attentions by lavishing their panegyric on his new epic, which he continued to prosecute during the intervals of retirement. Tasso read the stanzas to the princesses as they flowed from his pen, with the rhetorical intonation of Statius. So great were the promptings of female inspiration, that he completed five cantos in almost as many months. Leonora and Lucretia were in raptures at his genius, and promised their brother that his reign would be illustrated by a poet as brilliant as Ariosto.

In a youth of twenty, with the mounting ambition and exquisite sensibility of Tasso, those occupations could not be expected to be unattended with emotions of which friendship would hardly be the proper designation. Tasso, though wedded to the pursuits of

philosophy, was not the less liable to take fire at the slightest advance of beauty. While annotating Plato, and studying Aristotle, he found time to write sonnets to Laura, a lady in Mantua, who had captivated his affections during one of his vacation visits to his father, but who had proved as insensible as her Avignon namesake. The luxury of a palace, the congenial avocations of music and poetry, threw open his soul to these impressions, and habitual converse with two beautiful women in the romantic solitudes of ducal villas, fanned them into a flame. With Lucretia, his feelings seem to have taken rather a sensual turn. His attachment to Leonora partook more of high souled Platonism, of deep, earnest, and respectful love. While worshipping the spiritual nature of the one, he addressed his compliments to the graceful neck and sparkling eyes of the other. Lucretia consequently proved but the idol of a day; Leonora the pole-star to which his heart continually turned throughout his eventful career. At the outset of their acquaintance, the delicate constitution of Leonora and his own bashful disposition imparted that reserve which he has thrown around their attachment in the love of Sofronia and Olindo, in the opening cantos of the Jerusalem; but the recitation of that episode in the palace gardens of Ferrara, was not a bad mode of placing their intimacy on a easier footing. Tasso's attentions were subsequently met by the princesses with increased assiduities. Their needle was employed in his service. He received presents for his verses, and smiles for his favours; and was admitted to the mysteries of the toilette and the confidence of a lover.

Tasso did not restrict his muse to the princesses; such a course would have been highly dangerous, but indulged in the passing gallantries of the period, with the connivance of Leonora, in order the more securely to mask his real passion. When a new beauty visited Ferrara, all the harps of the establishment were set in motion, and tuneful compliments to the charms of the idol were generally followed by the most discordant strife between the worshippers, each anxious for the pre-eminence of his own verses. Tasso entered into such contests with all the ardour of his nature, and generally contrived, either by conveying his real sentiments, under an assumed name, or by delicate rullery of the pretensions of others, to make these occasions a source of amusement to Leonora. Such disguises, however, have gone further than they were intended, and have been employed to disprove the passion they were designed to conceal. Tasso's amatory sonnets having come in contact with Pigna, the duke's chief secretary, who was sighing at the feet of one Lucretia Bendidio, the poet affected to be at once overwhelmed by the genius of his superior rival, and published a

lengthy commentary on three of his dullest and longest canzonets, in which he placed Pigna on a level with Petrarch, and Lucretia above Laura. As the book was dedicated to Leonora in a strain of lavish compliment to the beauty of Bendidio, the Modena historiographers have produced it as an instance of the entire absence of affection between the princess and the poet, and thus fell into the very trap set for Pigna and Alfonso.

In the sixteenth century love was not merely a sentiment or a passion, but a science. The sudden elevation which Christianity had given to the female character, and the strong re-action which the soul-denying doctrines of the Musselman had produced in Europe, imparted to the gallantry of the middle ages, features of unnatural exaggeration. Woman, from being placed on a level with her helpmate, was exalted above him as a species of superior nature, to whom it behoved him to render respectful homage. Her being treated as a brute in Asia, appeared to be a sufficient reason why she should be revered as a divinity in Europe. The gentry of the period might be divided into two classes, each equally bent in doing her honour, viz. those who passed their lives in singing her praises, or those who gave up their entire existence to her defence. The lady who had not her knight and troubadour, was suspected to have some stain on her honour, and the esteem in which she was held in society was regulated by the number of swords at her disposition, or pens employed in her service. Even the forms of justice and religion were influenced by this tone of feminine adulation, nor did scholastic disputations pass away without reflecting the monstrous gallantry of the times. Courts of love were then as frequently held as circuits are now, and constituted one of the principal resources of oppressed innocence. Unprotected women had only to announce their wrongs, to find a hundred chevaliers eager for the honour of undertaking their redress. Devotion to the sex was associated with love of religion: the art of loving went hand in hand with the church catechism. The principles of gallantry were finally drawn out in the form of ethical science, and the Stagyrte was called on to impart logical unity to their various ramifications, and connect them with the natural law. As the spirit of chivalry declined, the old courts took the form of academical assemblies, in which new propositions, in connexion with the code, were considered, and where ladies bandied syllogisms with scholastic gallants, and frequently decided the question by the majority of their suffrages. Before one of these assemblies, Tasso now undertook to maintain a thesis, comprising fifty new propositions. It took Tasso three days to carry forty-nine of his positions. The most effective he was obliged to relinquish, viz. that man loves more intensely, and

with more stability than woman; the honour of the sex being sufficiently vindicated by one Signora Cavaletti. Tasso really continued to look back upon this affair as the crowning achievement of his life. Twenty years after he published the dispute in a dialogue form, with instinctive prescience that the applause of the pedantic assembly of Ferrara would be re-echoed by posterity.

The death of his father, and the intended journey of the Cardinal of Este to the court of France, suddenly turned Tasso's thoughts in another direction. As Charles IX. was a poet, it occurred to his Eminence that the author of *Godfrey* would be an accession to his suite, and accordingly Tasso was instructed to put himself in readiness. Travelling in those days to any distance was a very serious matter. The pace was so slow, and the roads so insecure, that if a man escaped the hands of banditti, he ran great hazards of being overtaken by fever or pressed into foreign enlistment.* Tasso accordingly, though delighted with the prospect of the pleasures which awaited him at the French capital, very prudently began to make his will. The fragments of his *Jerusalem*, together with his other compositions, he left in case of decease, to the revision of Scipio Gonzaga and Guarini, who were instructed to publish what they deemed fit to meet the public eye. As there were, however, among his love compositions, many amatory sonnets which revealed too openly the quarter where the poet's affections lay, and could not get abroad without compromising the interests of the illustrious personages to whom they were evidently addressed, Tasso charged his executor to bury these with him, under the plea that they were composed for a friend, and that publicity would be a breach of confidence. The few things he possessed were to be sold, to raise a tablet to his father's memory, and if the proceeds of the sale were not sufficient, Leonora was invited to supply the deficiency.

If Tasso received anything like a salary from Cardinal Luigi, he must have been a ruinous spendthrift, for the greater portion of his goods were in the hands of Jews for miserable pittances, and he either had not the means, or did not think it prudent to redeem them, before setting out. The fact is, the Cardinal of Este, was like the other princes of Italy, overfond of glitter and pageantry, without caring a straw for the individual supernumeraries through whom the effect was produced. His heart was as callous to the happiness of his species as his mind was absorbed in the aggrandizement of his family and his own gratification. He was now, as the courtly

* With regard to the first item, Italian travelling still remains what it was, except in the north of the peninsula. Florence is not so far from Rome as London is from Manchester. The latter journey, however, is performed in five hours; the former can hardly be accomplished in as many days.

Serassi adds, proceeding to France, to protect the interests of religion disturbed by the commotions of the Huguenots; but when the reader reflects that some of the richest benefices of the family lay in that country, and that Alfonso was desirous of forming an alliance through Leonora with the French court, he will form a pretty clear idea of the kind of religious interest that led the cardinal in that direction.

Tasso did not allow the fatigues, or the new sights of the journey, to interfere with the progress of his epic. The stanzas he composed on horseback amid the din of a numerous cavalcade, he wrote down at the wretched inns and magnificent abbeys on the road. On his arrival at the French capital, the greater portion of the Jerusalem was in a finished state; and as the heroes whose exploits he sung, were connected with the ancestry of Charles IX., the work obtained for him the favourable notice of that monarch. Tasso, it is said, rejected several valuable presents offered by the king, but the poet was hardly in a situation to refuse, and Charles IX. had never much inclination to give. Brantome ascribes to him the saying, that poets ought to be fed, not fattened. A monarch inclined to treat poets like horses was not likely to be over enthusiastic about an author hardly known to fame: besides, Tasso was not desirous of dishonour, or absolutely a candidate for disgrace. Could he have saved himself from the wretched pecuniary straits which beset him in the French capital, there is little doubt he would have availed himself of the means, even had they been presented by the hands of a king.

At Paris he became known to La belle Cordiere, Louis Labe, and other members of the Pleiad, and cultivated the acquaintance of Ronsard. This genius was then at the height of his prodigious reputation. His works were expounded in the universities of Dantzic, Flanders, and Poland. Charles IX. loaded him with abbeys and benefices; Mary Stuart sent him a closet of plate; Queen Elizabeth a valuable set of jewels; the city of Toulouse a large figure of Minerva in silver; Margaret of Savoy and Henry exalted him to the pinnacle of glory; Montaigne called him a prodigy of art, and equalled him to Pindar; De Thou and Scaliger placed him above antiquity. Thus caressed by monarchs, lauded by critics, and fêted by cities, Tasso paid him the reverence of a superior spirit, and tremblingly solicited his opinion on the 'Jerusalem.' Ronsard condescended to approve much in the style in which Johnson may be supposed to have admired the vapid couplets of Hoole, or Dryden the verses of Milbourne. Yet this man, whom Tasso placed at the head of modern poets, whose smile he deemed sufficient to confer a lasting reputation, was forgotten in his own country in another century. That he has

been remembered elsewhere is entirely owing to the judgment Tasso pronounced, which has been re-echoed, amidst the laughter of the French critics, by Redi, Apostolo Zeno, and Serassi. Tasso was the dupe of his own simplicity. Instead of receiving, as he imagined, a reputation, he was actually conferring one. When an author permits his judgment to be overruled by the applause of a false taste, he must submit to wait at the doors of little men, and allow himself, like Gulliver, to be overstrid by Pigmies. This should convey a profitable lesson to those inclined to wreck their genius on the shores of imitation. Had Tasso been a Frenchman, he would have taken great pains to copy the defects of the *'Franciad,'* and buried his genius in the tomb of the author.

The rapid growth of Ronsard's fame, as well as its sudden extinction, may be traced to the unsettled state of the language in which he wrote, and the immature taste of the age in which he lived. French, in the middle of the sixteenth century, was not so much a language as a dialect, ever changing according to the caprice of the moment. With no certain forms or fixed rules, it threatened to play the bankrupt with all the treasures committed to its keeping. A few writers like Montaigne, following the analogy of the language, ventured to impart stability to its prose, and succeeded. But none of the poets of that epoch survived the attempt. Ronsard endeavoured to turn the development of the language out of its natural course, by engrafting foreign idioms on the old stock; and the extent to which he carried the practice, while it exposed his reputation to a speedy collapse, gained him the extravagant eulogy of an age infatuated with classical learning. The discovery of the literary treasures of Greece and Rome affected the minds of that epoch much the same as light thrown in upon the vision of a man who has been born blind. Glitter was mistaken for substance, sound for sense; every object thrown out of its proper position, and invested with a false magnitude. Nothing would take but high-sounding epithets, and sonorous periods formed on the models of antiquity. Ronsard gratified the worst propensities of this diseased taste by investing trifling conceptions with unusual pomp of expression, and by patching up his modern ideas with sentences of Greek and Latin construction. Thus his style came to resemble a building of the Elizabethan era built out of the spoils of an ancient temple. In the next age things began to assume their proper dimensions, and the public taste returned to a correct appreciation of the ancient models. The French language threw off the violent incrustations it received, and the colossal reputation of Ronsard with the courtly throng who had equalled him to Homer, and gorged him with

plate, to snatch them with a single stroke of his pen from oblivion, vanished like the fabric of a vision.

Tasso does not appear to have been at ease in the French capital, or in any of the provinces which he visited. In a letter which he wrote at the period to Count Hercules Contrari, of the Court of Ferrara, he describes the people as either savage or base, the nobles as fierce and illiterate, the country as flat, and the towns as devoid of comfort and architecture. In Paris he affirms that there was not such a thing as a suite of rooms to be seen. The houses were for the most part constructed of wood, without the remotest attention to beauty or convenience. The visitor ascended by narrow winding stairs, which made the head dizzy, into dark and melancholy apartments, which looked like prison cells when compared with the palatial halls of Italy. This state of things is ascribed, with due Aristotelic subtilty, to causes which could not have the remotest effect in producing them. The people were base because they lived in a champaign country, and were nourished in their infancy on cows' milk instead of being fed, like Achilles and Ruggiero, with the marrow of lions and other ferocious animals. The cities were a crowd of wooden huts accidentally huddled together, because the nobles shut themselves up in their châteaux, and did not pass their time in architectural embellishment. The poet could not be expected to observe that the advantages he enumerated were to be attributed to the enterprise and activity of the Venetian and Genoese merchants who had made his country the emporium of commerce, no more than to foresee that the decline of Italian industry and the emigration of commerce to the central provinces of France would, in less than a century, reverse the picture.

Tasso, after a year's stay, began to feel the usual signs of *ennui*, and to languish for his native mountains. His departure is said to have been hastened by a rupture with the Cardinal, owing to his having given expression to opinions too ultramontane for the designs of the Catholic party on the eve of the outbreak of St. Bartholomew. The motive, we think, is rather to be sought in the disgust he felt for the Cardinal's service on account of the miserable treatment he received, which eventuated in coldness between him and his patron, and made him anxious to seize the first favourable opportunity for quitting his suite. This was afforded by the departure of Manzuoli, the Cardinal's principal secretary, for Rome, whom Tasso accompanied, probably at the Cardinal's request, with a view to conceal from the French court any appearance of quarrel between him and the most distinguished gentleman of his suite. Tasso, who was frequently reduced during his

stay to borrow small sums from his French acquaintances, having made no addition to his wardrobe, departed, as Balzac affirms, in the same suit he had brought, so that Voltaire had good reason to laugh at the pompous representations of the honours paid him in that country, which are given by the Italian writers.

At Rome, the poet was received with some favour by Cardinal Albano and his secretary, Cataneo, ancient friends of his father, who introduced him to Pius V., and the literary magnates of the city. His thoughts, however, were turned towards Ferrara; and through the medium of the Duchess of Urbino and Leonora, he opened negotiations with Alfonso, which ended in his recall, with a monthly pension of fifteen crowns of gold, to which no duties were attached. His reception was equal to his most sanguine expectations. He resumed his epic and his lighter occupations with Leonora, to whom, in his absence, he had occasionally transmitted sonnets and letters. Alfonso regarded him with increased favour, admitted him daily to his own table, which Tasso thought an affair of prodigious consequence, and seemed to take an interest in everything which concerned him. The death of the Duchess Barbara afforded the poet a melancholy occasion of returning these favours by composing an elegy and oration in her honour, and addressing to Alfonso a consolatory epistle filled with the usual commonplaces of philosophy.

The absence of Alfonso soon after, in Rome, afforded Tasso leisure to prosecute new literary undertakings. In 1567, he was present at the representation of a pastoral fable, called *Lo Sfortunato* (the unfortunate), which was performed with great *éclat* before Alfonso and his court, in the academy of Ferrara. Tasso, who doubtless perceived the defects of the piece, and the capability of a subject of this kind in the hand of an able artist, had long resolved to compose a pastoral drama, and now proceeded to carry his design into execution. In less than two months he finished the '*Aminta*,' a work which still maintains its rank at the head of pastoral fable in Italy, and of all the poet's productions is only surpassed by the '*Jerusalem*.' Alfonso was so charmed with it on his return, that he ordered its representation among the other festivities in preparation for the reception of Cardinal Luigi, who was shortly expected from France. The whole court were in ecstasies with the piece; and the exquisite chorus, which Crescimbeni affirms to stand unrivalled in Italian poetry, was in every mouth. Notwithstanding its success, Tasso, with a view to improve the beauties of the piece, and to work up the public expectation to a still higher pitch, was averse to publication. The consequence followed which a child might have foreseen. Several MS. copies got abroad, and the piece was produced in

every theatre in Italy, without the author deriving a paul from the undertaking.

The *Aminta* may be regarded as a series of eclogues invested with dramatic unity; but deriving its interest not so much from the evolution of the plot, which is of the simplest character, as from the exquisite pictures of Arcadian life with which the piece abounds. In this species of poetry the ancients had great advantages. Theocritus wrote almost in view of the foundations of society, before the gods had migrated from Olympus, and when Pan was really believed to sport with the shepherds of Pelasgia. His characters, however, notwithstanding the warmth of their colouring, were not refined by the popular belief, but offend by extreme rusticity. Bion and Moschus sacrificed the Dutch-like fidelity to nature which marked the idyls of their predecessor in order to obtain elegance. Their forms are consequently as cold and lifeless as the rural nymphs and demi-gods which figure in the statuary of the Vatican. It is the merit of Tasso that, in an age most adverse to the attempt, he has surpassed the ancients in an art, in which, from its peculiar relations to their traditional belief, they were supposed to stand unrivalled. He has succeeded in imparting an air of delicate refinement to rural scenes without sacrificing a stroke of their natural simplicity; and in fixing the attention with magnetic interest, on characters who have no feelings or ideas beyond those derived from a state of pastoral simplicity. No poet, we feel confident, with a plot of so little value, could have done so much. The scenes are a series of exquisite paintings on enamel. The modern world and ancient civic life are completely shut out from the piece; the imagination is transferred to the interior of Peloponnesus, and not an allusion occurs to arouse it from the dream of primeval times in which it lies entranced. If he borrows from the ancients, it is only to show his superiority, by turning to immense account what they have made little use of. In his imitations here, as elsewhere, his touch is like that of Midas; and he has the weakness to serve us, at least, like Glaucus in the *Iliad*,

χρῦσα χαλκῶν ἑκατόμβοι ἑνεαβοίων.

The triumph of the *Aminta* raised a swarm of imitators, who continued for years afterwards to deluge Italy with dramatic pastorals. Of these, the only one that threatened to rival, and even eclipse the *Aminta*, was the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, a fellow-courtier of Ferrara, and in some respects a friend of Tasso. To an educated taste, however, there can be no hesitation in awarding the palm to Tasso, in every point of view in which the two pieces can be considered. The plot of the *Aminta* is unique in itself,

and progressively developed, not a line being introduced which does not tend to unravel the fable or conduct to its issue. The plot of the 'Pastor Fido' is bifold and heterogeneous, and so unconnected, that one half of the play could be omitted without any injury to the remaining portion. The expansion of the fable is likewise grotesquely irregular, old characters being got rid of in the first act, and new ones introduced in the fifth, so that the groundwork of the piece is involved in bewildering confusion. The characters and incidents of the *Aminta*, with the exception of the Satyr, are extremely natural. The nymphs and swains comport themselves like simple Arcadians, and in all their similitudes never depart from the country. The 'Pastor Fido,' in addition to the Satyr, abounds with improbabilities and inconsistencies. Guarini has peopled cubins with the inmates of courts. The prattle of languishing nymphs is marked with such subtle and affected turns of thought, as to lead to the supposition that they had been trained in the schools of the Italian epigrammatists and declaimers of the eighteenth century. His shepherds display the passions and the manners of the antechamber, and talk in the style of men accustomed to govern the political world. Yet the success of these two works appears to have been in an inverse ratio to their merits. While the highest minds of Italy, and the body of foreign critics, to a man, have pronounced in favour of the *Aminta*, the public show their sense of this critical appreciation by buying thirty copies of Guarini's Pastoral to one of Tasso's. The garish taste of Italy is against the simplicity of the latter, and has tended in a large degree to the superior success of his rival. The air of Grecian refinement which pervades the *Aminta*, that avoidance of redundant expression and *naïve* delicacy of sentiment which distinguishes its dialogue, is a beauty too apt to be overlooked by the multitude; while the high colouring of the *Pastor Fido*, its brilliancy of wit, and sparkling turns of thought, no matter however inconsistent and incongruous, are sure to find favour.

The Princess Lucretia being unable to witness the representation of the *Aminta*, requested her brother to permit her the pleasure of hearing it recited by the author in person, and invited Tasso to Pesaro. The poet was gratified at the reception he experienced at the Mantuan Court, and easily yielded to the request of the family, that he would prolong his stay amid the scenes of his juvenile studies. In the course of the summer, the Princess Lucretia, to avoid the heats, retired to Castel Durante, and carried Tasso along with her. He passed several months in this delightful solitude, alternately engaged in the prosecution of his epic, and in diverting the princess with

amatory poetry. Some estrangement which had arisen between him and Leonora, previous to his departure for Pesaro, left his muse more at liberty to engage in the service of Lucretia, and several sonnets addressed during this period to her various personal attractions, express rather too freely the warmth of his attachment. As the princess was thirty-nine, that is, ten years younger than the poet, the treatment of the subject might be thought to require considerable delicacy; but distinction of rank, in Tasso's view, amply compensated for disparity of years. The flight of time which only impaired ordinary beauties, ripened the charms of a duchess without impairing their grace or validity. On the eve of his return to Ferrara, Tasso covertly attempted to disperse the coolness which had arisen between himself and Leonora, by sending her a sonnet as a sort of usher to his memory, which he affirmed to have composed at the request of a poor lover anxious to regain the favour of his mistress, with whom he had quarrelled. The tone of the letter accompanying the sonnet is as false as the simulated authorship. He encloses the verses because he happens to recollect he was bound by a promise to send her all his new compositions. The sonnet is, in reality, as he states, of indifferent merit, but his present condition (at Castel Durante) is so miserable, that he cannot write better. He sends them, however, good or bad, as he believes they will effect what he desires. An overture of this character could not have deceived a maiden aunt. Without the supposition of attachment, the affected prudery it displays is without meaning; yet Serassi, who was the first to publish this letter, has accepted all its ill-disguised affectation as real, and produced, with an air of triumph, what really is the clearest proof of Tasso's passion for Leonora, as irrefragable testimony of its non-existence.

The poet returned to Ferrara loaded with presents, in time to accompany Alfonso and his suite, who were preceding to Venice, with the view of greeting Henry III., then passing from the throne of Poland to that of France. After several days spent in feasts and sumptuous festivals, the duke prevailed on Charles' successor to visit his palace, and Tasso returned in the magnificent cortège which followed the sovereigns of France and Ferrara. The agitation of this voyage, in the heat of summer, and the crowd of royal fêtes which followed in quick succession, threw Tasso into a quartan fever which disabled him from adding a line to his epic during the succeeding autumn and winter. In spring he rallied, and while in a state of convalescence, brought his *Godfrey* to a conclusion. But this happy release from a tedious vigil only surrounded him with cases of a more irritating

character. The success of the *Aminta*, and the proud bearing which the caresses of the Este family led him to assume, had for some time attracted towards him the animosity of a knot of envious courtiers, who let no opportunity escape to wound his self-love, and to lessen his reputation with his patrons. Fearful of the disclosures that might ensue from these endeavours, which had become more frequent as the publication of the *Jerusalem* promised to cover him with fresh glory, Tasso resolved to settle in Rome, after the public dedication of the epic to Alfonso had discharged the numerous obligations he lay under to his patron. The singular obstinacy which led him to defer the publication of his poem until it had been submitted to the revision of a numerous body of critics, defeated this resolution, and by affording his enemies further opportunities for striking at their victim, ultimately caused his ruin.

Rome, on account of its numerous colleges and literary institutions, being the principal theatre of men of letters, Tasso determined on making that city the seat of the intended revision, and forwarded manuscript copies of the '*Jerusalem*' to his former college friend Scipio Gonzaga, with a view that he might unite with himself some half dozen of their literary acquaintances in the task of criticism, and hold periodical meetings at his house to enable them to compare their judgments, and strike the balance in favour of the best opinions. Lest this course might not prove sufficient, Tasso formed a similar junta at Ferrara, and besides inviting the criticism of literary professors in other parts of Italy, went to Padua with the MSS. in his pocket, to consult those of the University. So general an invitation to criticism must have proved disastrous, even had sound principles of taste prevailed, and if the parties whose opinions were solicited, had been perfectly unbiassed in their judgment; but in an age overrun with pedantry, where critics were either ill-natured and disappointed rivals, or puritanical churchmen, Tasso experienced something worse than the treatment of Apelles. His epic was not only subject to discordant criticism, but its most beautiful passages decried as prominent defects, and its few blemishes covered with fulsome panegyric.

The Roman Board, whose criticisms gave Tasso the most annoyance, generally followed the decisions of Speroni and Antoniano. Speroni was a disappointed author who had resolved to guide an art which he could not practise, and therefore took to teaching *Belles Lettres*. As he expounded Aristotle to the students of the Minerva College, he was accepted as his representative at the council of critics who assembled at Gonzaga's house, and certainly did his best, with the Stagyrte's assistance,

to render Tasso as unfortunate as himself. Antoniano, from being an humble improvisatore, had taken to theological studies, and aspiring to prelatical honours under an austere pontiff, viewed the laws of taste through the gloomy medium of monastic asceticism. Both these critics fell foul of Rinaldo, who is connected with the best passages of the poem; Speroni, because his consequence in the fable was inconsistent with the dignity of Godfrey, and the unity essential to an heroic poem; and Antoniano, because no man could be a hero who was not a disciple of St. Paul. Upon these grounds they counselled Rinaldo's removal from the poem, or at least, the cancelling the scenes in which he is the principal actor. Antoniano, in addition, thundered against the enchantments, and the ebullitions of love and anger with which they are accompanied, as too profane for so holy a subject. The greater part of these opinions carried the suffrages of the Council. The age beheld the strange spectacle of a body of choice Italian critics advising, from sinister motives, an illustrious bard to take the greater part of his work to pieces, upon grounds utterly frivolous or inconsistent with the authorities whom they professed to follow.

If the Jerusalem be examined by the light of Aristotle's Poetics, which the Roman censors adopted as their literary canon, it will be found more conformable to the rules in that treatise for the composition of the epic, than the Iliad from which those rules were derived. Tasso's poem is far more compact and regular in its construction, than that of Homer. The subject is more lofty, the characters more heroic, and the episodes, with the exception of Olindo and Sofronia, more closely interwoven with the main design. In the Iliad, the fable hangs so loosely together, that the majority of the cantos might be inverted without interfering with the design of the author. In the Jerusalem, the plot is progressively unfolded, the reader's curiosity increased at each step of the development, and sustained to the end. With regard to the objection of Godfrey's dignity as the hero of the piece being compromised by too great a dependence on the aid of Rinaldo, it certainly does not conflict with any rule of the Stagyrice, for whom Tasso was as great a stickler as any of his critics, nor with any principle of common sense. The greatest chieftain must rely more or less, for the accomplishment of his ends, on the aid he receives from his associates; and it was no more derogatory to Godfrey's position that the disenchantment of the forest should be reserved for Rinaldo, than that Argantes should fall by the sword of Tancred, or that Raymond and his Gascons should defeat Aladin. But we cannot say so much for the inconsistency of Homer, who represents the Greek in every conflict with the Trojans as invariably

triumphant, and yet incompetent to achieve their overthrow without the aid of Achilles. It has always appeared to us that Homer suggested the rules of the Stagyrite for the composition of the epic, but that Tasso entered into their spirit, and successfully embodied their meaning.

We are disposed, however, to lay very little stress on Tasso's compliance with those abstract principles by which his critics were disposed to test his genius, inasmuch as no epic poet, with the exception of Tasso, has risen to eminence since the days of Aristotle, except by contravention of his rules; and some thirty who have followed the directions of the Stagyrite with the most scrupulous exactitude have been consigned to oblivion. The only rule, common to the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, is unity of subject; Virgil combined the heterogeneous elements of both epics, and Camoens and Milton followed neither. On the other hand, the *Alamanna* of Oliviero, and the *Costante* of Bolognetti, with most other heroics of similar obscurity, conform in a striking degree with the prescriptions of the critic. In high art genius will always follow its own impulses, without hesitating long to inquire if the results are likely to be in unison with the rules which have been drawn from the works of its predecessors. Such lights it may make use of when found in unison with its designs, but to allow them to tyrannize over its conceptions would be to imitate the folly of the general who let slip a favourable opportunity of throwing an available force into the citadel of the enemy, because the plan suggested was not in conformity with any of the current theories of war. In novel strokes and extensive flights of genius, it is the province of art to dictate to theory, and not of theory to rule art. When such critics as Speroni ventured to instruct minds like Tasso's in the true principles of poetry, we are not inaptly reminded of the pedant who lectured on the art of war before Annibal.

The great merit of Tasso appears to us to lie in the arrangement of his fable, by which the curiosity of the reader is increased at every step: in the diversity of his characters, the variety of his matter, and the skilful distribution of light and shade. In the eighteenth canto, Jerusalem is assaulted, but the reader knows the piece is still unfinished, not only because the tower is not taken, but because the episode of Tancred and Herminia, cut off in the sixth canto, is not complete. This mode of keeping the attention on the stretch till the last moment appears to have been unknown to the ancients. The fable of the *Iliad* hangs so loosely together that the rhapsodies might be inverted without any detriment to the interest of the poem; and though the parts of the *Æneid* are more artfully interwoven, does the combination ever reach

that pitch as to excite the curiosity of his readers, when the author fails to interest their passions? Hence the last six books of the *Æneid* are never read for pleasure, and even the classical reader feels the drudgery increase as he advances in the task. In the *Jerusalem*, the plot is so artfully managed that expectation is kept on tiptoe during the entire piece, and never stands higher than when it draws to a close.

Virgil has surpassed every poet, including even Racine, in passages of sustained pathos and tenderness; but in the graphic representation of external nature, and in portraying those sudden and almost imperceptible movements which arise, on novel and unforeseen strokes of fortune, Virgil must yield the palm to Ovid as well as Tasso. The *Jerusalem* may contain nothing superior to the second, fourth, and sixth book of the *Æneid*, but the Italian epic, taken in its entire extent, is more sustained in its interest, more varied in its matter, and more brilliant in its execution than the *Æneid*. The two halves of Virgil's piece are so unequal that, while nearly everybody reads the first, few are found of sufficient patience to master the second. In Tasso's epic there is not a single canto, though the number amounts to twenty, in which the reader will not find some fresh surprise, and some new beauties, to enhance the magnificence of the poem and allure him to its reperusal.

If Tasso is inferior to Homer in grandeur of conception and originality of invention, he is in some respects above him in character painting, a quality in which Homer is deemed peculiarly to excel. The Grecian bard introduces us to specific differences of the same virtues and passions. The bravery of Achilles is not that of Ajax, nor the wisdom of Nestor that of Ulysses. In this quality Virgil has often been remarked as deficient: there is no portrait in his writings. It is the brave Gyan and the brave Cloanthes—*fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum*. The heroes of Ariosto, too, are not individual but generic creations. They are the knights of chivalry, bold, gallant, and enterprising; but Ruggiero differs scarcely from Astolfo, or Rodomonte from Sacripante. The characters of Tasso, on the other hand, exhibit the nice shades of distinction which Nature displays in different embodiments of the same quality, while they embrace more diversity of feature than those of Homer, and are more strongly marked and consistently developed. The furious valour of Argantes is not sacrificed to the generous heroism of Tancred, as the bravery of Hector is to that of Patroclus, nor the prudence of Godfrey maintained at the expense of the craft of Aladin, as the wisdom of Ulysses is by that of Nestor; but each character receives its due honours, without detracting from the reputation of the rest. In

the Iliad, love, the most interesting and universal of the passions, may be said not to find a place. Humanity is there represented in a distorted light, fury and ungovernable rage forming the main features of the scene. In the Jerusalem, love is represented with a happy mixture of coquetry and passion, in the person of Armida, and with touching grace and exquisite tenderness in that of Herminia. Peter the Hermit stands out in finer contrast to the enchanter Ismeno, than Calcas to Taltibius. Rinaldo is an imitation of Achilles, but his faults are more excusable, his character more amiable, and his leisure better employed; Achilles dazzles, and Rinaldo interests.

But the peculiar merit of Tasso is, that he has succeeded in combining the most wonderful variety that could be desired in a romantic poem, with the unity of the heroic, in so perfect a manner that it is sometimes difficult to tell where the episodes end, and the main action begins. His epic is, beyond doubt, the most diversified, complete, and regularly constructed poem the world has yet seen. While preserving the strict unity of his subject, and steadily advancing his fable, the author contrives to introduce his readers to every scene which can raise their curiosity and excite or soothe their passions, and, by touching turns every chord of the human breast, from sanguinary combats he passes to the peaceful occupations of the rustic; from the council of Satan to the august ceremonies of religion; from the bustle of camps to the hermit's cell; and from the battle-field to the bower of love. In this skilful distribution of light and shade he far exceeds all his rivals. Homer and Virgil, as well as Camoens and Milton, by dwelling too long on the same topics, and failing to introduce striking digressions, artfully interwoven with their fable, have surrounded the name of epic with an air of fatigue and weariness. Men yawn when they hear it pronounced, and reckon the production of a poem of this character among the number of national calamities. Were we anxious to free our generation from this prejudice, we should point to the 'Jerusalem Delivered.'

In the details of his epic, which are sacrificed to the harmony of the general plan, Tasso will be found more frequently below his rivals than above them. In passing the boundaries of earth, he fails to dilate his conceptions to a height suitable to the immensity of the regions on which he enters. None of his supernatural personages have the colossal grandeur of those of Milton, nor do his pictures, though more elaborately finished, ever embrace that wide range of space and time by which Milton contrives to dwarf worlds, and exalt the mind to the comprehension of a God. His battles have as much fire as Homer, with more variety; if he does

not soar so high, he always carries the reader along with him, and more powerfully interests his feelings. In those parts of his poem which require sustained tenderness and pathos, he too frequently endeavours to supply the lack of natural grace and artlessness by affected turns of thought and ingenuity of expression. In the embellishment of little objects his touches want truth and simplicity: like Milton, he could cut a colossus out of a rock, but could not carve a head upon a cherry-stone.

Had Tasso listened to the suggestions of his critics, an epic would have been impossible. By removing the enchantments according to the advice of Antoniano, he would have been reduced with Lucan and Trissino to the mere rhyming of gazettes, unless he had committed the absurdity of Camoens, and supplied their place by introducing Mars and Venus fighting on the side of Christ and his angels against Pluto and Neptune. By what means could the infidels resist the brave host of Godfrey, but by the interference of the infernal powers, and how could their influence be brought on the scene except through the aid of magical incantations and enchantments? In employing this machinery, Tasso not only availed himself of the popular belief of his day, but of the doctrines of the very theology which Antoniano taught, and of which he ought to have been the first to applaud the illustration.* Such machinery is doubtless less poetical than that afforded by the heathen mythology, but it is one of the first requirements of an epic poem that it must embody the traditions and popular opinions of the time; and instead of Tasso suffering from a comparison in this respect with the ancient masters, it ought to constitute one of his chief claims to superiority, that with materials of an inferior nature he has achieved equal glory.

The effects of the shower of hostile criticism in which the poet was now involved, were materially aggravated by the suspicion that his letters were intercepted, and intrigues set on foot to prevent him from obtaining the usual license of the Inquisition. To appease these inquietudes, Alfonso seemed to redouble his attentions, and occasionally took him to Belriguardo, a superb villa residence on the banks of the Po, where for a time he forgot the assaults of envy in the magnificent associations of art and nature. His pleasures at Ferrara were also enhanced by the return of the Princess Lucretia, who had married the heir of Urbino, but since the accession of her consort to the Duchy, had found it impossible to reside at Urbino on account of his unruly

* Dealings with the devil, and producing marvels by his agency, is one of the crimes of the Catholic decalogue.

inclinations. During an indisposition of the duchess of some duration, Tasso was the only courtier who enjoyed unrestricted access to her apartments, and Leonora allowed him to forego his usual attentions to her person, that he might amuse her sister's hours of lassitude. Notwithstanding these agreeable distractions, Tasso was burning to visit Rome, to expedite the revision of his poem, and he imparted his design to the princesses. Despite of their entreaty to defer the journey till the publication of the '*Jerusalem*,' on account of the danger attending his absence, Tasso, having obtained permission with some difficulty from Alfonso in the ensuing October (1585), set out for the Capitol.

A decisive effort at this period might have saved Tasso from all the calamities which ensued. Had he made use of this visit to Rome to bring the revision of his epic to a conclusion, and by its public dedication to the house of Este released himself from the ties of that court, he might have materially improved his position. By pursuing a hesitating course, he only got himself deeper in the mire. Instead of dispensing with the services of his critics, he actually invited them to undertake a more systematic revision of the *Jerusalem*. Without any intention of immediately abandoning the house of Este, he allowed Scipio Gonzaga to introduce him to the chief of their declared enemies, Cardinal Ferdinand of the Medici, who held out flattering offers of protection in case of that event, which Tasso, however, uncertain of his plans, did not even prospectively accept of. Though the poet knew he had dangerous foes at Ferrara, whose eyes were on his Roman paths, yet he left everything to the chapter of accidents, and, in the meanwhile, pursued that course which exposed him to most suspicion. After discharging the obligations of the jubilee then proclaimed in Rome, the attractions of Ferrara began to gain upon him, and without any decided purpose, he returned after two months' absence, by Sienna and Florence, with the view of reading portions of his epic, according to his foolish custom, and forming literary connexions on his route.

The determination to quit the service of Alfonso, the subject of so many letters between him and Scipio Gonzaga, shows that he had a clear idea where the path of safety lay, and that force of will was alone wanting to reach it. But Tasso's volition in this instance, precisely illustrated the case of the metaphysician, in which the will is supposed to be influenced by two equally powerful and opposite motives. On one side lay splendid affluence, increased liberty, with stability of ease and fortune; on the other, poverty, dangers of hourly-increasing magnitude from the open enmity of foes, and love. Tasso would have pushed the publica-

tion of his poem, had this not left him without excuse for continuing in Ferrara; and he would rather continue in Ferrara with its miserable salary and dangerous dependence, if he could enjoy the company of Leonora, than accept the splendid offers of the Medici without it. This feeling, however, was frequently counteracted by the fears inspired by the enmity of his foes, and there were occasions when he made some feints to release himself from the perplexities of his position. When Pigna died, he requested, in rather an informal manner, the vacant post of historiographer, hoping that refusal would afford him some specious ground for leaving Ferrara. The duke, however, disappointed his wishes by acceding to the proposal, and Scipio Gonzaga, with the Cardinal Ferdinand, believing Tasso insincere, regarded this engagement only as a further device to continue in Alfonso's service.

Amidst these troubles Tasso was engaged in wrestling with his ecclesiastical critics, who, from the humble position of advisers, had assumed the important air of inquisitors, and threatened to withhold the Roman privilege of copyright unless the suggestions they advanced on the score of morality were carried into effect. It might be thought that a court who licensed the lascivious plays of Aretino, which protected the sale of the *Decameron*, and the Orlando, would not be troubled with any scruples with respect to the Jerusalem: but the inquisitors of Gregory XIII. were no more like those of Leo, than the licensers of the court of Charles II. resembled those that sat under the sturdy Cromwell. The one sought to rise in the Church by laxity, the other by rigour. With the one the loosest principles of Christianity were to be sacrificed to the loosest fashions of taste; with the others, the strictest laws of taste were to bend before the conventional forms of Christianity. Antoniano was anxious to become a bishop, and therefore Tasso must mutilate his epic, or forego the moderate expectations he had formed of the proceeds of the sale. The licensed inquisitors passed three-fourths of the verses to which Antoniano objected; but this gentleman, besides the interests of religion, had his more important interest at the Papal court to maintain, along with his character as a judicious critic. Tasso had no choice but to sacrifice the most beautiful parts of the poem, and cleanse it entirely of worldly passions. It had come to his ears that his enemies were seeking from certain passages in his works to involve him in a charge of atheism or heresy before the Inquisition. To make a clean breast of the matter, he resolved to invest the remaining portions of his Jerusalem with a religious meaning, under the form of an allegory, that it might be adapted to the edification of monks and

nuns. From this degradation a simple resolution of closing with the offers of the Medici might have saved him, but Leonora kept him irresolute, and his reputation appeared to him sufficiently provided for, by circulating private copies of the original Jerusalem among his friends. Pale and uncertain, his imagination fluctuated between the dungeons of the Inquisition and the gardens of Armida.

From intercepting his correspondence, his foes advanced to open acts of violence. During a short absence at Modena, they got into his apartments, through the treachery of an officer of the court, who had obtained the keys from Tasso under colour of carrying on a love-intrigue, and with the aid of a locksmith, broke open his closet, and scrutinized his letters and papers. To allay the inquietude caused by this event, Leonora took the poet to Cosandola, a château of the Esté family, on the banks of the Po. where he experienced a short respite from the joint attacks of criticism and malice. But the net of Até was closing round him. His return to Ferrara was only the signal for fresh acts of treachery, succeeded by increased misfortunes. One Maddalo, who with false keys had got possession of some of his secret papers, and scattered their delicate contents about the palace, endeavoured, with two accomplices, to assassinate Tasso in return for a blow by which he had ventured to chastise his insolence. He only escaped from this attack on his life, to learn that the copies of the Jerusalem which he had so recklessly circulated among his literary acquaintances, had got into the hands of the booksellers, who were printing the poem with all its imperfections. From this, as flagrant an attack upon his reputation, Tasso released himself by his pen, as effectively as he had done in the former instance by his sword. Gregory XIII., and most of the reigning governments of Italy, importuned by the letters of the poet, forbade by express mandate the surreptitious publication of the Jerusalem in their dominions.

Whatever may have been Alfonso's feelings at the revelation of Tasso's secrets, he did not evince the slightest marks of displeasure, but by exhibiting his usual deportment, led the poet to flatter himself that on the score of his amatory indiscretions all danger was over at Ferrara. His enemies had done their worst, as he imagined, without quenching a single beam of Alfonso's smile. A cloud seems suddenly to have passed from his mind. His plans are no longer irresolute: Alfonso at once becomes the most beneficent prince in the universe. From seeking every pretext to leave his service, his resolve to remain with him is now irrevocable. Tasso, with a bounding heart, goes to enjoy the festivities of Christmas at Modena; and relaxes his mind in the society

of a brilliant circle of dames and chevaliers. From this place he apprizes Scipio Gonzaga of his changed purpose, but with no further reason than that his obligations to the Duke Alfonso are such, that if he were to waste his life for him, the sacrifice would not be too much. Ferrara, too, is as good as other places, and he now finds he can enjoy as much repose there as anywhere else. Gonzaga, who had some idea of Tasso's position, and the duplicity of Alfonso, did his utmost to shake his resolve. But the poet, attributing his zeal to his noble friend's desire that he should accept the offers of the Medici, was for once inflexible. He returned to Ferrara, doubtless entertaining feelings of complacency at the prospect of his growing fortunes, the picture of security walking over the ledge of a precipice.

The open violence, however, of his enemies had not left Tasso without suspicion, and he determined to provide against every danger which his fears pointed out. The Inquisition, in those days, presented one of the most expeditious modes of ruining a man any way remarkable for independent opinion, which a tyrant or malignant enemy could devise. What the *Decreta Consultum* were to the Roman despots, what the laws of treason were to the Tudors, and the High Commission Chamber to the Stewarts, the decrees of the Inquisition were to the Italian princes, and malcontents of the sixteenth century. No original views on philosophy, government, or religion, could be delivered which might not by skilful interpretation be made matter of accusation. If a prince wished to crush an unruly noble, or malignant authors to get rid of a successful rival, they set out with inquiring how far his case could be brought within the fangs of this tribunal, and the communications of any man, who was tolerably in earnest, must have been very laconic indeed, which could not afford matter to support a bill of indictment. This engine now rose before the confused vision of Tasso, dripping with the blood of a hundred victims. He had already made a clear sacrifice of every line in the Jerusalem that could by the remotest construction bring him within its swoop; but he was nevertheless quite aware, that his enemies had a wide margin left for accusation, both in his published works and conversation. Tasso in his calm and reflective hours was doubtless a strict believer, but there were moments when he was inclined to place Christianity on a footing with the philosophical systems of antiquity, and give Epicurus the preference. No one can read the fine lyric in the *Aminta*, without discovering the author's obligations to the third book of Lucretius. He had not only doubted of the Incarnation, but of the immortality of the soul, of God's superintending providence—and with the reckless confidence of youth, had entered into the arena of

philosophical dispute upon these subjects with the idle courtiers of Ferrara. To shelter himself from the use his enemies might make of this rashness, he resolved to forestal their machinations by an open confession to the inquisitors of all the religious doubts he had entertained, and a declaration to stand by the Church. This complete submission, to which he seems to have been hurried by some diminution of favour on the part of Alfonso, gained Tasso the good-will of the inquisitors, and screened him from attack in that quarter. Yet some of his biographers, betrayed by the duplicity of Alfonso into the belief that Tasso was insane, have pointed to this step, the most prudent he could take under the circumstances, as one of the most conclusive proofs of mental derangement.

Alfonso up to this moment appears to have been playing with his victim. He took no active measures to punish Tasso's annoyers, or to stop the scandalous intrusions to which his rooms and papers were subject. His single look would have been sufficient to place the poet at ease in this respect, but even that effort was withheld. Tasso half began to suspect that he had been duped by the courteous attentions of Alfonso, and that the pilfering of the papers and the violation of his *escritoirs* had been carried on with the duke's acquiescence. Distrustful of the domestics of the palace, he had previously written to the Count of Urbino, for a servant in whom he could place confidence, but his letter was either intercepted, or he did not receive the courtesy of a reply. A thousand suspicions hung on his mind. His privacy was still violated. Prohibited books were introduced by stealth into his apartments, and his papers disappeared. At length a circumstance happened which Alfonso would seem either to have waited for or prepared, in order to justify the harsh measures to which he subsequently had recourse. Tasso having strong suspicions against a servant who had entered the Duchess of Urbino's apartment during his stay, brandished his knife in the face of the domestic with a threatening air, by way, we suppose, of admonishing him of the possible consequences of his treachery: for this act Alfonso ordered his immediate confinement in the outer chambers of the palace, and circulated the report that the poet was mad on the subject of the Inquisition. After some days incarceration the duke re-admitted him to his own apartments, on condition that he should submit to very strict and rigorous medical treatment, under charge of the royal physicians; and the better to conceal his object, renewed his courteous attention to the poet, and directed him anew to justify his faith and appease his scruples before the inquisitors. With the view of completing his ruin under a heap of delicate attentions, the poet was conveyed

by the duke to Belriguardo, and there subjected to a course of moral torture, in order to wring from him reasons which might justify the harsh measures the duke had in store for him, and even to obtain his admission of their expediency. Tasso was not only required to submit to the usual treatment of lunatics, but to confirm the propriety of his sentence by his subsequent conduct. Alfonso consequently gave him in charge to the monks of St. Francisco, with instructions that two friars should continually attend him, whose character for secrecy could be depended upon, as he was represented to be accustomed to utter everything as if at confession, and to break out into a mountain of follies.

Tasso at these proceedings was in the utmost fears for his life. Poisoning at that time was very rife among the princes of Italy. Nor was Alfonso the man to abstain from its use, in any case where his purpose required despatch. Tasso accordingly, on the evening of his arrival at the convent, wrote to his friends in Rome, and drew up a petition to the Cardinals of the Inquisition, beseeching them to obtain his freedom ; and expressing his readiness, if his prince had any charges against him, to maintain his cause before their tribunal. At the same time, to ward off the danger he so much dreaded, he informed the duke of his intention on his recovery to become a monk, or to bury himself in the cloister, a not uncommon mode in that age of escaping the vengeance of the powerful.

From abject submission he passed to bold importunity ; assured the duke he had been misled by the malice of his enemies, and invited him to submit their charges to a more rigorous examination. His communications with the princesses, it appears, had been for some time strictly forbidden : he was now anxious to transmit a single letter to the Duchess of Urbino, and importuned Alfonso for permission ; but the duke, who had already taken care to intercept his Roman letter, prohibited him, henceforth, from writing either to the duchess or himself. The poet dreading worse effects from the duke's resentment, escaped in the night of the 20th July 1577, and without money, or baggage of any kind, took his route by secret paths towards Naples.

Tasso in the midst of his desolation recollected he had a sister at Sorrento who might afford him solace in his trouble, and with whom he might remain concealed until he thought it prudent to reveal himself. The distance was immense, but he resolved to beg his way as best he could, avoiding the great cities, and only seeking shelter at the miserable huts which lay along his route. In the mountains of Abruzzi he exchanged clothes with a shepherd, in whose cabin he had slept overnight, to escape the effects of the outlawry which still forbade him to set foot in the Neapolitan

territory. As he had not seen or corresponded with Cornelia since their parting in childhood, owing to some estrangement which had arisen from her obeying the wishes of her maternal uncles in opposition to Bernardo, Tasso also designed by his new guise to test the fidelity of her affection towards him. Having sought out his sister's house, he announced himself as a Ferrarese shepherd, the bearer of a letter from her brother, and described in such pathetic terms the dreadful situation to which he was reduced, that Cornelia fainted with excess of grief. Tasso, at length, overcome with emotion revealed himself, and was easily persuaded to remain under the roof of a relative who had given him such unequivocal proofs of attachment.

He remained amid the sylvan retreats and delicious gardens of his birthplace nearly a year. Far away from the bustle of courts and the quieter toil of libraries, Tasso had no occupation but that of romping with the children of Cornelia, and reviewing in his daily rambles the events of his chequered life. To one so fond of excitement, so avidious of literary effort and distinction, this sort of relaxation soon became tedious. Cornelia, with the hopes of detaining him at Sorrento, petitioned the Duke of Ferrara that his papers and books might be transmitted to him, but without effect. Three months after his arrival, when the sense of the outrages he had suffered at Ferrara was fresh upon his mind, he refused a pressing solicitation of Leonora's to return, on the score of ill health. As his spirits, however, recovered their wonted elasticity, he began to entertain the project, and, notwithstanding the solemn warnings of his sister, and the declaration of his friends against the step, went to Rome to put it into execution. With a view of showing his confidence in the magnanimity of Alfonso, Tasso alighted at the house of his ambassador, placed himself under the protection of that minister, and solicited him to convey in the next despatch his sorrow for the past, and anxious desire to re-enter Alfonso's service. Scipio Gonzaga and Cardinal Albano, on whom Tasso subsequently waited, would not listen to his proposal to return to Ferrara, but urged him to be content with the restoration of his property. As the Cardinal wrote the Duke an earnest letter to this effect, it would appear that Tasso yielded to their entreaties. The reply of Alfonso, however, was by no means satisfactory, and Tasso's effects and papers did not come to hand. He therefore, allured by the letters of Leonora, solicited the duke's ambassador again to press his request, to be permitted to return to Ferrara, with an assurance of being received into his master's favour. The reply, while it left the door open for Tasso's return, was just of such a nature as to represent the duke's entire indifference about

it. "He was content to receive the poet, if he would acknowledge himself the victim of melancholy humours, and submit to the treatment of physicians. But if Tasso gave way to his eternal complaints and suspicions, and refused to be cured, he would suddenly banish him from his estates, and place his future appearance in any part of them under strict prohibition." To one enjoying good health, and the vigorous possession of his faculties, such a missive would have been in the highest degree insulting. In Tasso it raised the keenest sentiments of admiration. He was not insensible of the danger of placing his life in Alfonso's hands, but

'There was no world without Ferrara's walls
But purgatory torture held itself;
Hence banished is banished from the world.'

The prospect of being once more able to renew enjoyments which he imagined might be snatched from his grasp, excited emotions which overcame every motive of prudence, and deadened the resentments of human nature: despite of his fears and the entreaties of Scipio Gonzaga and Cardinal Albano, he started for Ferrara, to encounter foes quite as perilous as the dragon, for a fruit still sweeter than that of the Hesperides.

His reception was sufficiently courteous to lead Tasso to write a flattering account to his friends. But the smiles of recognition, however, soon faded into indifference, as the novelty of his appearance wore off. After two or three audiences with the princesses, he found their doors hermetically sealed at his approach. Alfonso, on the subject of medical treatment, was inexorable. He had resolved that Tasso should be deranged, and neither the health of the poet, nor his rational demand to be put in possession of his books and papers, with a view of resuming his studies, could shake the duke's purpose. He must submit to be cured, and remain under strict surveillance. Tasso, deeming that the restitution of his goods was a matter of justice, solicited the chaplain to back his request with the force of religion. But the word of the duke was sufficient to make a Tasso a lunatic in the eyes of the priest, and he soon discovered its effects were equally potent with all in Ferrara. Unable to endure the gibes of the courtiers, and his own fears, he fled a second time, without money or clothes, like a new Bias, to seek with some other prince a secure asylum in his wrecked fortunes.

He wandered through Mantua, Padua, and Venice, without finding rest for the sole of his foot. The rumour of insanity, which the creatures of Alfonso had industriously circulated, and which his own destitute appearance confirmed, shut every door against him. Tasso, in a great measure through his own imprudence, found he was disowned by his own generation for deficiency

in those very qualities of which he was the greatest master. To save himself from inanition, he threw away two jewels which he had received from the Princess Lucretia, upon some Jews, at one-third of their value, and proceeded to the Court of Urbino. Even in this struggle for existence, his poetical vein did not desert him. In Venice he composed a fine canzone on the birth of the eldest son of the Duke of Tuscany, with a view of soliciting the favour of that prince; and, on reaching Urbino, he broke forth into those brilliant strophes to the classic Metaurus, which have placed him, as a lyric, by the side of Petrarch and Filicaja.

The Duke of Urbino, notwithstanding the mutual attachment which formerly subsisted between the duchess and the poet, had always treated him with the most friendly regard. His attentions were only redoubled at the sight of Tasso's misfortunes. Every means on the side of the Court were taken to enliven his spirits; but the bilious melancholy which the poet's recent trial once more excited threw a sombre aspect over his mental vision, which neither the care of physicians nor the attentions of beautiful women could wholly subdue. The principal source of his vexations appears to have been the reports of his insanity, which had reached the ears of his sister, at Naples, and some remonstrances against his detention, which had been despatched to Urbino, by Alfonso. As an author anxious to win for himself the first rank in the literature of his country, the imputation of madness was a blow struck at the most sensitive part of his being. The bare suspicion of such a taint filled him with horror. He accordingly endeavoured to counteract the report by writing cautionary letters to those whose favourable opinion he was most anxious to retain, and appealing to the works he had in store, as about to furnish a triumphant vindication of his sanity. It is to be regretted that the restlessness of his disposition, and his extreme punctilious sense of honour, should have led him into situations which seemed at variance with these professions. He could not remain at Urbino, because he thought his presence would involve that court in a quarrel with Alfonso. Yet, without the requisite provision for so long a journey, or without any arrangement with the Duke of Savoy, he set off for Turin, expecting to find, in the service of that prince, freedom from all embarrassments, and dignified ease for the prosecution of his literary labours.

This expedition might have taught Tasso a lesson from trusting to the chapter of accidents. As soon as he reached Vercelli, he found himself short of means, surrounded by impassable roads, in a strange country, during the most inclement month of the year. The ferryman refused his function, for want of the accustomed bajocchi, and Tasso must have been exposed to all the errors of a drenching night, without making any progress, had

not a wealthy landlord—whom he has rendered immortal in his ‘Dialogue of the Father of a Family’—by the veriest casualty passing that way, invited him to partake of the hospitality of his mansion. On the morrow he resumed his route, in the rain, through broken and muddy roads, and arrived, after a day and a night’s hard travelling, at the gates of Turin, but in such wretched plight that the guards refused to admit him. Ingegnesi, a scholar and publisher of some eminence, with whom Tasso had been familiar at Venice, saw, on passing the city gate, a poor wayworn man, covered with mud, with his dress torn, delicate seemingly in health and somewhat wild in appearance, rudely repulsed by the sentinels. His feelings led him to interpose in behalf of the stranger, and he found himself in the embraces of his friend.

Ingegnesi conducted Tasso to the palace of Philip of Este, then general of the cavalry of the Duke of Savoy, who, as he had known the poet in his better days at Ferrara, provided him with apartments in his house, and lavished on him every care and attention. Caressed by this prince—courted by the Archbishop of Turin, who invited him to take up his residence in his palace—introduced to Charles Emanuel, the sovereign of Turin, who offered the poet the same liberal conditions he had formerly enjoyed at Ferrara, if he chose to enter his service—Tasso began once more to feel at ease; and showed, by his composition of the ‘Dialogue on Nobility,’ at this time, and several strophes which he addressed to the beauties of the court of Savoy, how soon his feelings recovered their natural elasticity, when his wants were provided for, and he felt he enjoyed the respect due to his merits. The recovery of his papers, however, as a means of expediting the publication of the ‘Jerusalem,’ was still necessary to his happiness; but there cannot be a doubt that he would have attempted to effect their restitution by intercession, had not his attachment to Leonora made him eventually indifferent to the gaieties of Turin, and anxious to regain his old footing at Ferrara. He again sounded Alfonso’s feelings through his old friend Cardinal Albano, and was given to understand that the duke was ready to receive him on the old conditions of submitting to medical treatment, and that if he returned during the celebration of the nuptials which Alfonso was about to contract with the daughter of the Duke of Mantua, he would regain his papers, and most probably be restored to his former position at that court.

Tasso flew to Ferrara with the fullest assurance of realizing these expectations, and arrived at the palace on the eve of the bride’s entry into the city. The thoughts of everybody were occupied with the reception. No one was willing to announce his arrival to the duke, or to introduce him to the princesses. The

ministers of Alfonso, and the gentlemen of the court, from whom he expected a hearty reception, either shunned his presence or treated him with marked disrespect. During the magnificent festivities which succeeded, while Ferrara was ringing with merriment and lit up with illuminations, Tasso, without any fixed abode, wandered about, the only disconsolate being among the crowd, obtaining no recognition for which he cared, and experiencing the most cruel rebuffs whenever he attempted to gain the ears of the chamberlains of the palace. The fêtes passed away without changing Tasso's position. Perceiving his own attempts of no avail, he wrote to Cardinal Albano with a view to recover his books and papers, but without success. At length, wearied out with the derision of the domestics, the raillery of his enemies, and the contempt of the court, he openly denounced the duke and his courtiers as a pack of thieves and knaves, lamented the years he had lost in his service, and complained of the treachery and false promises which had beguiled him from Turin, in order to overwhelm him with insult. These expressions being carefully conveyed to Alfonso, Tasso was seized by his orders, and incarcerated in the lunatic asylum of St. Anne, where he was treated as a pauper and a madman.

In a wretched cell, with a small grated window, emitting light sufficient to reveal the moisture of the damp walls, and the straw pallet and naked stool and table, which constituted its sole furniture, lay Tasso for several days, in a state of stupor and consternation. As one stunned by a blow, his faculties were at first suspended by the acuteness of his misery, and afterwards absorbed in contemplating it. The thought of never more beholding sun or moon, the sweet face of friends;—of being shut out from the common privileges of creation enjoyed by brute beasts, when he designed to exalt himself above the ordinary herd of his fellow mortals, by the composition of works of the highest merit;—the horrible gloom in which he was plunged at the moment he expected to be raised to honour, occupied his mind by turns, and filled him with unutterable woe. As soon, however, as the first excitement had passed away, and the diminution of the fever with which it was accompanied allowed him to grasp his pen, he addressed himself to the difficulties of his position. In that loathsome tenement, which he feared might prove a living sepulchre, oppressed by the yells of the maniacs, which alone interrupted the fearful silence of the place, exposed to the harsh treatment of the jailors, and the filth of unchanged garments, and the squalor of a neglected person, he yet contrived to write those supplicatory entreaties, and touching laments to his patrons, which have awakened the universal sympathy of his species. In a few days

after his imprisonment he so far buried his resentment as to address odes of exquisite pathos to Alfonso and the princesses, contrasting the happy hours he had spent in the sunshine of their favour with his present wretched condition, and imploring his freedom in verses which do as much honour to human nature as the shameless cruelty of Alfonso debases it. In less than a month after his imprisonment he obtained the powerful intercession of the Emperor Rodolph, the Cardinal Albert of Austria, and the Prince of Mantua, the brother of the new Duchess of Ferrara, but without any other answer from the tyrant, than that of his wish to cure Tasso's imaginary disorder, and of his promise when reason returned that liberty should be restored to him. Yet none of the physicians, or even the chaplain of the hospital, were permitted to approach him, but every endeavour was used to undermine his health, and drive reason from its throne.

The conduct of Tasso under treatment far worse than a condemned felon of our time, instead of affording any signs of that malady which Alfonso sought to fix upon him, is really the most striking instance on record of the triumphs of mind over material obstacles, and of the load of calamities which the mental faculties will bear, without any detriment to their healthy exercise and vigorous action. When personal entreaty and royal intercession had proved unavailing even to relax the least of his austerities, the poet determined to make the most of his situation. He called to his aid the stores of his varied learning, interested his thoughts in the solution of profound philosophical questions, and peopled his cell with the images of the past and the bright creations of his fancy, until the damp walls and the iron door disappeared, and his miserable lodgment became more fascinating to the intellectual eye than the lordly stye of his oppressor. He even found he could afford to be facetious. To some cats, whose eyes shot sparkles as they peered through his grated windows in the gloom of the evening, he addressed humorous sonnets, beseeching fate to protect them from the bastinado, and conduct them nightly to his cell, that they might supply that light which the inhumanity of his jailors withheld. From the composition of grave or light verses he passed to the consideration of moral and philosophical subjects with an elasticity of mind and propriety of view, which, under the circumstances, presents one of the most striking achievements in the annals of literature. If John Bunyan managed to write his immortal work in a parish prison, it was not without the consolation of being a martyr. If Raleigh, in a small chamber in the Tower, reviewed all the great actions of the world and wrote its history, he was not treated by his royal mistress without the respect due to an illustrious prisoner." If

Boethius contrived to write his *Consolations of Philosophy* in the dungeons of Pavia, at least he was not unsupported by the sympathies of an enthusiastic people. It is, however, the peculiar merit of Tasso, that without any adventitious alleviation, in a cell in which he could hardly stand upright, with the shouts of maniacs ringing in his ears, he succeeded in writing lyrics equal to the best of Petrarch's, and composing dialogues which might challenge comparison with those of Plato.

Fresh trials, however, were at hand, which, as they concerned his reputation—of which he was no less jealous than his freedom—were as severely felt by him as the deprivation of liberty. In the event of his release the only resource he had to save him from penury, was the publication of the 'Jerusalem.' Owing to the eagerness with which the public awaited its publication, Tasso had already been offered one thousand crowns for the copyright, and doubtless expected to realize much more by the actual sale. He was now destined to find the fruits of the labours of a whole life torn from his grasp, and his intense anxiety and fastidious delicacy about the perfection of the work ludicrously stultified by the surreptitious publication of the poem in the most mangled state in which a book was ever given to the world. The edition was printed at Venice, under the care of Celio Malaspina, from a fragmentary MS. which had got into his hands through the Grand Duke of Tuscany. The gaps created by the missing cantos and imperfect stanzas were supplied by such prose descriptions as the coherence of the fable seemed to require, and the whole published with a discourse by Pigafetta, representing the author as unable, from lunacy, to complete his work, and praising the liberality of that true Mæcenæ, Alfonso, who was endeavouring to effect his recovery by all possible methods and diligence. Tasso might have neutralized this infringement of his right, and nobly vindicated his honour in the face of the public, by issuing forthwith a correct copy of the poem from the MSS. in the possession of his friends, had not these gentlemen kindly saved him the trouble. Ingegnesi, who had rendered some service to the poet at Turin, published two editions of the entire poem, simultaneously, at Casel-Maggiore and Parma, of course with a view to redeem the author's fame, but without any communication with Tasso, or reimbursing to him a single bajocchi of the immense profits which accrued from the undertaking. As Ingegnesi's editions, though comprising four thousand copies, were exhausted in a few days, Malaspina returned to the charge with a more correct edition still, which was also rapidly bought up and succeeded by another. This insult and pillage, perpetrated under the patronage of the Dukes of Savoy and Florence, and with the

sanction of the Venetian republic, in the teeth of the most urgent remonstrances of the author, was not deemed sufficient, but that one Febo, a publisher of Ferrara, should decoy Tasso into a revision of his epic for immediate publication, under pretence of admitting him to joint profits, but who after realizing a competence from the sale, refused to disgorge a farthing. So great was the demand of the public, that seven editions were cleared in the course of as many months; and each of these were so large, that it is conjectured the publishers could not have made less than four thousand ducats out of Tasso's labours. Meanwhile, the author was as practically forgotten as if he were in his grave. Alfonso had made him legally dead, and the public, no less than the booksellers, were content to think so. While these gentlemen were pushing their golden speculations, and every educated mind in Italy hung with rapture over his pages, Tasso was squabbling with his keepers for improved rations, or stretched on his straw pallet shuddering at the inhumanity of the times on which he had fallen.

Yet, in the midst of these embarrassments, the poet could philosophize. He composed at this time the dialogue, '*Il Padre della Famiglia*,' which he addressed to Scipio Gonzaga, and corrected the poetical pieces he had written during the last two years, to which he prefixed a dedication to the two princesses, as a sign 'that neither the malignity of men, nor the severity of fortune, had the power to extinguish his sense of their deserts.' The Duchess of Urbino showed herself very sensible of this mark of esteem. But Leonora was too far gone in a dangerous illness to read either the poetry or the dedication. In a few months after she expired, the victim of heartless conventionalism, but a martyr to unswerving affection, in the second year's imprisonment of her lover.

It has been adduced by Serassi as a strong confirmation of Tasso's total indifference to Leonora, that he did not bewail her loss by any elegiac verses. But in the first place the fact is not so, and even if it were, it is nothing to the purpose. That Tasso did not compete publicly with the minions of his oppressor, who showered servile panegyric on her grave, may, indeed, be easily reconciled with the sacred nature of his passion; that he invoked Melpomene in secret, is, however, sufficiently established from the existence of two brief elegies which bear evident marks of the loss they were intended to deplore. But even in the supposition that these verses were not intended for Leonora, what inference can be drawn with regard to his present or anterior feelings towards that princess? Were he now indifferent, was not his barbarous treatment sufficient to tread out every spark of refined

feeling, or render him insensible to his former attachment? On the other hand, if that feeling survived the blight of his constitution, is there not a grief too deep for words, and does not his position suggest a thousand reasons why he should be silent on the occasion? Tasso, in reality, still cherished his old attachment; and during Leonora's illness, expressed the greatest concern for her welfare. Farther he dared not venture. His love for the princess, he knew was a theme most unpalatable to Alfonso, the prosecution of which had already cost him freedom, health, and fame. In his golden hours, he had concealed this passion from Alfonso with the most cautious scrupulosity; was he likely to show the duke he still cherished a sentiment so offensive to his aristocratic tastes, while he was expiating his former devotion in the prison of a madhouse?

One of the main reasons which Serassi urges against the existence of the attachment is the morals of the parties concerned. Leonora, says the Abbé, was a temple of chastity. Tasso also cultivated feelings of purity: it was consequently impossible that they should feel any affection for each other. The Abbé's idea of love appears to have been taken from the confessional. He does not seem to have been aware that there is a love even for creatures which can elevate and ennoble, as well as one that debases and corrupts. It is just that kind of affection which has the most powerful attraction for sublime minds, and which, by connecting itself with the source of beauty and perfection, awakens the keenest perceptions of the soul, and proves one of the most powerful auxiliaries of virtue. That Tasso's affection was of this character, the lyrics which he addressed to Leonora sufficiently prove. No other attachment could have endured so long, or triumphed over so many obstacles, or encountered the dangers which at length proved fatal to Tasso's fortunes. Instead of such a connexion reflecting on the morals of the lovers, or throwing a shade on the scutcheon of the House of Este, it is one of the most honourable testimonies that either could receive. Serassi, in his eagerness to defend the poet's virtue, and the glory of the House of Este, would deprive the one of its chief stay, and the other of the brightest jewel that glitters in its coronet.

The attempt of the Modern historiographers to reason mankind out of the mutual attachment of the poet and the princess, in face of Tasso's declarations and the thousand and one sonnets which passed between them on the subject, is only paralleled by Swift's attempt to prove the death of Partridge the almanac-maker, despite that gentleman's solemn asseverations that he was yet among the living. Every step in the proof lands them in contradictions no less startling than absurd. If Serassi be asked

what attraction drew the poet so frequently to Ferrara, and kept him lingering on its threshold, at a time when he might have readily escaped the dangers which threatened his person by entering the service of the Medici, the Abbé replies, "His love for Alfonso,"—a man of whom he stood in the greatest fear, and who gave him nothing but blows in requital of his services. If Tiraboschi be requested to explain the sonnets which bear the name of Leonora, he ascribes them to the influence of Leonora Sansvitali, though from the dates which they bear, that Countess did not visit Ferrara for many months after their composition. By this kind of reasoning, it would not be difficult to get rid of the existence of the parties altogether. Indeed, as far as the poet is concerned, it would be easier to disprove the historical testimony on which his life rests, than to reconcile the glaring contradictions which arise out of the supposition of his indifference to Leonora. That Tasso was a myth, and the authorship of the 'Jerusalem' explainable on the Homeric principle, would doubtless tax the credulity of the most believing mind; but it would require a far greater exercise of faith to believe that a real personage should write sonnets and make passionate declarations of attachment to a nonentity, that he should take long journies and endanger his life for the company of a person about whom he did not care a straw, and act, in every step he took, in contradiction to the ordinary instincts of his nature. Argument in defence of such propositions, is only a burlesque application of the reasoning principle, and anything like dexterity in its use, if meant with good faith, could only cover its supporters with absurdity.

The success of the Jerusalem enabled Tasso's friends to effect some change in his condition; though this appears to have been dearly purchased by renewed disappointment and the envious malice of critics. The poet was removed to a larger cell, and allowed to form some acquaintance with fresh air under the degrading *surveillance* of the officers of St. Anne. He was even permitted to visit the churches of Ferrara, to join in the masquerades, and occasionally to sup with some ladies of distinction in the country; but from the conditions with which these favours were clogged, and the harsh treatment by which they were invariably succeeded, we can discover nothing but a design in Alfonso to make the concessions which were wrung from him by the intercession of the powerful, the means of expediting the poet's ruin. There is hardly any amount of privation to which the mind will not accustom itself. The soothing effects of time, while it obliterates or weakens the memory of past enjoyment, plucks the sting

from present misfortune, by removing the harshness of contrast, which in reality is the only source of misery. But to take off the chains of a captive just when he has become habituated to them, in order to allow him to indulge for twenty-four hours in the Sybarite luxuries of a palace, and to plunge him in his dungeon glooms again, is perpetuating the horrors of the first day's incarceration, and suspending those beneficent laws which nature has provided as a corrective to the worst misfortune. In this agonizing suspense two years more passed away. These indulgences produced all the effect that the tyrant could have wished. Tasso's form became wan and meagre; an icy torpor deadened his faculties; his fancy, once so exuberant, could form no pictures; his exhausted senses refused to furnish the images of things; the pen shrank from its office. He was not, however, unsustained by the glory his Jerusalem had procured him, the light of which burst through the walls of his prison, and nourished the fires of his genius at the moment when they quivered on the verge of annihilation. While his jailors treated him as a madman, the distinguished visitors who crowded his cell from different parts of Italy, conveyed to him the pleasing assurance that fame had already placed him above Ariosto, by the side of Homer and Virgil. The critics, however, ruthlessly interposed to take from him this only remaining source of consolation.

When the *Jerusalem* appeared, the '*Orlando Furioso*,' which had been issued fifty years before, was in the height of its renown. The success of Tasso somewhat detracted from the fame of his rival. The two poems were frequently compared in the current publications of the day, and the laurel awarded to either, according as the critic was either of a grave or lively disposition, or a supporter or assailant of Aristotle. A dialogue of Pellegrino on epic poetry, in which Tasso was placed immeasurably above Ariosto, at length threw the apple of discord into the discussion. A hundred hands strove to drag Tasso from the pedestal on which Pellegrino had placed him, and to sacrifice his genius to the manes of Ariosto. By none was this spirit displayed more furiously than by the *Accademia della Etrusca*. This society, since become so distinguished, was then only composed of a knot of half-a-dozen obscure individuals, who, anxious to gain renown, seized upon the defence of Ariosto as a pretext for deriding Tasso and his father, and depreciating their labours. Tasso, moved by the insult offered to Bernardo, replied to their attack with mildness of phrase and a coolness of judgment which does infinite credit to his character. The Academy, though at once silenced, derived notice from the answer of the poet; just

as the monsters became famous who were subdued by the club of Hercules.

Tasso, however, was too much interested in obtaining his liberty, to be much concerned with the defence of his epic. He had already obtained the intercession of Gregory XIII., Cardinal Albano, the Duke and Duchess of Urbino, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and several princes of the House of Gonzaga, but without any result. He now petitioned the city of Bergamo, the birthplace of his ancestors, to interfere in his behalf. The Council of the town were so moved by his pathetic address, that they resolved to appeal to Alfonso in a body, and that their prayer for his release might be heard, presented the tyrant with a monumental inscription flattering to his ancestors, which Alphonso had displayed some anxiety to have in his possession. Tasso obtained some vague promises of liberty, but months rolled by without bringing their performance. All his efforts being exhausted, he looked forward to death as the only release from captivity, and began to regard his shrunk form and his emaciated features with pleasure, as a sign that the deliverer was at hand. One of the most striking effects of Tasso's long confinement, was the development of the power of abstraction to such a degree as to make the images of the mind more vivid than the actual impression of outward objects. Accustomed to forget the blank walls of his prison in profound contemplation, and to pass the long winter nights philosophizing in total darkness, his ideas became so distinct as to impress themselves upon the retina of the eye with the force of sensible phenomena, and in the absence of the outward world to subject him to spectral illusions. Under some hallucination of this kind, he appears to have composed the 'Messaggerio,' a dialogue which for beauty of description, and subtlety of reasoning, Plato might have envied. The spirit whom he introduces as interlocutor in the discourse, whose approach smote his prison with whirlwind and left it filled with glittering radiance and the sweetest perfumes of Ambrosia, he imagined constantly at his beck like the spirit of Socrates, to solve his difficulty and alleviate his misery. As his bodily powers, however, decayed, and his vigorous imagination was influenced by the disorder of the vital functions, these splendid visions yielded to others of a harrowing character. Flames wreathed and twined themselves across the dark walls of his prison, shadowy forms of unclean animals, despite the law of gravitation, seemed to stride along the ceiling. His ears were filled with alarming noises as if he had been within hearing of Vulcan's smithies, and heard the Cyclops at their anvils. **Horses trampled upon him, and monsters**

butted him in sleep, and when he awoke, he found himself engaged in perilous strife with spectres who surrounded his bed. Though inclined to believe in the reality of these visions, more especially as he found his papers scattered about the floor every morning, and the money stolen which the charity of visitors had bestowed upon him, he, however, withheld his assent, aware of the competence of the imagination to raise false images, and quoted Cicero, in conformity with the pedantry of the times, to show that a philosopher could do no more. The conflict, notwithstanding, was too much for his exhausted frame. Pains in the head and joints, vomiting and flux of blood, were followed by a fever, which reduced Tasso to such a state of extremity that the physicians despaired of his life. In this emergency, his religious feelings, which had grown more steadfast under misfortune, proved of immense service. He imagined the Virgin, crowned and girdled with glory, and flashing with divine splendour, attended by St. Benedict and Scholastica, descended to cure him. The vision had all the effect of reality: he instantly rallied, his fever left him, and he vowed, should an opportunity ever present itself, to perform a pilgrimage to Loretto in token of his gratitude.

Alfonso at length, being assured that his victim could not long survive the effects of his cruelty, and fearing that Tasso's death in St. Anne's might turn against him the indignation of Europe, began to entertain the design of liberating the illustrious prisoner, on obtaining some guarantee to protect himself from reprisal. Quite aware of the cruel outrage he had perpetrated, and estimating Tasso's future conduct by his own spiteful feelings, he blanched at the idea of having his true character sketched in the face of Europe by Tasso's powerful pen, and handed down to posterity. The magnates who had interested themselves in the release of Tasso, soon left the tyrant no excuse for perpetuating his barbarous outrage on the person of the most illustrious genius in Europe. It was agreed that the Prince of Mantua should, as Alfonso's brother-in-law, request the deliverance of Tasso in person, and pledge the honour of the Mantuan Court to the fulfilment of any security required. After some delay, the tyrant granted his liberty on condition that the poet should not be allowed to stray out of the Mantuan dominions, and bound himself by a solemn promise never to utter or write a word derogatory to the dignity of the family who had ruined his splendid genius and blasted his constitution. Severe as these conditions were on which his release was conceded, his friends were obliged to use the utmost caution in breathing the tidings to him, lest the transport should too fatally affect him. On the

6th of July, 1586, after a dreary captivity of seven years, two months, and a few days, a period which, measured day by day, cannot even be reflected on without horror, the gates of St. Anne unfolded to their captive, and he bid adieu to Ferrara for ever.

The fidelity with which the poet kept his promise, and the detention of his papers by Alfonso, under the pretext of a guarantee for its fulfilment, have raised a cloud of obscurity about the causes of the poet's imprisonment, and tended in some degree to screen Alphonso from the curses of posterity. Manso, his bosom friend, could afterwards obtain nothing definite from Tasso on this subject even in the hours of convivial relaxation; and in the five chapters of the poet's life, which he devotes to its elucidation, he is obliged, in the absence of complete evidence, to grope his way by surmise and conjecture. As the noble biographer was not distinguished for much logical skill, the Modena writers endeavoured, by a garbled selection of the materials in their possession, to overthrow his positions, and invest the facts of the case with an opposite meaning. Having got rid of the poet's love to Leonora, to which Manso attributes his friend's confinement, they for the most part allege in extenuation of that event, either the poet's madness, or bilious melancholy and suspicious temper, and assign to Alfonso no other motive than that of effecting his cure. The most singular thing of all is, that these tools of a petty despotism should have found Europe ready to believe them, and accept their reasonings in good faith. Of the accounts we have of Tasso, three-fourths attribute his imprisonment to his bodily or mental disorders, while the better half of the remainder find a natural explanation of that act in the obstinate temper of the poet, and in his overture to the Medici. The views which Alfonso circulated in his age have, by the dexterous management of the creatures of his descendants, come down to our own.

The success of each of these allegations appears to us to have been in a direct ratio with their absurdity. That of madness, the most widely circulated and generally believed of any, is, in the face of the daily triumphs of his genius, despite the horrid sufferings he had to undergo, the least entitled to confutation. If the appeal of Sophocles to the 'Œdipus' was thought by his judges a sufficient reply to the unnatural impeachers of his sanity, Tasso might safely rest his cause on the numerous works he composed in prison, secure of a triumphant verdict from any European Court impartially constituted. Even were the evidence of these voluminous writings wanting, the testimony of those who flocked to his cell from different parts of Italy, at various periods of his imprisonment, would be quite sufficient to

establish Tasso's constant possession of the most brilliant powers of mind, without admitting the remotest ground for the plea of lucid intervals. From the outset he was constantly visited by Guglio Mosti, who declared his preference of Tasso's society, even in his dungeon gloom, to freedom without it. Aldus never wearied of his conversation, but always, when access was permitted, ran to enjoy the intellectual pleasure it afforded. Padre Grillo came periodically from Genoa, and wiled away entire days in the charnel-house of his prison, which he always left with regret, and re-entered with increased pleasure. Of the crowd of visitors, Montaigne is the only one whose testimony is of a disparaging character; but, by a lucky incident, its value is destroyed, except for the purpose of showing the dreadful conspiracy of which Tasso was the victim. Montaigne was admitted to view the captive on the 17th of November, 1580, the very day on which Tasso was preparing the two volumes of poems for the princesses, and writing that dedication which expresses more Christian feeling than is to be found in the entire collection of the French sceptic's Essays. His impression that 'Tasso was forgetful of himself and his works,' was consequently a mere illusion, which arose from the associations of the place, and the squalor of the poet's person, and the contemplative reverie in which he was plunged. By exhibiting Tasso in this plight, the rumour of his madness was kept alive. He doubtless possessed the most vigorous mind of his century, but this only diminished his chances of coming out of such an ordeal without loss of reputation. Shut up a poet who may happen to have been crossed in love in a madhouse, deny him his ordinary ablutions, allow unthinking coxcombs to peer through the bars of his window, and the energetic action of his faculties will be accepted as irrefragable evidence of insanity.

That Tasso was subject to attacks of bile, and inclined to see the machinations of enmity or the alienation of friendship in the most indifferent events, might lend some colour to the imputation of madness; but that it should ever have been confounded with it in the eyes of impartial critics, almost surpasses comprehension. Whatever the fears and suspicions of Tasso might have been, it cannot be asserted they were entirely groundless in an age when poisoning was regarded as an art, and the forms of religion were interposed to conceal the stabs of despotism. In his most suspicious moods he never mistook friends for foes, or reached the gigantic extravagance of Rousseau, who imagined that all mankind had conspired to accomplish his ruin. Yet if the most ruthless of his enemies never thought of affixing the imputation of madness on the author of 'Emile,' and the 'Social Compact,' why should that charge be visited on Tasso, who has left works

of a much sounder character, and never displayed, though under far greater provocation, one tithe of his eccentricity? All those phases of the poet's temper which the worst of his biographers would connect with a disordered reason, are perfectly deducible from his exquisite sensibility and habitual converse with the ideal world. That a man who has been accustomed to rule over the intellectual sphere with the prerogatives of a kingly nature, should realize all the mortification of the contrast produced by the grovelling scenes among which his earthly lot is cast, and commit the usual blunders of inexperience in dealing with his fellow mortals, surely does not require the theory of madness to explain; nor can the melancholy humours and exhausted nerves, the natural consequence of his triumphs in those elevated regions, afford any pretext, but must materially aggravate, the crime of incarcerating him in a dungeon.

Yet in this light, the worst, perhaps, in which this ruffianly act of despotism can be viewed, it has not lacked defenders. Tiraboschi had the audacity to declare that Alfonso, by prescribing seven years' incarceration, only consulted the health, honour, and advantages of Tasso, who evinced his continual obstinacy by considering himself a prisoner.* The Italian gloss upon imprisonment is somewhat curious. We have seen an elaborate argument to prove that Galileo, who certainly tasted of the dungeons of the Inquisition, never knew what confinement was, being indulged in the usual airings necessary to prolong his enjoyment of the place. The poet, like the astronomer, according to the Modena notion, was not imprisoned; he was merely deprived of his liberty.

The plea set up by Serassi and others, of the poet's overture to the Medici, and his irritating expressions towards the House of Este, taken separately and conjointly, utterly fail to meet the facts of the case, or to shelter Alfonso from an atom of the odium justly attaching to his position. That a man should be locked up for upwards of seven years for giving way to a little honest indignation at finding himself the dupe of treacherous promises, surely cannot be entertained, especially as Tasso openly repented of the offensive language as soon as uttered, and sued for pardon. Nor, indeed, was this plea in existence when the first attempt was made on Tasso's liberty, by consigning him to the monastery of St. Francis, after his last visit to Belriguardo. No less stress has been laid on the poet's overture to the Medici, though it is more glaringly insufficient to perform the service that is required of it than his angry expressions. Tasso was

* *Storia della Liter. Ital.* Tom vii. Par iii. p. 1213. Ed. Venet. 1796.

under no obligations to stay in Alphonso's service longer than he deemed it conducive to his own interest, nor could that prince have considered his departure in any way derogatory to his dignity, or ventured to lock up Tasso simply for exercising his liberty. The relations of Alfonso with the Tuscan Court were unfriendly, but not hostile, and as he withdrew his protection from the poet, he could not expect Tasso to allow the piques he had with rival sovereigns to debar him from entering their service. If Alfonso was influenced by these motives, at least he was ashamed to avow them; and those who take up this ground, forget they defend that prince by a line of argument which convicts him of duplicity, since he always alleged the poet's cure as the object of his incarceration. But there is this unanswerable argument to the entire theory, that it leaves the suppression of the Tasso MSS. in the archives of Modena, and the blanks in the copy of the poet's discourse on the various accidents of his life to Scipio Gonzaga a greater mystery than before. If Serassi's plea furnishes an entire solution of the case without having recourse to the poet's attachment to Leonora, why garble the evidence, and while allowing the poet to detail the facts in connexion with the Medici business, suppress other passages in his letters which evidently refer to the causes of his imprisonment? But it is idle to multiply arguments and evidence against suppositions which can command neither arguments or evidence in their favour.

In reality there is but one cause adequate to account for the rigour of the punishment, and to explain the complicated facts of the case, and that is the very amour which the historiographers of Modena pretend not to have the least cognizance of. Indeed, were the overwhelming evidence in its favour wanting, it would be necessary to create this attachment as the only key which can fit into the tortuous wards of which the evidence is composed; but with the existence of the attachment incontestably proved, the theory becomes a *vera causa*, and acquires stability equal to any in the range of physical science. That Tasso should undergo his long imprisonment for uttering a few cholerie expressions, or for making use of his liberty, or for an imaginary disorder, does really appear absurd; but to attribute his incarceration to his successful endeavour to detract the affection of a princess from the high alliances befitting her position, is only assigning to an act which was then considered treason against the state, its natural punishment, and affording a rational account of Alfonso's conduct. The chief means which that prince had of realizing his ambitious projects, and resisting the encroachments of the Holy See, lay in connecting his family

with the leading courts of Europe. To cut asunder the tie which interfered with his design, he endeavoured to persuade Leonora her lover was deranged, and to compel Tasso to assume that character in the eyes of others. Viewed in this light the expressions of the poet concerning the conference at Belriguardo; his transfer immediately after to the monastery of St. Francis; the duke's request on Tasso's return to Ferrara, that he should form a third to Solon and Junius Brutus, who simulated madness for state purposes; the constant detention of his papers, and the eternal chatter of the tyrant about curing his disorder, and the necessity of Tasso submitting to medical treatment, all fit into their proper places as parts of the same scheme, and serve to explain each other. That Tasso should demur to this policy, and fly Ferrara a second time on a renewal of the attempt to have it thrust upon him; that he should be lured back by wiles and deceitful promises, and betrayed by an artful course of tactics into expressions which might afford Alphonso a pretext for depriving him of his liberty, are only so many instances of the same design arising out of the respective situations of the actors.

The theory, like others of similar incontestibility, only derives fresh confirmation from the objections urged against it, and the mode in which it is sought to be defeated. The silence of the contemporary Ferrarese historian, and the prevailing opinion at the Court of Ferrara, deemed so destructive to this theory, are naturally accounted for by the position of Alfonso. If the influence of his descendants is sufficiently powerful over the pens of Modena to make them falsify the plainest facts of Tasso's history, there can be no difficulty in supposing that the court spoke as Alfonso wished, and that the Ferrara historians, since they were prohibited from telling the whole truth, chose rather to be silent on the subject altogether. That the duke should detain Tasso after Leonora's death, is a natural consequence of the secrecy which that prince spread over the entire transaction. Had Alfonso liberated the prisoner at that juncture, the whole affair would have become transparent, and he must have lost his character for truth and honour before the world. His wish to preserve his consistency, to gratify his prevalent disposition of revenge, to conceal an attachment which he imagined cast a shadow upon his scutcheon, alike show that he could have pursued no course on the death of his sister, but that which the Modena writers imagine to be quite irreconcilable with the theory. In reality, no objection can be urged which will not in like manner be found to arise out of the tortuous course which Alfonso pursued, and will as certainly disappear, as soon

as the motives arising out of his interest to conceal the facts are taken into account. The unscrupulous means by which the writers of the house of Este have endeavoured to confuse the evidence of the case, their stout denial of the glaring fact of the love attachment, singularly concur with the blanks in the poet's correspondence in pointing to the truth of the same theory, and afford one of the strongest proofs of its reality.

This explanation furnishes the only plea that can be urged in extenuation of the crime of Alfonso, inasmuch as it is the only one which helps him to a reason for his guilt, and protects him from the charge of imbecility. That he should crush the life of the greatest genius of his age, without any further motive than the gratification of a passing whim or caprice, is only comprehensible upon terms which would make him a Caligula in understanding as well as a Domitian in cruelty; but that he should strive to uproot an attachment fatal to his designs, by making Leonora believe her lover mad, and treating him as if he were so, is compatible with the greatest capacity, and might afford some excuse for the crime by connecting it with the usages of state and the execrable politics of the epoch.

But the intoxication of power led the duke to mistake his own court for the world, and to believe that he could as easily mould the opinion of Europe and posterity as he fashioned the opinion of Ferrara. What he took up through mere recklessness of authority, his descendants have maintained from pride of ancestry. But this conceit, notwithstanding the activity of their scribes, is rapidly passing away, and Alfonso begins to appear in his true colours as a shameless oppressor, a disgrace to his rank, and a traitor to his trust. Even in his own person, his cruelty was not left without its reward. He survived the affections of his subjects and of his dependents, who deserted him at his death, and suffered his body to be interred without decent honours. His last wishes were neglected, his testament was cancelled. His kinsman, Don Cæsar, who in the absence of the direct line succeeded him, shrunk from the excommunication of the Vatican, and after a brief struggle, the city polluted by Tasso's imprisonment, passed away from the dominion of the house of Este.

At Mantua, whither Tasso had retired after his release, he felt all the pleasure that the passing from a prison to a palace is able to afford, and resumed his literary tasks with something of juvenile activity. His attention was principally occupied with the completion of the '*Torrismondo*,' two acts of which had been composed immediately after the production of the *Aminta*, whose success incited him to the undertaking. Tasso, at the outset of the tragedy, seems to have distrusted his own resources, and sus-

pended the composition from want of a model. The name of William Shakespeare, who at that period was raising the drama in England to a height which the world will never look on again, was unknown to him; French tragedy had not arisen; and as no production of the kind had appeared in Italy, Tasso was obliged to have recourse to the ancients. Sophocles was studied day and night, and all Italy ransacked for a copy of Euripides. He is loud in his complaints that the entire peninsula cannot furnish him with an edition of the plays of this writer. The reader has reason to regret he was not equally unprovided with the works of Sophocles as with those of Euripides, as he has injured a great part of his tragedy by the closeness of the imitation to the *Oedipus Tyrannus*. Tasso appears to have thought that as he succeeded in the *Jerusalem*, after a diligent preparation in the school of Homer and Virgil, he might climb the heights of tragic representation by a similar study of the Greek dramatists. But the two things were entirely different. With the ancients, epic poetry was eminently natural, the incidents rising naturally out of the passions of men; and allowing nothing to control the order of their succession but the ordinary casualties of fortune. Their tragedy, on the other hand, was as eminently artificial, and its false character arose out of a predestinarian system of ethics peculiar to their time, and the necessity they were under of elevating their spiritual nature by making pity the leading object of the tragic drama. The series of horrors which constitute the staple matter of the ancient tragedies, are guided by blind fatality to a pathetic issue, solely with a view to afford the spectator some release from the turmoil of the passions which the religion of the epoch rather provoked than restrained. But to write tragedy in this fashion, when the condition of society to which it was adapted had been entirely subverted, and Christianity had destroyed the doctrine and the need of its application, was to disfigure nature without any assignable reason or purpose, and weaken the reality of the fable, which constitutes the principal charm of dramatic representation. Even Schiller failed in the attempt, as Shakespeare would have done, had he been so learned as to make it.

Tasso, however, failed from causes irrespective of the imperfection of his models. His long confinement, besides exhausting his mental powers, had, by absorbing his attention too much in dry philosophical subjects, destroyed that nice perception of character which he displays in the *Jerusalem*, and unfitted him to realize that identity of language and action by which the personages of a play should be distinguished, even were their names erased from the piece. Tasso, enfeebled by upwards of seven years' imprisonment, could hardly paint a countenance. The

drama required a succession of portraits. The characters of the *Torrismondo*, instead of flowing from the life-blood of a seminal principle, and shaping their outer surface according to the vital impulse within, are consequently only so many pasteboard creations, deriving their chief resemblance to reality from the paint of the rhetorician. The dialogues are strained and forced; the soliloquies so much rant and bombast. The anger cold, and the remorse sorrowless. Either the hero is in conflict with himself, or his language is inconsistent with his situation. The efficiency of his powers in other respects only tended to complete his failure. His forte at description, so essential to success in epic poetry, prevented him from realizing that vivid and condensed energy of thought which the passions exhibit in striking situations, while his superiority as a lyric carried the choice parts of the drama, the failure of which was essential to the success of the piece, to an extraordinary pitch of beauty and perfection.

If Tasso failed to win a triumph in two of the highest departments of his art, he failed where no one else has succeeded. Among poets of the first class he almost stands alone in the attempt. Voltaire is the only distinguished writer, with the exception of Milton, who has submitted his powers to a similar test, and he appears to have failed in the *Henriade* from the action of causes directly inverse to those which led to the ill success of the *Torrismondo*. He studied men not in libraries, but amid the routs of a dissipated capital, where the eagerness of their passions threw open their secret motives and revealed the latent springs of action. His tragedies, consequently, are excellent, and lack no perfection in character; on the other hand, his daily conflicts with the world checked his flights in the ethereal regions, and impoverished his conceptions. Hence the *Henriade* flags as much from the impropriety of its descriptions as the *Torrismondo* from the want of adjusting the language to the situation and the sentiments to the actor. The descriptive parts of Tasso's tragedies are equal to any writing of the kind in poetry, the only thing is that they occur where they are not wanted. Had the author emancipated himself from the trammels of the ancients, and paid some attention to the development of character, he might have produced a play worthy of a place by the side of the *Jerusalem* and the *Aminta*. Yet with all these drawbacks, the popularity of the *Torrismondo* on its appearance was greater than the most successful tragedies of Maffei or Alfieri, the author's reputation carrying it through seven editions in less than five months.

The labour of this literary effort weakened his constitution and exposed him to a fresh attack of biliousness, which

was by no means alleviated by the intelligence that one Li-cineo, a 'friend' to whom he had intrusted his Discourses on Epic Poetry had published the work, and was, as usual, relieving him of the burden of the profits. To rid himself of these complicated annoyances he visited Bergamo, where he met the kind attention of the magistrates, and renewed, in the embraces of his relatives, some of those sunny hours which repaid him for many a stormy day of his existence. During his stay Grillo, who had done so much to cheer his prison gloom, offered him the chair of Ethics at the Academy of Genoa, with an annual pension of eleven hundred crowns, but Tasso, whose eye, in the event of his making any change, was bent on Rome, declined on the ground of ill health. The death of the duke of Mantua, which immediately followed, left him at liberty to follow his inclination, and gave rise to disappointments at that court which urged him to make use of it. Vincenzo Gonzaga, as soon as he was invested with the ducal honours, hardly knew his old companion, and Tasso, deeming himself an encumbrance, set out with a few books and papers to Rome, but scantily provided with money, on one of those chivalric journeys in which he imagined that relays would start up for him at every post, and each hotel prove a hospitable castle. The first day or two's adventures disappointed these expectations. When he reached Bologna his means required him to alight at a miserable inn, whence he issued to re-visit the scene of his youthful studies. The sight of the University brought to his mind a thousand dreams of love, and glory, and ambition which had peopled his imagination during his boyhood residence, of which now nothing remained but the melancholy dust and ashes.

Tasso turned out of his way to discharge his vow at Loretto, where he fortunately met with one of the Gonzagos, who replenished his purse, and set him on his way to the eternal city. Having many powerful acquaintances within its walls, he imagined he had only to show himself, to be overwhelmed with honours and appointments. But his hopes as usual were doomed to meet with a bitter reverse. Nothing in Rome was to be had for nothing. The *Omnia Romæ Venalia* of the stern African was still true. Tasso was not without some hope of getting a benefice, but after the first salutations were over, his ecclesiastical patrons were too much engaged in pushing their own fortunes to listen to him. Papio could not present him to Sixtus V., employed as that Pontiff was, in the construction of streets, in the building the Piazza d'Espagna, the turning of the Colosseum into a government dye-works, and in other unimaginative creations; Cardinal Albano, and Cantaneo his secretary, were too incensed with Tasso

for coming to Rome against their advice, to assist him in his difficulties. Cardinal Montalto, for whom he invented a coat of arms, gave him thanks, but nothing more. All the Cardinals and great men whom he praised, praised him in return, and there the matter ended. Scipio Gonzaga had been raised to the purple, but his warm regard for the poet did not survive his elevation. He received Tasso in his palace, but left him to squabble with his superior domestics, and get apartments and rations how he could. This neglect was more than his acute sensibility could well bear, and he threatened the world not to resume his pen, until it repented of the wrongs it had done him. Dr. Johnson tells a story of a man who when he was offended, revenged himself by sleeping all night on a bridge in the open air. Tasso resolved to bring his patrons to their senses, by forming a resolution to retire to an hermitage. His patrons however were immovable, and continued to slight the mind, in the blaze of whose glory, they were destined to be preserved from oblivion.

The only resource available to the poet of securing an honest independence was the recovery of his mother's dowry, which had been filched from Bernardo by her relatives; and since the Neapolitan attainder, which hindered him from commencing an action, had been removed, he resolved to proceed to Naples for that purpose. As Cornelia was dead, he proceeded to the Neapolitan capital, where, notwithstanding many distinguished invitations, he took up his residence with the monks of Mount Oliveto. Here he consulted physicians about his health, and lawyers with respect to his inheritance. The former gave him little encouragement; the latter, though not knowing against whom to proceed, held out every hope of success. When the legal campaign was arranged, Tasso, quite at ease in the cloister, resumed his literary labours, which he interrupted alone for the exercises of religion, or the society of a select circle of friends.

The poet's advancing age, the buffets he had experienced in the world, had deepened his religious feelings into a rigid asceticism. The sudden liking he displayed for theological studies, and his hope of a benefice, contributed to advance this feeling, and led him at length to regard his Jerusalem from the same point of view as Antoniano and Sperone. He had for some time cherished the notion of flinging out of that poem the praises of the house of Este; he now determined, in conjunction with this view, to destroy the exquisite machinery and episodes to which the Jerusalem owed its success, and to bring the design, according to the suggestion of his critics, in closer unison with the *Iliad*. With this view he extended the original poem to twenty-four cantos, introduced his old heroes into positions analogous to those of

Homer, and provided them with similar speeches, antagonists, and companions. The enchantments were removed, with the refined passion of which they were the vehicle, as too profane for so sacred a subject; the real heroes of the piece gave way to men of straw, and brawls and fights were multiplied, as more in keeping with the delivery of Christ's sepulchre than the tender refinements of love. Tasso seems to have been in raptures as these changes grew upon his hands. Though every day destroyed some beauty, and introduced fresh dulness, he was sincerely convinced that the old poem would not survive the publication of the new, and invited his patrons to share in the anticipation of the new triumph which he felt conscious awaited him. In the glow of enthusiasm, he read the stanzas, as they were composed, to the Frati of the monastery and a select circle of friends, under the pine-trees and cypresses which studded their magnificent gardens. The monks applauded, the critics had their way, but the new-modelled Jerusalem has not since been heard of.

Manso had the good sense to distract him from this suicidal attempt upon his reputation, by occasional drives amidst the magnificent scenery which surrounds the Bay of Naples, and by interesting him in the antiquities of the country. As the autumn advanced, this nobleman took him to Bisaccio, a small village in the mountains of Albruzzi, of which he held the seignury, where, amidst the pleasure of village sports, and the relaxations of the chase, Tasso recovered something of his youthful alacrity, which made him anxious, on his return to the monastery, for another brush with the world. He set out for Rome immediately afterwards, with a view to press his suit with the ambassador of Mantua for the recovery of his books and papers, which he had left behind him at that court; but without any prospect of settlement, and leaving fate, as usual, to defray the necessary expenses of the journey. On alighting at the palace of Cardinal Gonzaga, the poet, in the absence of that dignitary, was rudely received: his portmanteau had been detained at the Dogana for want of four crowns to satisfy the legalized banditti who levy customs at the Papal gates, and he was obliged to call in the aid of the Abbot of Mount Olivet, who rescued his baggage, and found him shelter at the Olivetan Monastery at Rome. The return of Cardinal Gonzaga induced him again to repair to his palace, but Tasso had no sooner settled himself in his old quarters than the departure of that dignitary led him to embroil himself with the domestics, who finally turned him out of doors. Sick and destitute, he hired a garret in a miserable tenement hard by, where he was obliged to part with his wardrobe and linen, to provide for the day passing over him. His exigencies once more drove him back to the monastery.

whence, either tired of the monks, or believing that the monks were tired of him, the successful competitor of Virgil, in sight of the palaces which were not fit to form a pavement for his feet, departed to hide his misery and nakedness in a public hospital!

Fortune at last seemed weary of persecuting him; succour arrived from his rich friends at Naples. Mantua sent him money and clothes, and the Duke of Tuscany enclosed one hundred and fifty crowns, with a pressing invitation to his court. Tasso, finding that his treatment at the palace of Gonzaga, to which he had been again invited, was not materially improved, set out for Florence by the short, but dreary route of Sienna, and experienced a brilliant reception, both on the part of the court and the literary magnates of that city. Caressed by the Grand Duke and his family, and fêted by the academies, which a few years before endeavoured to destroy his reputation, Tasso seems to have passed the summer in unusual gaiety. His heart, however, by a strange fatuity, was fixed on Rome, the only city that continued to dishonour him, and the first prospect of advancement determined his return to that city.

In September the conclave assembled to appoint a successor to Sixtus V.: as there was hardly a cardinal with whom Tasso had not some acquaintance, he flew to Rome with all the velocity of expectation and hunger. The election of Urban VII. did not disappoint his expectations, but as that pontiff lingered on the throne only twelve days, he found one of his best odes completely thrown away on the occasion. Gregory XIV., who succeeded Urban, had been an intimate friend of Tasso's, but this appears to have been a reason why he was neglected. After lingering for some time about the purlieus of the Vatican, he was drawn to Mantua, at the eager solicitation of the Duke, where he wasted the summer in emblazoning the genealogy of the family, and celebrating grandeur and virtues which had no existence out of its archives. After some months spent at Mantua, principally in the composition of odes celebrating the grandeur and virtues of the ducal house, the election of a new pope, Innocent IX., conspired with the marshy grounds of the neighbourhood, in the autumn, to drive Tasso back to the Eternal City. His prospects, however, were not improved by the change; and soon after his arrival he eagerly accepted the offer of the new Duke of Concha, who prepared for his guest stately apartments, and surrounded him with all the honours of the ducal establishment, with a prescience that the immense glory about to accrue to Tasso, would under his generosity historical.

As the spring advanced Tasso removed to the villa of Manso,

more agreeably situate, on the borders of the sea, in sight of the tomb of Virgil, where, if he had not so many attentions, his motions were more unrestrained and less watched. At the villa of Concha, Tasso had thrown away a great deal of labour in completing the '*Gerusalemme Conquistata*;' he now, at the request of the mother of Manso, employed his talents on a sacred subject, and undertook the poem '*Sette Giornati*;' or, '*il Creazione del Mondo*.' The selection of the subject was unfortunate, but the age was eminently theological, and indifferent writers had found in similar themes the path to European popularity. The poem of Du Bartas, on the same subject, though now forgotten, or remembered only for the purpose of satire, had already passed through thirty editions in the course of a few years. Tasso, with this example of success before him, and with the frigid Latin of Du Bartas in his hand, laid out the plan of his poem amidst the scenes which Milton was soon to grace with his presence while meditating on a kindred subject, and surrounded by gardens as beautiful as the Eden which the Bard of Paradise was destined to create.

That Tasso did not live to complete the '*Sette Giornati*,' can excite little regret. The theme is one which must oppress and subdue the greatest genius, being at once too sublime for conception, too vast for display, and too splendid for decoration. As in philosophy there are axioms which on account of their evidence cannot be proved, so in poetry there are topics which on account of their lustre cannot be illustrated. No rhetorical exaggeration can improve the sublimity of the Mosaic account of the Creation; and when Milton and Tasso venture to impart more definite strokes to the picture, and pursue it into detail, they fall infinitely below themselves and the subject. Such topics derive their poetry from the naked simplicity with which they are narrated. To adorn is to spoil.

To describe the formation of worlds,—from what elements and by what laws the earth assumed its present bulk and structure, and fitted into the universe of things,—to explain the action of vitality on its surface, and lay open the intricate relations and dependencies of spirit and matter,—requires knowledge too absolute for man to reach in the most forward state of science; but the attempt in the middle of the sixteenth century, before a physical law of any importance was discovered, has been singularly travestied by the result. What Milton and Tasso relate as the work of a few hours, geologists prove to be the productions of epochs of thousands of years. The events which the former attribute to the simple volition of the Deity taking effect in the same moment

the fiat has been issued, the latter track through a regular series of causes and effects which took decades or centuries to complete. Though truth is not the direct object of poetry, those pleasurable emotions which it is its principal aim to excite cannot be raised by descriptions, no matter however fine, that violently contradict actual facts, and which are in palpable conflict with nature. Hence when Tasso pictures the Deity in the act of fixing the foundations of the earth as if it were a flat table; or when Milton describes the same stupendous Being hurrying forth with a pair of compasses and scales, to fix the specific gravities of things and determine their relations to each other, reason rises up in arms against the audacious flights of imagination, and disowns the picture. Tasso and Milton did all that the human mind could effect on so incomprehensible a theme. Their forte at description enabled them to adorn their pieces, when not intimately connected with the theology of the subject, with gems of the choicest poetry.

Nothing can please many, and please long, which does not address itself to the fancy or the heart; and in general, to the perusal of rhyming theogonies we sit down without curiosity, and rise without regret.

Similarity of subject, the hospitality of a common friend, enjoyed amid the same scenery, led Milton to study the works of Tasso more sedulously than those of any other Italian poet, and in some respects to take him as his model. His angels and devils are close imitations of Tasso; and in his pandemonium he has borrowed many strokes of the same powerful pen; but it is some satisfaction to know that the groundwork of this terrible scene is taken from Claudian, and that Milton has improved as much upon the fourth canto of the *Jerusalem* as Tasso upon the first book of the *'Rape of Proserpine.'* The resemblance, however, between the *'Sette Giornati'* and the *'Paradise Lost,'* is not confined to parallel passages, but pervades the structure of the verse, the rhythm and harmony of the periods, and the principal characteristics of the style. Dr. Johnson said that Milton was determined in his choice of blank verse by the *'Italia Liberata'* of Trissino; but there is no proof that he ever saw the epic of Trissino, while his imitations of the *'Versi sciolti'* of Tasso meet us at every page. Nothing in the style of Milton is more peculiar and characteristic than the aggregation of high-sounding names, by which the poet displays his vast store of knowledge, while he improves the melody of his verse, and gratifies the fancy by the definite nature of his similitudes and illustrations, as

‘Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine, gathering flowers—

Herself a fairer flower—by gloomy Dis
 Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain
 To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
 Of Daphne, by Orontes, and the inspired
 Castalian spring, might with this paradise
 Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle,
 Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
 Hid Amalthea, and her florid son,
 Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
 Nor where Abassin's kings their issue guard,
 Mount Amara.*

This accumulation of topographical and mythological allusions is so characteristic of Milton, that Philips is mainly indebted to it in his 'Splendid Shilling,' for the close resemblance of his caricature to the original. There are many good imitations in this burlesque of *Paradise Lost*, but it is by such passages as the following that the features of the travesty are most glaringly revealed.

'Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
 Snokes Cambro-Breton (versed in pedigree
 Sprung from the Cadwallador, and Arthur, kings
 Full famous in romantic tales), when he
 O'er many a craggy wall and barren cliff,
 Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
 High overshadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his wares; or at the Arvonian mart
 Of Maridunum, or the ancient town,
 Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
 Encircles Ariconium—fruitful soil!
 Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vye
 With Massic, Setin, or renowned Falern.'

Now, this peculiarity meets us almost in every second page of the 'Sette Giornati,' and as it is frequently mixed up with idioms and similitudes which Milton has transferred to his own pages, we cannot for a moment doubt the source whence Milton derived this mode of embellishing his numbers. Tasso thus describes the phoenix preparing materials for its conflagration—

'Quinci raccoglie dell antica selva
 I dolci Succhi e piu soavi odori
 Che Scelga il Tiro o l'Arabo felice
 O Pigmeo favoloso ad Indo adusto,
 O che produca par nel molle grembo

* '*Paradise Lost*,' iv. 268.

De Sabei fortunati aprica terra
 Nè cassia *manca* o Podorato acanto
 Nè dell' incenso lagrimosi stille
 E di tenero nardo i nuovi germi.*

The first five of these verses are an exact counterpart of Milton's manner, while in the last three the word *wanted* is employed in the sense in which Milton alone has used it, as—

'His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
 Sat Horror plum'd; nor *wanted* in his grasp
 What seemed both spear and shield.'†

Again:—

'Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles—
Wanted nor youthful dalliance.'‡

Of the connection between the following passages, in which the same peculiarity of heaping up melodious names is observed, there can be no doubt.

'Tralascio di Sfingi, e di Centauri,
 Di Polifemo e di ciclopi appresso,
 Di Satiri, di Fauni e di silvani,
 Di Pani e d'Epipani, e d'altri erranti
 Ch' empier le solitarie inculte selve
 D' antiche maraviglie; e quell' accolto
 Esercito di Bacco in Oriente
 Ond' egli vinse e trionfo degl' Inidi
 Tornando glorioso a' Greci lidi
 Siccone' è favoloso antico grido:
 E lascia gli Arimaspi, e quei ch' al sole
 Si fan col piè giacendo e scherno ed ombra,
 Ei Pigmei favolosi in lunga guerra.
 Colle gru rimarransi, e quanto unguaneo
 Dipinse 'n carta l'Africa brigiarda.§

'For never since created man
 Met such embodied force, as named with these
 Could merit more than that small infantry,
 Warred on by cranes; though all the giant brood
 Of Phlegra, with the heroic race, were joined
 That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side,
 Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
 In fable or romance of Uther's son, ●
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights,
 And all who since, baptized or infidel,

* 'Giornata quinta,' vol. v. p. 70.

† 'Paradise Lost,' iv. 337.

‡ 'Paradise Lost,' iv. 988.

§ 'Gior. Sesta,' vol. v. p. 89.

Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
 Damasco, or Morocco, or Trebisbond,
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric's shore,
 When Charlemain, with all his peerage, fell
 By Fontarabia.*

The practice of gliding the final or initial vowel when it comes in contact with another, which distinguishes Milton from other blank verse writers, is also to be ascribed to the influence of Tasso. But in this particular, imitation was unfortunate; Tasso had recourse to elision to mitigate that excessive softness of the Italian language, and relieve its metre from the monotony of liquid sounds. But the English language, on account of the prevalence of the opposite quality, had as much need of the introduction of liquids as the Italian of their exclusion. By striking them out, Milton produced the same effect as Tasso would have done, had he ventured on augmenting the defects of his own language. He increased the very asperity and ruggedness he ought to have been anxious to get rid of, and left our harsh cadences still harsher.

In the years 1595-6, the world was astounded by the rapidity with which the Roman Pontiffs succeeded each other. Within the space of a few months, three phantoms had appeared and vanished in the Vatican. As Clement VIII., who succeeded Innocent IX., was intimate with Tasso, his election rekindled the poet's ardour, and produced an ode which gained him a flattering invitation from his Holiness. The juncture was critical, as his lawyers, by dint of a Papal excommunication, had discovered the possessor of his maternal inheritance, and required his attendance at Naples. A second missive from the Vatican, however, determined his choice, and he set out for Rome, ready at last to acknowledge his genius and do him honour. The journey was attended with an adventure, which shows that the poet did not entertain without some grounds the notion that his fame might be of some assistance to him in his journeys. On leaving the Neapolitan territory, Tasso and his fellow-travellers were driven into Mola by a large body of banditti, and reduced to the necessity of abandoning either their luggage or their journey; when the chief of the brigands, hearing that Tasso was among his prisoners, not only drew off his troops, but offered to escort the

* 'Paradise Lost,' i. 572.

To cite the numerous passages which Milton has verbally taken from this poem would exceed our space. The following references will lead the reader to the principal:—'Gior. Prima,' vol. iii. p. 5; 'Paradise Lost,' i. 17; 'Gior.' i. vol. v. p. 11; 'Paradise Lost,' i. 20; 'Gior.' i. p. 6; 'Paradise Lost,' vii. 8; 'Gior.,' iii. p. 37; 'Paradise Lost,' iv. 256; 'Gior.' iii. p. 34; 'Paradise Lost,' iii. 36.

party to Rome. The poet declined the favour, and arrived at the Vatican in safety.

He was received with great eagerness by the nephews of the Pontiff, the eldest of whom, Cinthio Aldobrandini, conceived for him the highest regard, and overwhelmed him with attention. Lodged in the finest palace in the world, surrounded with the richest treasures of art and literature, with princes for his companions, and the proudest barons vyeing to do him honour, Tasso began to feel in his proper position. Wishing to give Cinthio some testimony of his gratitude, he prepared his '*Gerusalemme Conquistata*' for the press immediately afterwards, and on the elevation of that prelate to the Cardinalate, dedicated the epic to him, with a feeling that he was bestowing on his benefactor the same compliment that Virgil conferred on Augustus near the same spot. As the public seemed to discountenance this attempt to remodel his '*Jerusalem*,' he wrote a pamphlet to prove the vast superiority of the second epic to the first, but in reality established nothing, except that his taste had become diseased. The worry of the critics, his seven years' incarceration, and damaging collisions with the world, had shattered his genius, and to what remained of its early vigour, the domination of morbid asceticism gave a fatal direction. It would appear that the human mind judges of its productions, not so much according to their correspondence with any abstract law of taste, as their compliance with its own temper and disposition. Tasso, before all his productions, preferred a '*Gerusalemme Conquistata*,' which succeeding generations have not seen; Milton, a '*Paradise Regained*,' which they have seen, and been sorry for.

To provide against the contingencies of a feeble constitution, the poet passed the succeeding summer in Naples, but his pen could no more rest than his body, and he spent that time in the excitement of composition which should have been devoted to needful relaxation. In the autumn he was recalled to Rome by Cardinal Cinthio to enjoy the unexpected honour of a triumph. Tasso was to be crowned with laurel in the capitol, after the manner of Petrarch, the day of the ceremonial to be observed as a national festivity by the command of the Pontiff, who promulgated a decree to that effect. The honour, however, came too late to be much valued by Tasso, who, with some presentiment of approaching dissolution, regarded the affair as an idle pageant. As the weather grew stormy, the triumph was postponed to the Spring; but the health of the poet rapidly declined in the winter, while fortune mocked him with fresh favours. Clement VIII. granted him a pension of one hundred crowns, and prince Avellino, the wrongful possessor of his mother's property, consented to com-

pound the lawsuit by allowing him an annuity of two hundred ducats. This burst of sunshine, however, only lit him to his tomb. Fame held the laurel above his head; independence at length was in his grasp; but the grave yawned at his feet. By his reckless attempt to print himself out, before death wrested the pen from his fingers, he reduced his constitution so low as to be unable to withstand the changes of the spring. Early in April, feeling his strength rapidly decreasing, he desired to be conveyed to the monastery of St. Onofrio, to imbibe the pure air of the Janiculum, where, after a slight attack of fever on the 25th of the same month, in his 52nd year, death gently laid him in the dust.

All Rome wept his death. Cardinal Cinthio, who was inconsolable on account of having deferred his coronation, now found a melancholy pleasure in rendering to the earthly remains of his friend all the honours they could receive from a funereal triumph. By his order the body of Tasso, clothed in a Roman toga and crowned with laurel, was exposed in the chapel of the convent, and afterwards borne in state through the principal streets of Rome to the Piazza of St. Peter's, and back to the Janiculum, surrounded with banners and torches, and followed by the principal officers of the court, and a numerous cortège of monks, professors, and students. The people ran in crowds to honour the corse of a man whom, while living, they had treated with insulting disregard. Poets vied with each other in elegiac praises, and artists crowded round his bier that his lineaments might live on canvass and more enduring marble. His portraits and busts were set up in the public places, and for days the city refused to echo any other name but his who, a few months before, could hardly find shelter within its walls. In the enthusiasm of the moment a magnificent monument was contemplated by Cinthio, but the design evaporated with the fervour which created it. Tasso seemed to have possessed too many friends to have this last tribute paid to his ashes. Manso and Concha came from Naples to erect a monument at their expense, but Cinthio would not allow them to take the honour out of his hands, where it always remained an idle project. Tasso still rests under a plain slab in a quiet corner of the chapel of the monastery of St. Onofrio, where he was interred. The simple inscription bearing his name is almost effaced by the stains of time, nor can the stranger discover any marks by which it may be distinguished from the graves around, but the foot-worn stone and the scrawls of travellers, who have endeavoured, by linking their names with the poet's tomb, to preserve themselves from oblivion.

- ART. IV.—*The Boke of Husbandry; very profitable and necessary for all Persons.* By SIR ANTHONY FITZHERBERT. London. 4to. 1523. And *Surveyinge*. London. 4to. 1523.
- (2.) *The English Improver Improved; or, the Survey of Husbandry Surveyed: discovering the Improveableness of all Lands, &c.* By WALTER BLITH, a lover of Ingenuity. 4to. London. 1652. Third Edition.
- (3.) *A Short Inquiry into the History of Agriculture in Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern Times.* By CHANDOS WREN HOSKINS, Esq. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1849. pp. 160.
- (4.) *Introductory Article in Morton's Cyclopædia of Agriculture*, now publishing by Blackie and Son.

OUT of a population of twenty-seven millions inhabiting the United Kingdom, about three millions and a half are engaged in agriculture,—not including the mere owners of the soil, or those classes who, as gardeners, florists, woodmen, gamekeepers, &c., are employed upon the land, but not in raising farm produce. Of this number, two millions and a half are described as labourers; the remainder, as farmers and graziers. It is estimated that about 46,000,000 acres,—or three-fourths of the ground available for cultivation,—form the field of their industry; and that they afford an annual rent to the landlords of something like 58,000,000*l.* Concerning the most important item of the statistics of agriculture,—the amount of supplies raised by these classes for themselves and others,—we yet remain in lamentable ignorance. Thanks to the promise of Government, we may hope ere long to possess a statement of the purpose to which every acre is applied, with a yearly valuation of its produce. We shall then be able to predicate with certainty whether we are augmenting our home-growth of food in proportion to the increase of population; and shall have data for judging whether British farmers are likely to accomplish their patriotic project of rendering needless our enormous importations of corn and meat.

All we can now say is, that Mr. Spackman, the favourite statistician of the agricultural interest, estimates our annual productions at 250,000,000*l.*, being the value of 22,000,000 quarters of wheat: 34,000,000 quarters of all other grain, besides hay, seed, garden and green crops; 2,000,000 head of cattle; 10,000,000 sheep and lambs; 200,000 horses. To these products must be added pigs, and other animals; potatoes, wool, butter, cheese, poultry, milk, eggs, fruit, and vegetables; hops, timber, and the proceeds from the uncultivated wastes and woods.

Followers of the ancient art of husbandry are fond of contrasting their numerical strength, their immense aggregate capital, and the equally amazing amount of their products, with corresponding details as relating to the manufacturing classes. But hitherto they have not been able to exhibit, with a similarly boastful prominence, more than a very few inimitable applications of scientific discovery to the work of the farm,—scarcely any startling invention introducing a new order of cultivation. For such marvels of human ingenuity our histories chiefly point us to other handicrafts and professions.

Researches into ancient history often reveal facts showing the precocity of the early ages in many branches of industry somewhat alarming to the pretensions of modern mechanists and inventors; but in the primeval mother-art of agriculture we knew literally nothing more up to the middle of the last century, than Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans were familiar with before us. While some arts and sciences, particularly those of most recent origin, have advanced by brilliant successes of thought and experiment, husbandry has pursued a plodding course; progressing generally by simple devices, and improvements of a humble order. Whence this disparity? Were we to indulge in dissertation on this inquiry, we should doubtless dwell—as does Mr. Hoskyns, in his most interesting sketch of ancient and modern agriculture, now before us—upon the multiplicity of differing conditions under which this art has to be exercised; varieties of climate; diversities of soil; and again, of altitude, rendering the rules evolved in one locality liable to be found false in another. We should descant on the isolation and want of competition in the farmer's occupation; the mere etymology of the words 'rustic' and 'urbane' seeming to convey the whole argument. Then there is the slow growth of vegetation, and there are still slower transformations in the soil, necessitating a great length of time for experiment; and other reasons might be adduced as furnishing some apology for meagre attainments in this direction. But restricting our observations principally to our own country, we should enlarge rather on the effect of free action, larger association, and more powerful competition, in promoting rapid improvement; and show that, as in manufactures 'difficulties have proved opportunities' so in agriculture itself, when life and energy have been manifested, they have begun to heave under pressure, demonstrating that the position in which it has been placed is the chief cause of its seeming slothfulness. Our object in this article is to give our readers an idea of the progress which this art has made in England; but before we so do, we must glance at the peculiar standing occu-

pied by it in this land, and at the causes which preclude us from comparing its achievements, or estimating its prospects, by rules applicable to other industrial professions.

Chemists and engineers, confident from their triumphs over inert materials—over mineral, animal, or vegetable substances, possessing absolute unchanging properties—have commonly failed when attempting processes with *living* agents. The laboratory and workshop supply rules for manipulating, treating, and combining inanimate and passive agencies at the will of the operator; but coming to deal with the mysteriously working earth, with the unknown powers of the atmosphere, with plants and animals, not simply distinguished by their peculiar physiological and vital laws, but endowed with individuality, voluntary action, even caprices of temper, we find that nature refuses to become plastic under our hand. Agriculture, depending less than other industrial pursuits upon what is artificial, has consequently made smaller proficiency in the adaptation of artificial means to its purposes; and requires for its full development the aid of nearly all the natural sciences, the study of which far surpasses in difficulty that of the more mechanical sciences, so fruitful in their applications to every branch of manufacture.

It is acknowledged on all hands that the cause of science being here at fault, lies in the want of data; and that this deficiency again has arisen from the long neglect of those who alone have had the opportunity of observing and recording results and appearances, and of prosecuting experiments by such means on a sufficiently comprehensive scale.

And now we come to the point already stated, namely, that the main reason why our English farmers have watched the operations of nature from generation to generation with an eye so little scientific, and have come in consequence on so few original discoveries, has been that no necessity called for such investigation. Taught to seek encouragement in the market, and to look to price rather than to the secret resources of their fields, their surplus energies, and such speculative meditations as they have possessed, have been frittered into channels very different from those which, in other occupations, are found to yield great truths, and reveal new processes of surprising value. At last, freed from the parental guardianship of the state, our agricultural classes, in common with other departments of industry, are forced upon habits of self-reliance; and we may now look for a rate of improvement in their principles and performances unheard-of in their bygone history. But if they have been placed on the same level in this respect with their fellow-workers, should not their first resolution be to be placed on, at

least, an equal footing as regards freedom of labour and enterprise? The manufacturer's mill, machinery, and every appliance, are his own; or, the fact of the site or the building being the property of another person, will only slightly subtract from the permanent or the floating capital belonging to him. He can enlarge or restrict the employment of that capital without limit. The mode of employing it is at his own option. But only a small part of the farmer's means of production are his own. The great raw materials—the organic and mineral constituents naturally perpetuated in the soil, which he ought to be allowed to test and use in every way he can devise, are the property and under the control of other persons; so that while limited to the occupation of a certain extent of surface, he may only practise upon the fertility comprised within that fixed area, according to stipulated rules imposed by the proprietor. Security of tenure—best guaranteed by possession of the fee-simple of the land—virtually makes these elements of productiveness part of the farmer's capital, or approximately so; and it is only by thus having full command of his whole material and apparatus, no longer controlled by the obligations which are inseparable from a state of tenancy, that cultivators are likely to bring out of land the highest result that capital and intellect may command. Doubtless there will come a time when the surface of the kingdom, partitioned into a multitude of open-air factories, producing supplies for a hungry community, will be fairly entrusted to the management and keeping of those who work it; of course, reserving still to society the various public rights and interests in the land, unconnected with the business of tillage. But so long as the soil cultivated by three millions and a half of persons belongs for the most part to others, scarcely at all to them, a very large proportion of it bound in the territorial laws and regulations of a false and feudal economy, the remainder rendered excessively dear as being the only portion of the country submitted in the market to the competition of a nation of purchasers, and all trammelled with customs and charges which prevent its being possessed in small quantities;—so long as the ownership of its main raw material is withheld from open public purchase, by an enormous monopoly, existing only for political ends, agriculture will remain in an anomalous position among our arts, and may well deem itself entitled to privileges, and relief from some national burdens. At present, however, our agriculturists seem more concerned about the exorbitant price of the rich Peruvian manure, than about the undue costliness and scarcity of English land. But voices are occasionally heard, and preliminary steps have been taken, against such oppressive customs and legislation as

the appliance of the law of primogeniture to land alone, in distinction from all other kinds of property and capital; the enormous and factitious costliness, delay, and difficulty, attending the transfer of land, increasing almost in an inverse ratio with the acreage, so that it is daily becoming more difficult for any one to buy land otherwise than in large quantities, and so that its aggregation into the hands of few and extensive owners must have nearly reached its climax—the proprietors of land in Britain being said to number not more than 250,000 persons, out of a population of twenty-one millions! Probably two-thirds of this kingdom, mapped into dukedoms, and squiredoms, and entailed estates, is impounded so as to be placed out of the reach of free investment. Who that has learned how a free traffic in the necessary materials of manufactures has become the very life and muscle of such pursuits, can doubt that free commerce in the soil would form an exhaustless well-spring of improvement in husbandry; that the consequent multiplication of landowners—cultivators becoming real masters of their own farms—would tend to the rapid advancement of rural knowledge and skill, as well as to some of the best social results? Already we witness the beneficial effects of lengthened terms of occupancy, in which the landlords virtually surrender their ownership to the tenants for a time. At any rate it is but reasonable that a great department of industry, when no longer fostered and favoured, should be accorded fair play and relief from all injurious restrictions.

But leaving this subject—which has only been introduced in order that the reader may bear in mind the peculiar trammels still resting, just as for long ages they have done, upon this art, which has not yet freed itself, like some others, from their obstructive agency—we propose briefly to track its loitering steps from early times to the present era. And in so doing, our space forbids us to follow Mr. Hoskyns through his instructive descriptions of primeval agriculture, drawn from the indications of the Mosaic writings, researches among Egyptian monuments, and similar sources. It may suffice to observe that, although in most countries of the world the primitive tribes of mankind have sought their food from the chase, and the spontaneous fruits of the soil, yet in that part of the globe whence we derive the earliest record of our race, the peculiar features of the country facilitated what was the first means of laborious subsistence, namely, cultivation. ‘Abel was a keeper of sheep; and Cain a tiller of the ground.’ Here are the two great departments of husbandry; which, after the lapse of so many centuries, may be said to have been at last united in our modern system of turnip farming. Rural life in the East presented much the same characteristics in

the youthful days of the world as at present. Pastoral nations, tribes, or families, wandered with flocks and herds, camels, and tents, where freest pasture offered itself; and where streams failed them in the dry and thirsty land, excavated wells for watering their immense live stock. The sheep formed the principal source both of necessities and comforts, supplying food, drink, and raiment. The milk was highly valued; and passages in the *Works and Days* of Hesiod, and in the *Idylls* of Theocritus, show the art of making cheese from the milk of the sheep and goat to have been 'as familiar to the dairymaids of Greece and 'of the ancient world, as it is in the cantons of Switzerland at 'the present day.' Tillage was rendered natural and easy upon the great Eastern plains by the annual overflow of the Nile, the Euphrates, and other rivers; the retreat of the waters leaving a rich alluvial slime, lying under the hot sun in a state to receive the seed-corn, and force it into crop with little expenditure of labour or skill from the husbandman.

Passing over the agriculture of Egypt, of the great Asiatic empires, and of Greece—of which very little is satisfactorily known—we may quote a few passages from Roman authors, possessing considerable value even in our own times. For Rome had really an agricultural literature; it had the twenty-eight volumes of Mago, the Carthaginian general, translated from the original by order of the Senate; it had the *Georgics* of Virgil; the works of Varro, Columella, Pliny, Palladius, and of Cato the censor. Cato was their greatest agricultural authority. There were at one period the farms of Tremellius Scrofa, celebrated as practical examples of good husbandry; and there was always the popular taste and traditionary enthusiasm for rural employments, tending to the development of this art by that people, so renowned for their attention to the practical and the useful. The passages in Virgil's first *Georgic* on *Paring and Burning*, on *Fallowing*, and even on that most important fact in systematic culture, the alternation of green and grain crops, are well known. Pliny, referring to the latter, says:—

'Our poet is of opinion that alternate fallows should be made, and that the land should rest entirely every second year. And this is, indeed, both true and profitable, provided a man have land enough to give the soil this repose. But how if his extent be not sufficient? Let him in that case help himself thus: Let him sow next year's wheat-crop on the field where he has just gathered his beans, vetches, or lupines, or such other crop as enriches the ground. For, indeed, it is worth notice that some crops are sown for no other purpose but as food for others—a poor practice in my estimation.'

In another place he says:—

‘I observe a great error and self-deception which many men commit, who hold the opinion that the negligence and ill-husbandry of the former owner is good for his successor or after-purchaser. Now I say, there is nothing more dangerous and disadvantageous to the buyer than land so left waste and out of heart; and therefore Cato counsels well, to purchase land of one who has managed it well, and not rashly make light of the skill and knowledge of another. He says, too, that as well Land as Men, which are of great charge and expense, how gainful soever they may seem to be, yield little profit in the end, when all reckonings are made. The same Cato being asked what was the most assured profit rising out of land, made this answer: ‘To feed stock well.’ Being asked again, ‘What was the next?’ he answered, ‘To feed *with moderation*.’ By which answers he would seem to conclude that the most certain and sure revenue was a *low cost of production*. To the same point is to be referred another speech of his, ‘That a good husbandman ought to be a seller rather than a buyer.’

Are not these some of the very subjects still prominent in the discussions of our farmers’ clubs and agricultural journals? The Roman farmers knew the prime necessity of skilful ploughing. ‘What,’ says Cato, ‘is the best culture of land? Good ploughing. What is the second? Ploughing in the ordinary way. What is the third? Laying on manure.’ They had a variety of ploughs; some with single, some with double mould-boards, for *ridging*; and on light land ploughed in straight furrows of equal breadth and fair depth, about one and a quarter English acres per day. A summer fallow always followed after either one or two crops; the practice being to plough the land, after the crop was removed, generally in August; cross-plough in spring; and then till with a series of manual operations and at least a third ploughing before sowing the corn. The object of this practice, Theophrastus observes, ‘is to let the earth feel the cold of winter, and the sun of summer, to invert the soil, and render it free, light, and clear of weeds, so that it can most easily afford ‘nourishment.’ Without staying to offer any broader observations, we simply ask—Had our English farmers *generally*, up to the last generation, arrived at a better system of culture, or discovered any clearer reason for its use than this practical view of the matter by the above author? Those ancients collected manure from every source which has been thought of by moderns; and of animal dung, they preferred first that of birds—not indeed of tropical penguins, as at present, but of pigeons, with which they top-dressed sickly crops; next, the human excrements; then those of cattle. The preparation and preservation of farmyard

manure is a difficult subject both for chemists and agriculturists; and we can only just be said to have lighted upon a better method than prevailed in those ancient times; for it was usual to hollow out the bottom of the dung-heap to retain the moisture, and defend the sides and top from the exhaustive action of the sun by a covering of twigs and leaves. The manure remained in the heap a year; and was laid on the land in autumn and spring, the two sowing seasons—no more being spread at a time than could be ploughed in the same day. And frequent and moderate dressings were considered preferable to occasional and heavy supplies. Green crops, too, especially lupines, were often sown, and before they came into pod, ploughed in as manure. Has not many a young farmer considered himself rather wise among ourselves upon mastering these very points of old and hoarded experience? Then in their management of the growing crop: beans were hoed three times, and corn twice: the first time they were earthed up, but not the second or third; ‘for,’ says Columella, ‘when the corn ceases to tiller, it rots if covered with earth.’ Even *horse-hoeing* was practised; either when the stalk was beginning to appear, or when the plant had put forth two or three leaves;—the grain being commonly sown in channels or drills, or covered with the plough, so as to come up in rows, readily admitted this operation. How came it that a practice so venerable should have lain dormant in Britain until the genius of our own Tull in the last century broke forth with the ‘new horse-hoeing husbandry,’ the parent of yet unforeseen wonders in the training and development of vegetation. The singular origin of the practice is thus given by Pliny:—

‘We must not omit,’ says he, ‘a particular method of ploughing, at this time practised in Italy, beyond the Po, and introduced by the injuries of war. The Salassi, when they ravaged the lands lying under the Alps, tried likewise to destroy the panic and millet that had just come above ground. Finding that the situation of the crop prevented them from destroying it in the ordinary way, they ploughed the fields; but the crop at harvest being double what it used to be, taught the farmer to plough amongst the corn.’

In their comparatively dry climate, the watering of meadow and also arable land was of great benefit, and extensively employed. Columella directs that the surface of the field should have a moderate descent, that ‘the water which comes over it may glide gently off; and if in any part a pool of water should stand, it must be let off by drains; for the loss is equal, either from too much water or too little grass.’ And both open and covered drains were used upon all moist lands, to remove both surface water and subterranean springs.

But we are delaying our approach to what Mr. Hoskyns, in his humorous and withal beautiful style, calls 'that little island lying in the north-west verge of the Old World; an island altogether unmentioned in the geography of Herodotus, indifferently known to that of Strabo, and which first found a scanty notice in the world's history from the fact that Julius Cæsar, in one of his despatches to the Roman Senate, had spoken of it much in the style that an arctic expedition of the last century would describe the coast of Greenland, or a remote settlement of the Esquimaux tribes.' The first pictures we have of our rude predecessors, in consequence of the great General's resolve to 'try with a couple of legions what these distant dwellers of the earth were made of,' are sufficient to show that some sort of agriculture was established upon the coast opposite Gaul. And during the four centuries of Roman forest-felling, swamp-draining, causeway-laying, building, civilizing, and governing, it is impossible but that a superior order of husbandry was matured upon the rich, loamy valleys, and wherever the growth of corn was not forbidden by flooding rivers, or by the aridity of upland heaths. Indeed, the fields of many of our counties yet bear the evidence of the labour bestowed upon them in those times; and it is well known that the fecundity of the corn-harvest, and the innumerable multitudes of cattle and sheep in Britain, were much extolled by Roman authors.

In the wonderful Saxon age,—the natal period of our rural customs and regulations, no less than of our common law and characteristic national institutions,—the surface of our island underwent great transformations, both of quiet improvement and the occasional defacing of industrial works. Bands of freebooters settled down into innumerable organized communities; each extending its ring of inclosed arable and pasture further and further into primeval woods and over watery marshes. Heaths were grubbed and ploughed, moors stocked with grazing cattle; and vast plains of fen and salt marsh fenced, drained, and reclaimed. The Saxon husbandmen had regularly divided quantities of ploughed land, hay, meadow, pasture, and wood; they had garden and orchard spots; common-rights and fishings; they had ploughs, rakes, sickles, scythes, forks, and flails, and carts or waggons—some of these implements bearing a close resemblance to those now commonly used. They reared and fed great herds of oxen, sheep, and especially swine; and, as from the absence of anything like markets for their produce, they were the consumers of the flesh and bread corn they raised, even the lower population and the serfs were well fed. A copious supply of cereals must

have been grown beside that required for bread, in order to furnish malt for their immense brewings of ale.

It is not our intention to describe the condition of the agricultural population of this country during the ravage and spoliation of the feudal chieftains let loose upon it by the Norman invader, nor do we intend to compare the farming progress made by the monks, owing to the secure tenure of church lands, with the wretched state of the kingdom at large, during several centuries; we simply wish to illustrate the successive stages of agricultural practice in England, by culling one or two facts and testimonies from various periods up to the present.

The improvement of wastes had proceeded so far, that in the reign of Edward III., it has been estimated from old surveys, that in some places as much ground was farmed as in the present day; though, of course, this applies only to those counties least encumbered with bleak moorlands, dense wealds, or low morasses. Everywhere the arable bore a very large proportion to pasture land on enclosed estates. The price of meat in relation to that of corn was, notwithstanding, very low; for there was a vast extent of open common, on which single or combined villages grazed their herds. The various tillage operations were clumsily performed; some years, the land could not be sown; frequently, the crops failed, and the plough oxen consumed in winter all the straw of the farm, leaving little manure. Winter provender being very scarce, in spite of the hay afforded by self-irrigating fens, and flooded river valleys; and artificial grasses and turnips being unknown,—great numbers of cattle were slaughtered before they were fat, and salted at the commencement of the cold weather. The villanes continued for ages to labour for their lords; and, in fact, serfs and cattle formed the living money,—the price of a slave being only quadruple that of an ox. The tenants of those days held their farms under all sorts of burdensome or frivolous exactions and restrictions: but in process of time we find that they managed gradually and stealthily to unfasten the yoke of feudal bondage. This prodigious alteration in the classification and distribution of the working part of the people, in connexion especially with the growth of the woollen manufacture, led to the great decay of tillage husbandry marking the fifteenth century. Proprietors converted into pasturage those domains which their vassals had formerly been made to cultivate: they found, too, that while the White and Red Roses proved themselves to be real thorns to the kingdom, flocks and herds were a more convenient form of property than that depending upon the labours of the plough upon lands alternately ravaged by the marauding forces of those factions. Inclosures became oppressively extended: a

few herdsmen supplanted the yeomen; hamlets were ruined, townships and villages of a hundred families reduced to thirty, sometimes to ten. Some were desolate, demolished by the avaricious proprietors in their eager haste for wool: others were occupied by a shepherd and his dog. Such miseries were inflicted on the poor by this rage for sheep-farming, that the flocks of individuals, which sometimes exceeded 20,000 sheep, were by a statute of the 25th of Henry VIII., restricted to 2000. It was not until the banishment of manufactures by persecution from the Netherlands, where they had so greatly flourished, that the expiring demand for wool again gave the plough its wonted honourable supremacy. Readers curious in matters of ancient English husbandry may find (for the trouble of translating,) a pretty full description of farming in the fourteenth century comprised in the old law book named '*Fleta*,' supposed to have been written by some lawyers while prisoners in the Fleet, in 1340. In it there are particular directions as to the time and manner of ploughing and dressing fallows. The furmer is to plough no deeper in summer than is necessary for destroying the weeds; nor to lay on his manure till a little before the last ploughing, which is to be with a deep and narrow furrow. There are rules for changing and choosing of seed; for apportioning the quantity of seed to the condition of the land; for collecting and compounding manures, and accommodating them to the grounds on which they are to be laid: in short, every common field practice is treated of in *Fleta*. In that work we are informed that, if an acre of wheat yield only three times the seed sown, the farmer will be a loser, unless corn should sell dear: the calculation of expenses being—three ploughings, 1s. 6d.; harrowing, 1d.; two bushels of seed, 1s.; weeding, one halfpenny; reaping, 5d.; carrying, 1d.; in all, 3s. 1½d., which is 1½d. more than the value of six bushels of wheat. Nothing is said of the rent, the manuring, or other expenses; but an average crop in those times, which may be taken at 1½ quarters, would amply provide for the claims of the landlord, seldom more than about sixpence an acre. The rental, it seems, averaged a twelfth of the produce; but as we can judge from the above items of outlay, there was a most miserable order of tillage, that must have entirely failed in every unfavourable season. In the sixteenth century the practice of Agriculture began to show signs of improvement, and men of education and unusual ability were found to devote themselves to its advancement. In the year 1523, appeared two treatises by the learned lawyer Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, known as 'the father of English husbandry,'—namely, *The Boke of Husbandry*, and that of *Surveyinge*. He gives directions for draining, clearing, and enclosing a farm;

recommends lime, marl, and fallowing, for enriching the land; advises landlords to grant leases to farmers who will surround their holdings and subdivide them by proper fences. The land when thus enclosed was raised in value by the compost and dunging of the cattle. It has been said that little need be added to his rules for the culture of corn to render it a manual adapted to the present time. In some material branches his practice has scarcely been improved upon; in some districts abuses yet exist which were clearly pointed out by him at that early period; and his remarks on sheep are so accurate, that one might imagine they came from a storemaster of the present day. And, indeed, besides the minute description of the rural practices of that age, these books afford much information concerning the economy of the feudal system in its decline; particularly of the different orders of tenants, down to the 'boundmen,' who, he says, 'in some places contynue as yet; and many tymes, by color thereof, there be many freemen taken as boundmen, and their lands and goods is taken from them.' He states that he composed his books, 'of charytie and good zele that he bare to the weale of this mooste noble realme, whiche he dydde not in his youthe, but after he had exercysed husbandry with great experyence forty yeeres.' The following are some interesting and instructive passages:—'Having sown peas, beans, barley and outs,—the usual spring corn,—and harrowed them in, 'it is the best tyme to fulowe in the latter ende of Marche and Apryll for whete, rye, and barley;' this consisted apparently of a deep ploughing.

'Also in June is tyme to rygge uppe the fallowe, the whiche is called the Fyrst Sturrynge, and to plow it as depe as thou canst, for to tourne the rotes of the wedes upwarde, that the soun and the drye wether may kyll them. . . . In August, and in the begynnyng of September, is tyme to make his Seconde Sturrynge; and most commonly it is cast doune and plowed a meane forowe, not too depen or too ebbe, so he turne it elene. And if it be caste, it wolde be water forowed betwene the landes, there as the rayne sholde be, and it wyll be the dryer when the lande shall be sown.'

'About Myghelmasse it is tyme to sowe both wheate and rye. Wheate is mooste commonlye sown under the forowe, that is to saye, caste it uppon the falowe, and then plowe it under. And in some places they sowe their wheate upon theyr pees stubble, the which is never so good as that that is sown upon the falowe: and that is used where they make falowe in a field *every fourth yere*. And in Essex they used to have a chylde to go in the forowe before the horses or oxen, with a bagge or a hopper full of corne; and he taketh his hande full of corne, and by lyttle and lyttle casteth it in the saide forowe. Me semeth, that chylde oughte to have moche dyscretion.'

Such was our forefather's attempt towards anticipating the 'drill' husbandry. 'Howbeit there is moche good corne and rye is moste commonlye sown above ground, and harrowed in.'

Two 'London bushelles' of wheat or of rye per acre was the usual seeding. On lands adapted for both grains, they sowed 'blend corne,' or the two mixed. He describes 'flaxen wheate,' and 'Polderde wheate,' without awns; 'Englyshe wheate' having few awns; and 'Whyte wheate,' 'Red wheate,' and 'Peeke wheate,' which are 'full of awns.' Before threshing corn for seed—

'open thy sheves, and pyke out all maner of wedes, and then threshe it and wynowe it cleane, In some countreys, aboute London specyallye, and in Essex and Kente, they do fan theyr corne, the whiche is a verye good gise, and a great sauegarde for shedinge of the corne.'

And after peas or beans are winnowed, they are to be severed into different qualities by *reeing with sieves*. Barley is to be sown in March, five bushels to an acre.

'Every good husbande hath his barly falowe well dounced, and lyenge rygged all the depe and colde of wynter.' 'In the later ende of Apryll and the begynnyng of Maye, is tyme to carry out his donge or mucke, and to lay it upon his barley ground. And where he hath barley this yere, sowe it with whete or rye the next tyme it is falowed, and so shall he mucke all his landes over at every seconde falowe.'

If the farmer can find means to carry out his manure after the 'first stirring,' it is much better than spreading it upon the fallow or first ploughing; as all that falls into 'the holowe rygge' will be too deeply buried to have much effect; whereas, if laid upon

'the sturryinge, at every plowyng it shall medle the donge and the erthe together, the which shall cause the corne moche better to growe and encrease. And in somme places they lode not theyr donge tyll harvest be done, and that is used in the farther syde of Darbyshire, called Scarsdale, Halomshyre, and so northward towarde Yorke and Ryppon: and that I calle better thanne upon the falowe, and specially for barley: but upon the firste sturryinge is beste for wheate and rye.' 'In the later ende of Maye, and the begynnyng of June, is tyme to wede thy corne. There be divers maner of wedes, as thistles, kedlokes, docks, cocledrake, darnolde, gouldes, haudoddes, dog-fenell, mathes, ter, and divers other small wedes; . . . Kedlokes is an yll wede, and groweth in al maner of cornes. . . . The chiefe instrument to wede with is a paire of tonges made of wode, and in the farther ende it is nycked to holde the wed faster; and after a shoure of raine it is best wedyng, for then they maye be pulled up by the rootes, and then it cometh neuer agayne. And if it be drye wether, then muste he have a

wedynges hoke, with a socket set upon a lyttel staffe of a yarde longe, and this hoke wolde be well steeled and grounde sharpe bothe behynde and before. And in his other hande he hath a forked stycke: he putteth the wede from hym, and he putteth the hoke beyonde the rote of the wede, and pulleth it to hym, and cutteth the wede faste by the erthe, and with his hoke he taketh up the wede and casteth it in the reane [furrow]; and if the reane be full of corne, it is better it stande styll whan it is cutte, and wyddre; but let hym beware that he cut not the corne, and therefore the hoke wolde not passe an inch wyde.'

Hand tools seem to have been of very rustic manufacture, as he directs that the farmer should prepare his forks and rakes in winter, 'whan he sytteth by the fyre, and hath nothing to do.' Wheat was shorn with a hook; barley and oats, mown. But the waste of manuring matter involved in leaving a long stubble to be removed at leisure late in the winter, he reprobates no less strongly than do agricultural chemists in our own day.

He recommends the stocking of poor dry land with sheep as the best possible improvement, and reminds the cultivators of poor arable districts that 'a housbande cannot thryue by his corne without cattell, nor by his cattell without corne;' adding, 'shepe in myne opinion is the most profitablest cattell that any man can have.' In his 'Surveyinge,' there are rules for 'mending of meadowes,' in which not only good drainage, but artificial irrigation is described and enforced. 'All maner of waters be good, so that they stand nat styl upon the grounde. But especially that water that cometh out of a towne from every man's mydding or donghill is best, and wyll make the medowes most rankest.' Ditches are to be dug, and furrows ploughed from them to wherever the water may stand. Marshes are to be drained by 'dychinge' with main and branch open drains. On other lands he advises cultivators to reopen the many ancient marl-pits, 'as in Chestershyre and Lancashyre, where manye have made this greate improvement.' His instructions to farmers and gentlemen on the management of themselves and their business, are well adapted to other times than his own; though the various duties enjoined partake of a homeliness and bodily toil more pleasant to read of, than to be put into exercise now-a-days. In the 'prolounge for a wive's occupation,' we are told that she is to 'make her husband and herself some clothes;' and 'she may have the lockes of the shepe, either to make blankettes and coverlettes, or both.' And, in further particularizing, he affirms that

'It is a wive's occupation to wynowe all maner of cornes, to make malte, to washe and wrynge, to make haye, shere corne, and, in time of nede, to helpe her husbande to fyll the muckewayne or dounge carte,

drive the ploughe, to loade heye, corne, and suche other. And to go or ride to the market, to sel butter, chese, mylke, egges, chekyns, capons, hennes, pygges, gose, and all manner of cornes.'

Tusser's famous verse, replete with every possible rural detail, comprises much information upon the farming of his time; and his 'Five Hundred Pointes of Husbandry' enjoyed a long and honoured remembrance among the classes for whom it was written.

We have some slight notices of the condition of agriculture in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, in Harrison's 'Description of Britaine.' He states that

'In meane and indifferent yeares, each acre of rie or wheat well tilled and dressed, will yeeld commonlie sixteene or twentie bushels; an acre of barlie, six and thirtie bushels; otes and such like, foure or five quarters: which proportion is, notwithstanding, oft abated toward the north, as it is oftentimes surmounted in the south.'

He states that, though rape oil had been made in England, and wond and madder anciently used,

'Now our soile may not bear either wad or madder, . . . we are negligent and afraid of the pilling of our grounds. . . . Of late yeares we have found and taken up a great trade in planting of hops, . . . that there are few farmers or occupiers in the countrie which have not gardens and hops growing of their owne.'

Saffron was grown extensively around Walden, in Cambridgeshire, which has its name from this fact, and also in some part of Gloucestershire; he upbraids the slowness of farmers to spread so profitable a crop. 'But if landlords hold on to raise the rents of their farms, as they begin, they will enforce their tenants to loke better into their gains, and scratch out their rent from under euerie clod that may be turned aside.' He reflects severely on the disastrous extension of sheep-farming; 'yet,' says he, 'such a profitable sweetnesse is their fleece, such necessitie in their flesh, and so great a benefit in the manuring of barren soile with their dong, &c., that their superfluous numbers are the better borne withall. And there is never an husbandman (for now I speake not of our great sheepemasters, of whom some one man hath 20,000), but hath more or lesse of this cattell feeding on his fallowes and short grounds, which yeeld the finer fleece.'

The seventeenth century, so memorable from its social and political changes, did not pass without at least commencing something like a revolution in the ancient systems of cultivation. Let the light-land farmer imagine what husbandry must have

been like before clover, before turnips, and let any farmer fancy what it was before men had thought of interpolating green crops between those of grain, and they will perceive how much we owe to Walter Blyth, Samuel Hartlibb, and Sir Richard Weston, who first made known these improvements in their writings. The latter author having lived for some time abroad, as Cromwell's ambassador to the king of Bohemia, published on his return, in 1645, his '*Discourse of Husbandry used in Brabant and Flanders, showing the wonderful Improvements of Land there:*' and referring to clover, states, that he 'saw it cutting near Antwerp, on the 1st of June, 1644, being then two feet long, and very thick; saw it cut again on the 29th of the same month, being twenty inches long; and a third time in August, being eighteen inches long.' Blith, in 1652, gives particular directions for growing it; and especially for obtaining the proper large sort of trefoil or clover—'the claver we fetch from Flanders;' and mentions a rumour that the Dutchmen kiln-dry or doctor the seed, so as to prevent it growing in England. It was a general crop in several of the southern counties, before the middle of the eighteenth century.

Carrots, cabbages, and turnips were introduced into England in the sixteenth century, but only as kitchen vegetables. But from Weston's time, they became gradually employed in field culture. In less than eighty years they had become common in Norfolk, Hampshire, Berkshire, and various other counties. The first notice of sheep being fed on the ground with turnips—one of the most pregnant and lasting improvements ever effected in agricultural management—is given in Houghton's '*Collection of Letters on Husbandry and Trade*;' Worlidge, one of his correspondents, observing, in 1684, that

'Sheep fatten very well on turnips, which prove an excellent nourishment for them in hard winters, when fodder is scarce; for they will not only eat the greens, but feed on the roots in the ground, and scoop them hollow even to the very skin. . . . Ten acres sown with clover, turnips, &c., will feed as many sheep as one hundred acres would before have done.'

The results of this introduction of a single species of cultivated plant into the kingdom are comprised in nearly the entire history of our agricultural practices since that time. By the power thus obtained of developing the system of breeding and fattening cattle, and more especially sheep, upon arable land, cultivation has been extended over districts before too barren to repay the best known modes of tillage; all other soils, excepting some of the most incorrigible clays, have been enriched and raised in

their style of farming, and their produce multiplied and improved; the turnip husbandry has, in fact, wrought for farmers almost what steam has achieved for manufactures; the invaluable root itself has proved to our animals what bread-corn is among ourselves, a food which, *enduring* after the season that produced it has passed away, preserves them from dependence upon ephemeral summer vegetation, and provides the permanent supply of nourishment which has enabled our flocks to survive the winter, and reach maturity undiminished in number.

As illustrative of the farming of the period now under review, we shall add a few extracts from 'The English Improver Improved; or the Survey of Husbandry Surveyed,' by Captain Walter Blith, 'a lover of ingenuity.' The third edition has a pictorial frontispiece headed by the motto, startling in an English volume, of 'Vive la Republick!' which, however, becomes 'homogeneous,' as the mathematicians say, when we observe the date, A.D. 1652, and read the dedication to our great 'Lord General.' This quaint and sagacious country gentleman, become military in his air, like so many of his class in that stern, warlike epoch, affirms the prejudices against improvements to be as follow:—1. That a tenant by improving only occasions a greater rack upon himself; or at best lies at his landlord's mercy for requital. His remedy for this fundamental source of a dull and slovenly agriculture is just that which, though mitigated in its mischievousness, still forms the great object agitated by political economists on land questions, and struggled for by all enlightened and influential occupiers; namely, either a law that landlords shall allow for unexhausted improvements, or else a term sufficiently prolonged for realizing the due profit from capital at first invested. 2. That a man may not irrigate his land, because of injuring millers by diverting streams from their wheels; and he discourses at length upon the topic of arterial drainage, &c., which is beginning again to attract attention, we hope in an experimental humour. 3. 'Where all men's lands lie intermixed in common fields or meadows.' There ought to be a law to command the disagreeing interests 'unto a loving conjunction in their improvement, or else disabling any one to hinder another that is desirous of it.' 4. Commons stocked without 'stint.' 5. 'A law wanting to compell all men to kill their wonts or moales.' 6. 'The not compelling of men to plant where they cut down;' a remark well worth remembering outside of field or fold-yard. 'All men should be compelled to plow their coarser, old, mossy, rushy pasture lands.' 7. The want of 'a thorough searching of the bowels of the earth . . . for marle, chalk, lime, or some other fat earth.' 8. 'The many watermills which destroy abundance of gallant

lands, by pounding up the water even to the very top of the ground.' Much of his book was written as an instruction to private friends; and he gained his experience hardly, 'by many toylesome journeys, and very great and large expenses;' so that the fidelity of his views of what was doing throughout the country may be relied upon. He values ordinary inclosed lands as worth from ten to twenty shillings per acre rent; speaks of mucking, marling, liming, sanding, chalking; says that a load of pigeon manure 'is more worth than twenty shillings in some parts;' and that the shelly mud of a certain river sells for from 1*s.* 2*d.* to 2*s.* 4*d.* per load on the spot, the farmers fetching it twenty miles for enriching their corn and grass land. The manure from horses and cows was highly prized, and in constant use in Hertfordshire, Essex, Sussex, and several other counties; and he describes a very advanced system of pig-feeding and manure-making, which, with various modifications, is that most approved in our best modern farming.

'Many ingenious Husbands make their Hogs' yards most compleat with an high pale, paving in well with Pibble or Gravell in the botome, where they set their Troughs partly in and some part without the Pale, into which they put their meat. But the most neatest Husbands indeed, plant their Trough without their Pale or Hog-yard, all along by the side of it; and for every Hog they have a hole cut, the just proportion of his head and neck, and out thence he eats his meate forth of the Trough, very cleanly and sweet, and cannot get in his feet to soyle his meate. They have their house for lodging by itselfe, with dry straw always for them to lye in, and their cornish muskings they cast forth into the yard for that purpose, and all garbidge and all leaves out of Gardens, and all muskings forth of their Barnes, and great store of straw or weeds, and Fearne, or anything for the Swine to root amongst; all they can for raising Dung. And here they keepe their swine the yeare round, never suffering them to goe one day abroad. And here your dayry Husbands or Huswives will feed them as fat as Pease or Beanes, and are of opinion that they feed Better and Fatter, and with less meate, than when they are abroad, with all the Grasse they spoyle. . . . Some Hog-yards will yeeld you forty, fifty, some sixty, some eighty loads of excellent manure of ten or twelve Swine, which they value every Load worth about two shillings six pence. . . . This is practised much about Kingsnorton, both in the counties of Worcester and Warwick, and in many other places, as in Cheshire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire. . . . I have made great Advantage myselfe hereby, and doe far more prize it than suffering Swine to run and course abroad, knowing that rest, quiet, and sleepe, with drinke, and lesser meat, will sooner feed any creature, than your meat with liberty to runne and strayle about.'

Is not this what our modern advocates of house-feeding are

continually endeavouring to impress upon us, and what the progress of science has enabled us in a great measure to explain? He then delivers himself of a piece of truthful advice, which might very well have been penned by Mr. Mechi, or one of our enlightened box-feeders :

‘ Make a good large Sheep-house for the housing of the Sheepe in Winter ; the comfort it will be unto thy Sheepe will be double worth thy house charge, which may be Sheepe-cribbed round about and in the middle too, to fother them in the nights. Herein, once a week, or twice, according as thou desirest the quantity of muck to rise, or according to the goodnesse of it thou expectest, bring in several Loades of Sand, either out of the streetes or wayes, or from a sand-pit or mine, and lay it three or four inches thick ; this renew every weeke or more, and let them sit upon it two, three, or four nights or more, and what with the heat and warmth of their bodies, and the fatnesse of their dung and urine, they will so corrupt and putrify the Sand that it will turn to excellent rich soyle, and goe very far upon thy land, and be far more serviceable than thou canst conceive. This is of great use in Flanders and other parts of the World.’

When sheep are ‘folded,’ the land, he says, ought to be immediately turned over as the flock is removed to a fresh plot, so as to cover the manured soil. Like other writers of the period, he dwells much on newly-introduced crops, or such as were of limited cultivation. Woad was considerably grown in several counties ; Weld, more particularly in Kent ; Saffron, Liquorice, and Madder, in some districts. Hemp and Flax were extensively grown, and dressed ready for the spinner, on rich alluvial lands ; and Rape or Cole was beginning to be sown as a seed-crop,—yielding 30 to 40 bushels per acre, and selling at 1s. a bushel.

‘ As for Hops,’ he writes, ‘ it is grown to a Nationall commodity. . . But it was not many years since the famous City of London petitioned the Parliament of England against two Anusances, or offensive commodities, were likely to come into great use and esteem, and that was Newcastle coal, in regard of its stench, &c., and hops, in regard they would spoyle the taste of drink and endanger the people.’

From the statements now adduced, it will be seen that all the greater features distinguishing English agriculture in our own time have been of quite recent introduction. This fact becomes still more apparent when we look to the history of farm implements and tools. Until the last century the progress of field-machinery had been of the most common-place description ; and though extraordinary improvements have been subsequently achieved, we have not yet been able to render obsolete the story of the Plough, as the cotton-spinner with his shafts and spindles has that of the wheel and distaff. Until we perform the marvel of

steam-culture, however, all our elaborate developments of the plough, harrow, and roller can only be compared to improved forms of 'spool,' or to modifications of hand-wheel or treadle, before the jenny of ten million spider power spun its myriad threads at a time. In Mr. Hoskyns' historical sketch of the plough, we are introduced first to the Egyptian Sarded,—a sort of mattock, pick, or hoe with a long blade;—this blade forming an acute angle with the shaft or handle, and connected with it both at the apex, and by a band or bar holding the two arms at a certain distance apart,—reminding one, in fact, of the capital letter A, with one leg shorter than the other. Next we have the workman tired of chopping, scratching, or digging with this tool, yoking a pair of oxen to the end of the handle—elongated for the purpose—and making them drag it along the field, so as to tear up a furrow, while he follows holding what is now a 'plough' at the junction of the blade and handle. Then, to make the instrument throw out the soil on one side, leaving a clear trench for a succeeding furrow-slice, a twist is given to the blade, which thus casts out the furrow-slice obliquely, partly turning it over, and presents its edge instead of its flat side to the unstirred land in front. The little cross-bar is also sharpened so as to cut the soil in advance, instead of being an impediment; and the apex is lengthened out so as to give the holder more leverage and command in steadying the plough: and thus the parts of the first hand implement are changed into 'share,' 'beam,' 'coulters,' and 'stilt' or 'tail':—giving us the rudiments of every plough down to the latest that has won a prize at an Agricultural Show. Mr. Hoskyns has some remarks on the supposed derivation of our first alphabet letter from the plough,—tracing its form and signification in hieroglyphics, and Egyptian, Greek, and Latin words, down to our own 'Arable,' and 'Acre,' but into this topic we cannot enter.

The Roman ploughs, and after them the ploughs of the Saxon, used for many centuries in this island, appear to have been rustic improvements upon the original type,—some having wheels to regulate the depth of their working; and some having a frame consisting of several distinct parts, by which stiff land in this moist climate could be cut, raised, and inverted. It is in Fitz-herbert's 'Boke of Husbandry' that we first meet with notices of ploughs adapted in their construction to suit various soils; and the entire implement seems in his day to have attained some degree of complication, if not mechanical excellence of structure: for he describes the different parts under the names of the 'plowe-beame,' 'share-beame' or 'plowe-hedde,' 'plowe-shethe,' 'plough-tayle,' 'stille,' 'rest,' 'shelbrede,' 'fenbrede,' 'rough staves,' 'plowe-fote,' 'plow eare or cocke,' 'share,' 'culture,' and 'plow mal.'

'In Sommersetshyre, about Zaleester, the shar-beame, that in many places is called the ploughe hedde, is foure or fyve foote longe, and it is brode and thynne. And that is bycause the lande is very toughe, and wolde soke the ploughe into the erthe, yf the shar-beame were not long, brode, and thynne. In Kente they have other maner of plowes, somme goo with wheelés, as they do in many other places, and some wyll tourne the sheld bredith at every landes ende, and plowe all one way. In Buckynghamshyre, are plowes made of another maner, and also other maner of ploughe yrons; the whiche me semeth generally good, and likely to serve in many places, and specially if the plough-beame and shar-beame be four ynches longer, betwene the shethe and the plough tayle, that the shel brede myght come more aslope: for these plowes gyve out too sodcinly, and therefore they be the worse to draw, and for no cause elles. In Leycestershyre, Lankeshyre, Yorke-shyre, Lincoln, Norefolke, Cambrydgeshyre, and many other countreys, the plowes be of dyvers makinges, the which were to longe processe to declare howe.'

Blith describes the uses of the different portions of 'a well regulated plough,' thus:—

'The Coulter having first done his office by going before and dividing out the furrow slice; the Share his in cutting it up clear, and raising it from the solid land; the breast of the Shield-board takes it and gives it a cast and turn, that it is ready to fall. The ~~W~~rest keeps it furrows' breadth (for the horses' easie going), and not suffer the furrow-slice to drop short of its true place; the Heel, or hinder end of the Shield-board comes, being longer than the Wrest, and standing as it were overlooking to see what it will leave,—and like a Ladies' trayl, gives the Furrow a sweep or a good check, and bids it lie there in its proper place, and not stand upon edge. . . . If the furrow should be all at once turned at the very breast, then it would go just as if you put a Mould to rout with her breech forward. . . .'

He describes a double-wheeled plough, in constant use in Hertfordshire, 'and many up-Countries; which is very useful 'upon all flinty, stony, or hard gravel; . . . it is usually drawn 'by Horses or Oxen, geered two abreast.' The beam was six feet long, 'the crook or compass whereof looketh upwards:' it had one long handle, and two wheels of 18 or 20 inches diameter. The share was exceedingly narrow; running out to a long small point. The cattle were yoked to a draught-chain, after the fashion of the old-fashioned Norfolk plough. 'There is another 'double-wheeled plough, and it is called the Turn-wrest plough, 'which of all ploughs that ever I saw, surpasseth for weight and 'clumsiness: it is the most of use in Kent, Picardy, and Normandy, 'and is called the Kentish plough with us.' Of this piece of mechanism, which still continues a puzzle in its own district, to the uninitiated farmer of other counties, he then gives a minute

account, but declines producing an engraving of it as he has of the other ploughs, concluding, 'Thus you have a rude description of 'this plough, and the Figure you should have, would it advantage 'my reader half so much as it would cost the cutting.' He describes a one-wheeled plough, with which one horse could turn over an acre of light land in a day. From the engraved figure given 'as near to the life as possible,' it seems to have had a second moveable beam, to be raised or lowered by a guage according to the required depth of work. Another variety was called the 'plain' plough, having no wheels: and in the Fens was used the Dutch plough; having a flat, sharp share, a foot, or a foot-and-a-half broad; useful only where there were no stones. In many parts of Norfolk and Suffolk were ploughs of a superior make:

'Upon the sandy parts, two horses and one man will plow, at ordinary seasons, two acres of one day, and many times one man with two horses hath plowed three acres of one day. Yet though this be the easiest, yet we have in many hundred places of this nation very sandy, light land, and very earthy mouldy land, where men usually go to plow with four horses or four oxen and a horse, and seldom less, but many times more, which might as well, if not better, be done with two; which is a wonderfull charge to the poor husbandman.'

It was about the middle of the seventeenth century that some attention was given to the operation of seed-sowing; with a view of applying machinery for greater regularity and expedition, Gabriel Plattes, in his 'Discovery of Hidden Treasure,' 1639, proposed a 'corn-setting engine;' and Blith criticises a 'Seed-Barrow'—suggested in an anonymous publication of 1646, among other new inventions, as 'manuring ploughs,' 'corroding harrows,' 'corroding rakes,' &c.

'His Seed-Barrow,' he writes, 'might be of some use, because certainly setting Corne, could it be done with speed and at a certaine depth, and well covered, would be worth discovering. But he contrives *one Funnell only for his Seede*, which did it contain a hundred, would more likely prove (successful); for in setting one seed at once, no Engine can come neere the hand setting.'

The nearest approach to 'drilling,' however, that Blith could devise, was by means of an instrument attached to the plough, and so to supersede the employment of Fitzherbert's 'childe' with 'moche discretion.' After describing a double-plough, making two furrows at once, he details a contrivance for harrowing and ploughing both at once. This consists in a light small harrow fixed at one end of the plough-beam, and extending sideways over three of the ploughed furrows, adding:

‘But I do find that another addition may be made thereto, which is, how to drop the corn, corn by corn proportionably to that quantity I desire to sow upon an acre; which if I can experimentally make out, I fear not to give you plough, harrow, and seedsman all at once. All which I hope to be brought into substantiall experience upon my own lands by the next edition, and then expect the faithfull communication thereof.’

Some years since a machine of this sort was commonly employed for sowing beans upon the furrows. However, it was left for Tull, in the succeeding century, to make a real drill, by an original discovery, and by this means to introduce an entirely novel system of husbandry.

Jethro Tull, who was educated as a lawyer and became a barrister, was the first student of the ‘Principles of Fertility;’ and both tested and wrought out his theory by experiments, first upon his own estate, and afterwards upon a hired farm in Berkshire. The first edition of his work was published in 1731; the next in 1733, intitled, ‘New Horse-hoeing Husbandry: or, an Essay on the Principles of Tillage and Vegetation; wherein is shown a method of introducing a sort of Vineyard Culture into the Corn Fields, in order to increase their product and diminish the common expense by the use of instruments, described in cuts.’ During a tour on the Continent, Tull had observed in different land producing an annual crop of grapes and wood, without dung; and though there was annually carried off from an acre of the vineyard as much substance as from an acre of corn upon similar land, yet the vineyard soil was not impoverished. And this was solely in consequence of Horse-hoeing; for as the vines lived in the soil throughout the entire year, it could have no summer fallow to re-invigorate it; and manuring with dung was prevented by its noxious influence upon the wine; so that the exhaustion of the ground was continually supplied by the single artificial help of repeatedly and deeply stirring it during the proper season. He deduced his theory from an elaborate investigation of all the facts he could collect bearing on the subject, which was, that plants live and feed upon the surface of minute particles of soil, and that the application of dung, as well as the actual mechanical moving of the soil, was efficacious because of promoting its finer division and pulverization. Chemistry had not then tendered its marvellous power of insight and analysis to the service of the agriculturist; and Tull, therefore, knew nothing of the exact constituents conveyed to the soil in the process of its aeration. Instead of pulverising his soil to open it to atmospheric influences, he did it in order as it were to cook and carve the food which he believed to be there in quantities

sufficient for the appetite of vegetables, but in a form too solid for their power of suction. Still his practice was the same—he pulverised. He comminuted the earth by repeated ploughings, before seeding; and as it became more and more compressed afterwards, he had recourse to tillage or horse-hoeing while the plants were growing,—and so destroyed the weeds that would otherwise deprive the plants of their nourishment. To perform this operation more thoroughly, and at the latest periods of growth, he adopted the plan of sowing the seed in rows at wide intervals; the awkwardness and even the wilful carelessness of his workmen, drove him to the invention of some instrument by which the seed could be delivered in regulated quantity and without deviation.

‘To that purpose,’ he writes, ‘I examined and compared all the mechanical ideas that had ever entered my imagination, and at last pitched upon the groove, tongue, and spring in the sound-board of an organ. With these a little altered, and some parts of two other instruments added to them, as foreign to the field as an organ is, I composed my machine. It was named *a Drill*, because when farmers used to sow their beans and peas into channels or furrows by hand, they called that action drilling.’

He laid his land into narrow ridges, of five or six feet, drilling upon the top of these one, two or three rows,—distant from one another about seven inches, when there were three, and ten inches when only two. The intervals between the plants, on contiguous ridges were stirred and tilled with the ‘hoe-plough;’ the spaces between rows on the same ridge, with the hand-hoe. By this mode of continual culture he was enabled to grow wheat year after year upon the same land, without manuring, and with no deterioration in the yield—thus exemplifying his doctrine that rotation of crops, and employment of dung are only expensive substitutes for the simple and natural labour of diligent mechanical tillage. The attention he gave to his system, in the hope of bringing it to maturity, is perhaps without a parallel.

‘I formerly was at much Pains,’ he says, ‘and at some Charge, in improving my Drills, for planting the Rows at very near Distances; and had brought them to such Perfection that One Horse would draw a Drill with Eleven Shares, making the Rows at three Inches and half distance from one another; and at the same Time sow in them Three very different Sorts of Seeds, which did not mix; and these, too, at different Depths; as the Barley-Rows were seven Inches asunder, the Barley lay four Inches deep; a little more than three Inches above that, in the same Channels, was Clover; betwixt every Two of these Rows was a Row of St. Foin, covered half an Inch deep. I had a good crop of Barley the first Year; the next Year, Two Crops of Broad-Clover, where that was sown; and where Hop-Clover was sown, a

mixt Crop of That and St. Foin, and every Year afterwards a Crop of St. Foin; but I am since, by Experience, so fully convinced of the Folly of these, or any other such mixt Crops, and more especially of narrow Spaces, that I have demolished these Instruments (in their full Perfection), as a vain Curiosity, the Drift and Use of them being contrary to the true Principles and Practice of Horse-hoeing.'

Tull's turnip culture is remarkable as being, at that very early stage in the English culture of this root, so very similar to the practice which succeeding generations have proved to be best. He constructed ridges, as he did for wheat, but drilled only one row of turnips on each; and while they were growing, he continually horse-hoed the intervals. When drilled on the flat, it is impossible, he observes, to hoe-plough them so well as when they are planted upon ridges. The seed, however, was deposited at different depths, half of it about four inches deep, and the other half exactly over that, at the depth of half an inch, falling in after the earth has covered the first half.

'Thus planted, let the Weather be never so dry, the deepest Seed will come up; but if it raineth (immediately after planting), the Shallow will come up first. We also make it come up at Four Times, by mixing our Seed, half new and half old, (the new coming up a Day quicker than the old.) These four Comings up give it so many Chances for escaping the Fly, it being often seen, that the Seed sown over Night will be destroyed by the Fly, when that sown the next Morning will escape, and *vice versa*; or you may hoe-plow them when the Fly is like to devour them; this will bury the greatest Part of those Enemies; or else you may drill in another Row, without new-plowing the Land.'

When the young plants first come into rough leaf he advises that they should be set out or 'singled' by the hand-hoe; as is now the universal custom in order to obtain large bulbs. He mentions 'a common practice in some places' to have been the sowing of turnip seed among barley, 'at random, as they do clover;' but the turnips, being smothered by the straw crop over them, never came to any size, and were thus grown for the sake of their leaves as herbage for sheep.

We have barely mentioned the theory which has made the name of Tull so memorable in the history of agriculture. Indeed, to give a sufficient outline of the profound and ingenious speculations and processes through which he pursued his object, would be to describe him as almost another Newton, exploring, not the regions of the stars, but the mysteries of roots and food products. The astonishing variety and humour of the illustrations which his genius lays under contribution to elucidate his doctrines, would require an entire article; and, though not consistent with

our present purpose, would amply repay the attention of readers interested in such subjects. Such a description would bring out some of the profoundest and largest views of the principles involved in our chief agricultural operations. But as our paper has been occupied chiefly with the mechanical part of husbandry, we must allude to Tull's ingenious and novel implements. And first, of his ploughs.

To determine the best form of plough, he first of all settles what precise effects ought to be produced upon the soil by such an implement; and then what form of plough has been found best capable of doing what needs to be done. Going back to the very beginning, he says:—

‘By what means Ploughs and Tillage itself came at first to be invented is uncertain; therefore we are at Liberty to guess: and it seems most probable that it was, like most other Inventions, found out by Accident, and that the first Tillers or Plowers of the Ground were Hogs: Men in those Days, having sufficient Leisure for Speculation, observed that when any sort of Seed happened to fall on a Spot of Ground well routed up by the Swine (which Instinct had instructed to dig in Search of their Food), it grew and prospered much better than in the whole unbroken Turf.’

This led to the construction of tools for breaking up the surface, and thereby increasing the produce of the earth:—

‘And this Argument—viz., Tillage increases the Product of the Earth, *because it does*, has been sufficient to continue the Practice of Tillage ever since. . . . The bristled Animals broke up the Ground because they used to find their Food there by digging: Men till it, because they find Tillage procures them better Food than Acorns. . . . Ancient Writers, ashamed to acknowledge so noble a Discovery to be owing to so mean a Foundation, make no mention of the true Teachers, but attribute the Invention to *Ceres*, a Goddess of their own making; . . . With this fable they were so well pleased, that they never attempted to improve that Art, lest they should derogate from the Divinity of *Ceres*, in supposing her Invention imperfect.’


The first implement was probably a spade,—a very rough, wooden one. Then the plough supplied the place of the spade, to till more land with less human labour; and ‘why they did not improve the Plough, so that it might also till as well as the Spade, seems owing to their Primitive Theory, which gave no Mathematical Reason to show wherein the true Method of Tillage did consist; viz., in dividing the Earth into many Parts, to increase its internal Superficies, which is the *Pasture of Plants*.’ He attributes the speedy disappearance of many past improvements in ploughs to the fact of the practical and skilful inventors wanting—

‘Learning to write their Rules mathematically, and show how the

mechanical Powers were applicable to them; . . . 'Tis strange,' he continues, 'that no Author should have written fully of the Fabric of Ploughs! . . . Some waste their whole Lives in studying how to arm Death with new Engines of Horror, and inventing an infinite Variety of Slaughter; but think it beneath Men of Learning (who only are capable of doing it) to employ their learned Labours in the Invention of new (or even improving the old) Instruments for increasing of Bread.'

The common ploughs of his day, like those still in use, cut in all strong land a thick furrow-slice in one whole piece, or but slightly broken; cross-ploughing did not thoroughly divide and overturn the furrows turned by the first ploughing, but drove them up into heaps, with their surfaces lying in various postures, so that the turf not turned undermost continued to grow vigorously, still matting the slice together with its roots. Heavy drags, with huge iron tines in them, were next employed to tumble and partially break the great pieces of furrows, but without reducing them to a moderate fineness, until the land had 'for a Year entertained Ploughs, Cattle, and Men, with a frequent 'laborious exercise.' Seeing that all this arose from the undue size and solidity of the first furrows, he devised a Four-coultered Plough; and with this ploughed, cutting the slice, to a great depth, into four parts, of about two and a half inches thickness; and these in turning over broke and fell into many smaller pieces. By this implement, followed with a few common ploughings, he was enabled to resolve his surface soil almost to a powder, and in much less time than by any other means. His Drill was a machine very different in appearance from those now in most common use. He called it a Drill-Plough; and, in fact, it was not only a combination of these two implements, but of another also, having iron shares going first to make the channels, a hopper and seed-boxes delivering the seed immediately into the open channels,—measuring or rather counting out the kernels or seeds by a spring-tongue or valve working against a revolving notched spindle,—and a light harrow sometimes following to cover it in. His Hoe-Plough was a modification of the common plough, and had a most ingenious contrivance for allowing the horses to walk along the centre of the interval while the ploughshare worked close to the plants, and therefore considerably away from the line of draught.

The Scotch farmers have the merit of first adopting the New Husbandry, so far as related to the ridging and horse-hoeing of turnips; it was introduced into Northumberland about the year 1780, and afterwards made its way slowly in the southern part of the kingdom.



Before the Drill Husbandry had made much progress in England, Mr. Duckett, a Surrey farmer, introduced a sort of medium between the old and new style of agriculture. He invented three ploughs; one, a trench-plough; another, a plough with two shares, one fixed directly over the other; and another for making drills or gutters to receive the seed scattered broadcast. Thus, occasional deep ploughing, with frequent ordinary ploughing of more than common efficiency in subdividing and pulverizing the soil, formed the basis of his system. He grew clover, turnips, and rye, as fallow crops, and intermediately between wheat, barley, and oats. By employing his drill-plough for all crops, he obtained cropping all in rows; and was thus able to work a 'hoeing machine', with which, one horse, two men, and a boy, hoed ten acres in a day.

The introduction of the turnip and of clover gave rise to the celebrated Norfolk husbandry; and this rotation of turnips, barley, clover, wheat, including the feeding off the roots by sheep in winter, has proved to be the method by which the heaths and sandy hill ranges of most English counties might be converted into highly cultivated estates; and, indeed, this growth of the turnip for sheep food, distinguishes our national agriculture from that of every other country in the world.

Contemporaneously with the extended growth of the turnip, and the consequent spread of sheep-breeding, we have the improvement of the animal thus brought into greater requisition. First among the great and successful efforts to improve the breeds of live stock, was that made by Robert Bakewell, of Dishley, Leicestershire. By skilful selection and care in breeding, he obtained a variety of sheep unrivalled at the time for early maturity, economical feeding properties, and small proportion of bone and offal, to the weight of mutton produced. These 'Leicesters' have not only established themselves over a large part of England, but have also been employed more than any other breed in the improvement of long-wool flocks, and in producing valuable 'crosses' with short-wool sheep. The qualities which distinguish these animals—the connexion between the symmetry of form and excellence of the flesh, and, indeed, all the observed facts which influenced the judgment of Bakewell, have contributed ever since to the success of all our great breeders, and have transformed the English races of sheep and horned cattle from clumsy, unthrifty animals, into those more shapely, quick-fattening, and profitable animals, which now stock our farms, and furnish the admirable specimens seen at our public exhibitions.

In the times under review, the subject of drainage—in our day

the most discussed and eagerly prosecuted of all farm operations—had been little considered. Elkington had drawn attention to the tapping of springs by boring; in Essex, and some other counties, wet lands were relieved by underground drains; but the idea of drying the soil by subterranean pipes, as a systematic commencement of heavy-land farming, had no existence. The agricultural practices of one county were scarcely known to the farmers of another; and the rapid inclosing of commons in some localities, the projection of great drainage works in fen and marsh districts, the rise of a new breed of sheep or cattle in one corner of the kingdom, or the spread of some new rotation over the hills of a single province, excited only a limited interest among yeomen residing at a distance. Hence the value of the Board of Agriculture which was formed in 1793, under the presidency of Sir John Sinclair, and which collected with the aid of its secretary, Arthur Young, a vast amount of information upon English farming, publishing extensive ‘Agricultural Surveys’ of the different counties. The Royal Agricultural Society, established in 1838, continues the work of investigating and recording improvements in practical husbandry; and it is from the materials thus furnished that the history of the art of farming during the present century may be gathered, and a code of rules for rural practices compiled.

It is impossible to sketch the progress of Agriculture down to the present period within the compass of a few pages. The whole subject is so blended with the discoveries of chemistry and other sciences, as to cover a wide field of knowledge. Agriculture has come at length to be dealt with as a science, and as a science daily receiving large benefit from the labours of scientific men. It is long since the fertile clays we are draining and grain-cropping were cleared of their dense wealds and tangled copses; long since herds of swine roamed for acorns where now we are subsoil-ploughing and shed-feeding; long since red deer, wolves and badgers, furnished sport for kings, and nobles, and serfs, where prize rams, and sleek and finely formed cattle now browse on well-kept pasture; long since fowlers and eel-fishers boated, where dry fen-lands now smile with fruitful farms; long since our fine turnip and barley lands were rescued from the mischievous dominion of heath, furze, and rabbits, from the utter waste and barrenness of naked flints and drifting sand, to become the home of our highest order of husbandry, yielding surpassing stores of produce in return for manuring with artificial fertilisers, presenting an example of what may be accomplished by human skill and perseverance in the most forbidding and hopeless of enterprises. But the principles involved in the operations by which all these

varied transformations have been accomplished,—the spirit guiding and informing this varied mass of agricultural experiments, we are only now beginning to study in earnest. Sir Humphrey Davy, Liebig, Boussingault, laid bare the fundamental stratum underlying all that has ever been conjectured on the subject, and the Principles of Fertility have become the exhaustless mine from which scientific explorers continue to bring forth results the most important, explaining the reason of the farmer's practice, distinguishing between the essential and the non-essential in our present husbandry, and propounding new modes of tillage and general management. To effect this the genius of implement manufacturers and agricultural engineers is continually tasked, and the capabilities of farmers and labourers are moulded anew by coming into acquaintance with new soils, new manures, and with new systems of cultivation, which bid fair to revolutionize their traditional ideas and habits.

- ART. V.—*Elements of Jurisprudence*. By CHARLES JAMES FOSTER, M.A. LL.D., Barrister-at-Law, Professor of Jurisprudence at University College, London. London: Walton and Maberly. 1853.
- (2.) *The Elements of Political Science. In Two Books.—Book I. On Method. Book II. On Doctrine. With an Account of Andrew Yarranton, the founder of English Political Economy.* By P. E. DOVE, author of 'The Theory of Human Progression.' Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter. London: R. Theobald. 1854.
- (3.) *New Commentaries on the Laws of England (partly founded on Blackstone)*. By HENRY JOHN STEPHEN, Sergeant-at-Law. In 4 vols. London: Henry Butterworth. 1848.

'If we calculate the size of a book,' says Kant, 'not by the number of pages but by the time required for understanding it, we may say of many a book that it would have been much shorter if it had not been so short.' We may safely say this, for many reasons, of the book we have placed first in the list at the head of this article. A treatise on Jurisprudence cannot afford to be short until its subject has become more popular. Unfortunately there is scarcely a science to be named which is more thoroughly unpopular than the science of law. Indeed, so far as our own law is concerned, it is questioned whether such a science even exists, or can possibly be made to exist. Our statutes have been enacted *pro re natá*. They had their origin too often, not even in the pressing exigencies of the nation, or in its honest common sense—much less in any recognition of the broad principles of political ethics. What has been done come much more from the selfish interests of a class, or the violence of a party, than from any wiser source. John Bull is scarcely good-tempered enough to laugh at the practical jokes that have been perpetrated upon himself, or there could scarcely be written a more comical history than the *real* history of the British Law. Besides, it is a fact scarcely more consolatory to the people, than complimentary to the representatives who sit in their 'honourable House,' that the recognised Legislature has really very little to do with the actual making of the laws. It has become an adage that the interpreters of law are half the makers of it, and this has been eminently the case among ourselves. The complexities, and contradictions, and flexibility of the common law are notorious—so much so that learned judges have urged its extreme uncertainty as one of its obvious advantages over any complete code! It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the only legislation with which this country is blest is *ex post facto* legislation. In ninety-nine cases

out of a hundred it is only by some real or supposed violation of a law that it becomes possible to ascertain what the law *really* is. He must be a very venturesome man who would attempt to guide his political life by the 'Statutes at large.' He had greatly better do just what seemeth right in his own eyes. The Reports of adjudged cases would be decidedly more to the purpose—but besides being somewhat voluminous and hard to read—it is no easy matter to make even *their* ends meet quite satisfactorily. Our judicial decisions indeed are among the noblest treasures of our English literature. 'Traverse,' says Jeremy Bentham, who will be admitted to be an unexceptionable witness, 'traverse the whole continent of Europe, ransack all the libraries of all the jurisprudential systems of the several political states, add the contents all together—you would not be able to compose a collection of cases equal in variety, in amplitude, in clearness of statement—in a word, all points taken together, in instructiveness, to that which may be seen to be afforded by the collection of English Reports of adjudged cases.' This is all very true: But what is your average layman to make of a *dissentiente* Judge Blackstone? Who shall decide when Judges disagree? We need nothing but the 'Reports' to convince us that not only is it quite impossible for Mr. Smith, but for Mr. Smith's solicitor to ascertain what the laws of this country actually are. Taking all this into the account, remembering a goodly number of awkward facts which are well known, and clever fictions which have become popular, with one eye on Lord Brougham, and the other on Mr. Charles Dickens, it might have been worth Dr. Foster's while to give more than one page to the *assumption* that there is 'no one acquainted with our Law, but will assert for it a highly scientific character.'

But there will perhaps be no question about the possibility of a science of law *as it ought to be*, whether a science of law *as it is*, be possible or not. Herein alone, according to Kant, consists the secret of simplifying legislation. Whether emanating from Parliament or the Bench,—good, bad, or indifferent—any law will appear at first sight to be a necessary evil; inasmuch as it involves interference with the full exercise of what are deemed our natural rights. From the registry of our birth, to the registry of our death, we are never free from its restraints, and even our dead bodies are under its control. It is a part of the object of Dr. Foster's work to ascertain the proper basis upon which this interference is founded, and its legitimate extent. Every political question that is exciting general attention may be resolved into one or other of these. In the discussion of a matter so broad, and of so universal an interest, admitting too, and in our judg-

ment demanding, the amplest and most varied illustration—extreme brevity is by no means a conspicuous requisite—is, indeed, a manifest impediment. Nor do we see any counteracting advantage to be secured by it. The man who would read a book on Jurisprudence at all, would as soon read five hundred pages as one hundred and fifty-six—we think *literally* as soon. In our judgment, brevity and compression have imparted to Dr. Foster's lectures considerable obscurity, and rendered a book comparatively dry which might have been made peculiarly interesting. We say thus much in self-defence. We are not sure that we have in every case rightly understood our Author's meaning; and we may therefore have failed in our sincere endeavour to do him all the justice, and pay him all the respect he unquestionably deserves.

In his attempt to ascertain the position which Jurisprudence should occupy in relation to the other non-physical sciences with which it is connected, we are surprised to find the science of Political Economy placed next after Metaphysics, and before Ethics: and we refer to this because it seems to involve an oversight which we have noticed in many, and perhaps the most important, parts of Dr. Foster's treatise. The ascertained facts of psychology will be the postulates of all the other non-physical sciences. They must all set out therefore with the admission that man has certain intellectual and certain active powers, and also (Dr. Foster would urge) a conscience, a power of distinguishing right and wrong—'a habit of referring all our actions to a moral standard.' Very prominent among the natural and universal desires of human nature is 'the desire of having,' which is modified into the practical form of a willingness to exchange.

'It would be impossible,' says our author, 'to proceed any length in the statement of moral truth without the constant use of expressions and assumption of principles connected with this idea of exchange. Now, exchangeableness (or, as it is technically termed, 'value') is the fundamental notion of political economy, which furnishes all these expressions and principles of which ethical investigations stand in so much need.—*Elements*, &c., p. 15.

But it is mainly on ethical grounds that we exchange rather than *steal*. The art of pocket-picking would be a legitimate application of a political economy independent of Ethics. Surely to a man with a conscience, there is a *moral* element in 'value.' It is no particular jurisprudence that actually restrains a man from thieving. If he had no natural abhorrence of theft as *wrong* (whatever precisely that may mean), so easy a satisfaction of 'the desire of having' no law could prevent. Dr. Foster has overlooked, or at least forgotten to make use of, the fact, that if we believe in a conscience at all, we must believe in its supremacy.

If we have a habit of referring our actions to a moral standard, we refer them to that standard before we refer them to any other. We are to regard, not simply our desire of having, but our desire of lawfully having, in any legitimate science of Political Economy, just because whatever the laws may be under which we may happen to live, and whatever our facilities of gratifying ourselves at the expense of our neighbours—there is nothing which men in general so earnestly desire as to have a conscience which will not be troublesome. In short, 'the desire of having is modified into the practical form of a willingness to *exchange*,' precisely because, constituted as man is, there are perfectly satisfactory reasons, which he is in most cases quite willing to recognise, for not seeking to gratify any desire upon absolutely unmoral or immoral principles—because in fact, and in scientific ordination, Ethics must precede Political Economy.

So again, 'If the true equivalent,' says Dr. Foster, 'of the term 'best,' (form of government) be that it is that which most 'promotes the happiness of the community, the science (of 'Political Philosophy) must rank in order prior to that of Morals.'—Why? What is 'happiness'? Could a people under any circumstances be happy whose laws systematically prohibited right and required wrong? In short it is utterly impossible to ascertain the 'best' form of government without first ascertaining what are the requirements of that moral nature to which any form of government must more or less adapt itself—must chiefly adapt itself, because the moral is everywhere supreme, and the regulator of the physical. As Butler has it 'this superintendence is a 'constituent part of the idea of conscience, that is of the faculty 'itself; and to preside and govern, from the very economy and 'constitution of man, belongs to it. Had it strength as it has 'right—had it power as it has manifest authority, it would absolutely govern the world.' And it has so much strength that nothing can long or widely govern which has not conscience for its ally. Nor is this true on Butler's moral theory alone; for whatever we may mean by that word, our regard for virtue is far stronger than our regard for *ordinary* utility, or mere pleasure, or the present gratification of some impetuous passion. Few facts are more indisputable than this; and the phenomena of human nature remain the same, by whatever theory we may attempt to account for, or explain them.

We shall scarcely find a better point of transition than this to such very brief examination as our space will afford, of Dr. Foster's mode of dealing with those great ethical problems which have never yet been satisfactorily solved, and which would seem to be hardly capable of solution. As no law should require what is

wrong, or forbid what the sense of duty absolutely demands from us, the science of Jurisprudence is impossible without some settlement of the question '*what is right?*' If this be furnished by moralists, their conclusions will be postulated by the jurist; if not, he must furnish some settlement of the question for himself, and he will scarcely be deemed unaccountably fastidious if he should confess himself dissatisfied with what has hitherto been done in that direction. Coming even after Dr. Foster himself, we must acknowledge a similar dissatisfaction.

Dr. Foster belongs to that class of moralists who would regulate human action by an internal principle or relation. In his judgment, that is right which we feel we are morally compelled to do, which we *must* do. '*The sense of duty is the sense of moral necessity.*'—p. 44.

'If it be demanded further,—What is it that satisfies the sense of moral necessity?—this is a question to be answered, not by an analysis of the conception itself, but by ascertaining its primary principle. Looking, then, for a fundamental law of Duty, considered as applicable to all conceivable relations between sentient and intelligent Beings, and which is, self-evidently, to govern the conduct of such Beings towards each other, under any circumstances; asking for a principle which is to fulfil the four conditions of Cousin^d,—of being immutable, absolute, universal, and necessary,—I can discover none of these demands which is not complied with in the short expression of *doing as you would be done by.*'—pp. 44, 45.

Now it seems to us to be very clear (if we reject any and every utilitarian theory of morals), not that what is necessary is right, and right because it is necessary, but that what is right is necessary, and necessary because it is right. When Paul persecuted the Church of Christ, we feel, as he felt, that he could not do otherwise, because he believed that it was *right* so to act; but his having felt for some inexplicable reason that he *must*, that he was bound to persecute the church, could never make it right 'to do many things against the name of Jesus of Nazareth.' Tell us in any case, or let us feel there is something we *must* do, and we ask why? If we are answered 'because it is right,' we have advanced at least one step. *Why* it is right, we may be unable to ascertain; for the quality common to all right actions, and constituting them such, has, in our judgment, never yet been distinctly stated, if, indeed, it has been quite clearly perceived. In any attempt to solve this seemingly insoluble problem, the moralist of conscience is continually borrowing or stealing from the utilitarian, and the utilitarian from the moralist of conscience. The one only reaches his conclusions on human nature by ascertaining what is pleasant or unpleasant—profitable or unpro-

fitable—the other must include among his enjoyments and utilities what could never have been such, apart from that internal principle or relation which they are cited to disprove.

We are glad to place these views of moral necessity under the very respectable patronage of M. Cousin, whose words we quote, because he seems to be a sort of oracle to Dr. Foster. ‘Right,’ he says—(we have translated his words as nearly as possible into Dr. Foster’s own)—‘according to Kant is that which is ‘morally necessary. But logically, whence can arise this moral ‘necessity to perform a particular action except from the intrinsic ‘rightness of that action? . . . If one action ought, and if ‘another action ought not, to be performed, it is obviously ‘because there is an essential difference between those two ‘actions. To found rightness upon moral necessity, instead of ‘founding moral necessity upon rightness, is therefore to put the ‘effect for the cause.’*

We are, on the whole, however, much less satisfied with Dr. Foster’s ‘fundamental law of duty,’ than with his account of what duty is. Right, the morally necessary, we are told, is doing as we would be done by. That we should do to others as we would they should do unto us, is an axiom—the axiom expressed in another form and a form better suited to its bearings upon human life—things that are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. Now in our judgment this is, firstly, not self-evidently true, and therefore no axiom; and secondly, not true at all, without very numerous and serious exceptions. If we make good the latter of these positions, we may leave the former to take care of itself. We only premise that if we were precisely in the position of another, our wishes would be identical with his, and therefore what we should wish another to do to us, if we were in the particular circumstances in which he is placed, is just what that other actually wishes us to do to him.

Take, for example, Dr. Sharrock’s case of boot-cleaning. My servant does not prefer his vocation of blacking my shoes, to my vocation of having them blacked by my servant. He might even go so far as to prefer my blacking *his* shoes, to his blacking mine. What he would have me do to him is, at least release him from this unpleasant obligation. Am I bound to do this? Is my duty to do this as plain as that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another? ‘Certainly not,’

* ‘Le bien pour Kant, c’est ce qui est obligatoire. Mais logiquement, d’où peut venir l’obligation d’accomplir un acte, sinon de la bonté intrinsèque de cet acte? . . . Si un acte doit être accompli et si un autre ne doit pas l’être, c’est qu’apparemment il y a une différence essentielle entre ces deux actes. Fonder le bien sur l’obligation au lieu de fonder l’obligation sur le bien, c’est donc prendre l’effet pour la cause.’—Du Vrai, du Beau et du Bien, p. 370.

says Dr. Foster. 'If I were a *servant* and not a *master*, I 'should, by the act of entering into the service, have engaged to 'perform acts of this nature, and the last claim I should think of 'urging would be, to be absolved from the contemplated results 'of my own undertaking. I should be willing for my master to 'do by me as I, being a *master*, actually do by my servant, in 'the case put.'—p. 51. So first, it would seem, every servant *does* wish precisely what he *ought* to wish; and secondly, even if he does not, we are only bound to regard his wishes when they *are* precisely those which, *as a servant*, he ought to cherish. We leave it to our readers to determine whether the examples or exceptions under Dr. Foster's 'fundamental law' will be more numerous. The strict and literal application of that law would destroy the relation itself of master and servant altogether. Servitude, whether in the slave states of America, or in our own country, is not a matter of choice, but of necessity. Is there one servant under the sun who would not greatly prefer becoming partner with his master on equal terms? A. comes to B. to be hired. The heart of A. says to B., 'I don't like work, but I 'prefer even work to starvation. I should like you to let me 'share your fortune, and live with you in the enjoyment of every 'comfort. If you wout do to me as I would you should, then 'I must be your hireling, and *work* for my wages, which will 'be as much as I can get, and not a jot more than you will be 'compelled to give.' 'A very knavish, unreasonable fellow,' says Dr. Foster. Very likely—only such people are not quite so rare as a phoenix.

Take another case, slightly more complicated, but not by any means altogether uncommon. Not long ago a woman was brought before one of the Metropolitan Police Courts for biting off her neighbour's nose in a quarrel. Now, how must we apply Dr. Foster's 'fundamental law' as between this savage and the magistrate? From the law itself, we might easily enough decide the matter. What does the woman wish? What would the magistrate wish if he were *precisely* in the woman's place? Doubtless to be set at liberty. 'But that would be very unreasonable,' says Dr. Foster; 'not at all what she ought to wish *as a criminal*.' Very likely—only what were the wisdom of expecting anything *not* unreasonable from a woman who had just regaled herself with the proboscis of another woman. Besides, the wish of the cannibal, and the wish of her victim, and the wish of the magistrate, and the wish of the public, may all be utterly and irreconcilably diverse. In such a case the 'fundamental law' *cannot* be applied; for the satisfaction of the *one* is the dissatisfaction of another. If the competing claims

of these parties can be rightly adjusted at all, it must be by a law upon which Dr. Foster's 'fundamental law' must itself depend. It has ceased to be invariably true that men desire what is right, when they are to be themselves sufferers from it. If we were in a bad man's place precisely, both in personal character and outward circumstances, we should wish precisely what he wishes. Right is not always, therefore, doing as we would be done by. And if it were, that fact would need demonstration. It is a very inconvenient fact, involving much self-sacrifice; and the neglect in any case of our own interest, requires at least as much justification as the disregard of the interest of our neighbour.

We cannot follow our author through the whole of his discussion on this subject; it has failed in many respects to commend his conclusion to our judgment. We have been compelled, also, to confine our remarks to those portions of the early chapters of his work from which we have found it necessary to dissent. In so doing, we have left entirely without notice many passages of unusual excellence—many noble thoughts nobly uttered, and we would have it understood that we very highly appreciate even the *attempt* to solve the most difficult and important of all moral problems. No man of Dr. Foster's abilities can handle such a subject at all without suggesting much precious truth, even when he fails to give it distinct expression. What we are obliged to regard as his mistakes or half truths are, in our judgment, greatly more valuable from their power to stimulate thought, than the unimpeachable propertnesses of meaner men and less accomplished scholars.

Unless we are to make no distinction between equity and benevolence, that distinction will be a satisfactory reason for giving to any fundamental law of duty a negative rather than a positive form. For all the purposes of Jurisprudence at least this will be of very obvious importance. It is becoming more and more generally agreed, that the *primary* function of Law is not so much to require service as to forbid interference. Everything beyond this is disputed, and can be justified only on secondary considerations—considerations of utility rather than of right. For every individual man, and for every society of men, the law of justice, and the law of benefit, though often requiring the same course of outward conduct, are themselves totally distinct. Hence our fundamental law of duty would take this, or an equivalent shape, —'that no man shall *originate* an interference with any other man, without the consent of that other, expressed or implied.'

'If one man among ten thousand,' says Mr. Dove, of whose book we shall have something to say further on, 'commit a fraud, or an outrage,

or an injury, then have the ten thousand the right to interfere with him, inasmuch as *he* has originated interference, and interference must be *prevented*. And if the ten thousand were to commit a fraud or an injury, and that other man had the *power*, then has that other man the same right to interfere with the ten thousand that they had to interfere with him. The law of justice knows neither majority nor minority, but whosoever has the power may carry it into execution, at all times and in all circumstances. It is God's law written on the human intellect at the period of its creation, and man, as man, may carry it into universal effect.

But the law of benefit is restricted wholly and solely to those who have consented to the scheme of benefit. The law of justice treats of the *immutably right*; the law of *benefit* only of the purchase of a certain advantage at a certain outlay, and no man has a right to compel another to purchase even an advantage.

'Consent in the law of justice is altogether superfluous; in the law of benefit or utility it is altogether essential.'—*Elements of Political Science*, pp. 189, 190.

These though needing, as we shall show, some modification when applied to regularly constituted governments, are words very full of meaning—going far, when rightly understood, towards the settlement of those social questions which press most painfully upon this our age for solution. These are the thoughts that have been for some long while in the minds of classes other than the highest in our land—classes that are called 'dangerous,'—and when once true thought finds utterance, it is the mightiest of all powers. For awhile the mere utterance of it may be enough, and freedom of speech, and freedom of the press, may be for awhile the safety-valves of society; but truth will not rest long contented with any feebler utterance than that which it shall find in individual and social *life*. It will come to pass, though not perhaps so soon as our political millennarians seem to anticipate, that '*credence shall rule the world*.' Already people are desiring, and sometimes roughly demanding, to be governed on *scientific* principles, and no longer to be the victims of mere political experiments, or of the selfishness of a dominant class.

Dr. Foster of course admits a distinction between what we ought to do, and what we may rightfully be compelled to do. This is the distinction also which indicates a point of separation between the sciences of Jurisprudence and Ethics. Everywhere too, and even alone, man comes under the dominion of Ethics, but it is only social man—man in society—with whom Jurisprudence can interfere. We agree partially with our Author where he says that 'the preservation of the *status quo* is really the test by which the propriety of the law's interference at all may be ascertained.' We agree with this inasmuch as we believe that

any interference with the *status quo* of a particular individual, gives that individual, or his authorized representative, a right to remedy or to punish such interference. This can never be regarded, however, as a sufficient account of the entire province of government, though compared with the notions of some of our ultra reformers, such a theory would be superlatively moderate. 'It is often the object of law, not only to *restrain men from wrong*, but also to compel them to *do what is right and beneficial*.* The poor laws, for example, are no mere security for the preservation of the '*status quo*.' They improve the condition of one man—frequently an idle scoundrel, whose imprudence or drunkenness has reduced him to beggary—at the expense of his orderly and hard-working neighbours. Compulsory street cleaning or street lighting; a national Museum, or a picture gallery; a hospital, or a university, can never be justified on any *laissez-faire* theory of government.

Dr. Foster's example taken from Bentham is equally incapable, we would submit, of being brought under his rule.

'When a passer-by neglects to render succour to one wounded by thieves, or who has fallen into a pit, the state in which the sufferer actually is at the time of such neglect, is one admitting of continued life and enjoyment. It is only the neglect that renders this continuance impossible. The faculties overcome by complete exhaustion will shortly not have the power to rally which they now possess. The destruction of this power is a positive effect, for which the non-acting person is alone responsible, inasmuch as but for his inaction it would not have happened.'—*Elements, &c.*, p. 73.

Now we should have supposed that almost anybody, much more a gentleman of Dr. Foster's acuteness, would have seen, on Dr. Foster's principle, these two things in this case, first, that a man because he happens to have been tossed into a pit has no right on that ground to interfere with the time or business, the pleasure or amusement of any or every passer-by; the one province of law being to prevent intervention—and second, that the death of a man thrown into a pit is not attributable to the neglect of a passer-by (for *ex nihilo nihil fit*) but to the depth of the pit, and the weakness of the sufferer, and the *act* of the person or persons *who brought him* into his peculiar circumstances, both of person and place. To let the man alone, would not be to interfere with his *status quo*,—though it might be far from right? There may be, and are, many reasons why a passer-by should be compelled to extricate him, but they are reasons founded on benefit, and would be altogether ignored by the test

* '*Sæpe jure coguntur homines non tantum ut non faciant sed etiam ut aliquid faciant.*'

under consideration touching 'the propriety of the law's interference.' That test will neither justify all the laws that are, nor all that might advantageously be made, while it would perpetuate all kinds of iniquities and absurdities from which any one might be deriving the smallest advantage.

The statutes of every country furnish abundant examples of the operation of these two sets of principles of justice and utility, along with many evils and anomalies, which can be traced to the operation of no proper principle at all, but to the absence of all principle. They come from superstition or selfishness. It is matter of justice, *e. g.*, that the citizen should be protected in the enjoyment of his rights, and that any violation of those rights should be punished; but it depends upon considerations of benefit, and not of equity, in what particular mode, and by what particular persons, and upon what particular evidence, the protection or punishment shall be awarded. So again, there are no criteria in the axioms of natural justice for deciding when a deed shall be required for the transfer of property, when a contract must be in writing, what particular words shall be needful to constitute an estate in fee-simple, or in fee-tail. Surely our law of evidence, and rules of special pleading, are artificial enough, and can scarcely be resolved simply into the preservation of the *status quo*. Indeed, these rules of pleading and evidence, are an illustration, not only of utilitarian legislation, but of legislative superstition and absurdity.

'In the lawyer,' says Jeremy Bentham,—satirically it is obvious, but still satire must have its measure of truth,—'in the lawyer we must distinguish between two beings strangers to each other—the natural man and the artificial man. The natural man may be the friend of truth, the artificial man is its enemy. The natural man may be able to reason with correctness and simplicity; the artificial man can reason only by the help of subtleties, suppositions, and fictions. The natural man can go to his object by the straight road; the artificial man cannot get to it but by endless circuits. If he were going to ask you, What o'clock is it? What sort of weather is it? he would begin by putting two or three persons between you and himself, by inventing some astrological fiction, and spending weeks or months in preliminary writings and questions.'

In ascertaining when the interference of law is justifiable, in other words, in determining the province of government, it is refreshing and encouraging to find that we are now pretty well rid of the quasi-historical rubbish that used to pass for the origin of political society. The origin of political society is not a matter of much consequence; what we want to know is, not its origin, but its rightfulness or expediency. The origin of infant-

cide in China may be superlatively curious, but we are not likely for that reason to import the amiable weakness into this country. Suppose we take it for granted that a horde of savages, painted crimson and blue, met together on an open plain, to discuss all conceivable forms of government, from a republic to a despotism—all justifiable cases of interference, from the everywhere of one extreme party to the nowhere of another—the particular arrangement which these unsophisticated barbarians may have arrived at, will scarcely be the one, above all others, to commend itself to the enlightened judgment of this present year of grace. We have an uncharitable suspicion that, after all, a savage is not quite a man, only a dwarfed, or very partially developed man. The most artificial state of society is by no means always the least natural. In short, it is not from history alone, even if the history of the earliest times had been recorded, but also from psychology and morals, that we ascertain what government ought to be. That which is, *per se*, wrong for the individual, can never be right for a community.

‘*The same moral law,*’ says Mr. Dove, ‘*is incumbent upon men associated in society, that ought to regulate their conduct as individuals.*’ And the acts from which an individual is morally bound to refrain, no legislature in the world is competent to command, and no government to carry into execution. If it be not so, men have the power to obliterate all moral law whatever, by merely enacting its universal abolition. But although the theoretic limit of just legislation may be clearly seen, we must not expect that legislation will be confined to its proper boundaries, until the evils growing one after another to a height, and pressing too severely on the population, shall be traced to their true cause, and be successively abolished, because they can no longer be borne.’—p. 167.

Dr. Foster, we apprehend, would admit all this; otherwise indeed, a large portion of his work is utterly irrelevant. He has really given a very respectable right of rebellion to the master-spirits of an age or people. But he is open to much serious misconstruction when he says, ‘*Law is what it ought to be, when it ‘satisfies the moral standard of the community, or is not further ‘behind it’ (the italics are ours) ‘than is due to the imperfections ‘involved in all human arrangements; and we conceive that ‘in practice, law does fulfil these conditions.’ (p. 114.)*’ He is not afraid to instance the very extreme cases of Mohammedan polygamy, and the slavery of the United States of America. These examples would have satisfied most men of the character of the rule to which they must be referred. Most men would have concluded, and we think justly, without further evidence, that a law which could sanction such domestic institutions, must

be iniquitous, root and branch. Dr. Foster is too well, and too honourably known, to be mistaken for a justifier of slavery—he may leave that office (as Mr. Theodore Parker says) to the American clergy—but some of that immaculate order of saints may find texts in the volume before us, without any extraordinary talent for accommodation, for some of their worst discourses.

Our author's mistake is one into which Dr. Whewell has also fallen, *cum multis aliis*. Everybody has a horror of mere theory, and not a few have the ridiculous notion that what is right in theory may be wrong in practice. Men laugh at a form of government on paper, and seem to fancy, sapiently enough, that the better it looks there, the worse it will be in fact. They forget that theories are nothing but generalizations of facts: that a paper constitution, to be worth anything *on paper*, must embody, and logically apply, all the facts discovered or observed up to the time of its construction. It must, therefore, take into the account all the history of the people for which it is intended; a history which can never determine the immutably right, but which can determine so much of the right as may be indicated by what has been proved to be the expedient. In what is absolutely right or wrong—conformed to, or required, or forbidden, by the law of nature, of conscience, of God—it will admit no known imperfection. In what is simply expedient, and probably, or even certainly, beneficial, it may not press a reluctant community beyond its own consent. Time and place will have no influence in legislation upon absolute right or wrong—they may have a very material influence upon what is merely useful. A code of laws might be framed which should be applicable in all its main provisions to every people and to every age. 'The national views of personal status, property, and the modes of acquisition—family and its consequences—government and its origin,—may be false, and ridiculous, and unjust. They may impede just and useful legislation, and are therefore to be regarded as all other impediments are. But they are to be regarded as indicating, not what law ought to be, but how much must be done and suffered before it can become what it ought to be. They are to be regarded as enemies that must be vanquished—as nuisances to be abated. Worth thus much, in our judgment, and worth no more, is what Dr. Whewell has to say, and what Dr. Foster seems almost ready to indorse, on the importance of the historical element in legislation. The words of Cicero, often as they may be quoted, will never grow old or trite. 'For that ideal and perfect law, to which all others must conform if they too would be perfect, is not one thing at Rome, another at Athens—one now, another hereafter. It embraces all nations,

‘through every age. It is ordained of God; and he who should ‘disregard it, can escape its penalties only by escaping from ‘himself, and divesting himself of his humanity.’

Very few mistakes have had a more pernicious effect than this mistake touching the ‘historical element’—this notion that in human statute books, as in the divine decrees, ‘all that is, is best.’ To this may be attributed the absolute persecutions, or subtler disabilities, which men have been made, and are still made, to suffer, in the abused name of religion. The historical element in one country requires the establishment of Roman Catholicism and the roasting of Protestants. In our own country, from the reign of Elizabeth till within a comparatively recent period, it was no easy matter to keep Protestants in their turn from roasting Papists. On this principle, Judaism and Moham-medanism—the Greek Church, the Latin Church, the Lutheran Church, the English Church, the Scotch Church—*ought*, under certain circumstances, to be supported and propagated by the extermination of all rivals. With perfect consistency and propriety on this principle, the British Government was wont to present idolatrous and hypocritical gifts to the bloody and obscene divinities of India—thus perpetuating misery and impeding the spread of Christianity. Deans and chapters in our own day may be found guilty, may even be compelled to *plead* guilty, of what, in other connexions, would be called swindling—the episcopal lawn may prove to be not unsullied, passing through this present evil world, any more than the commonest linen of the commonest surplices—but the ‘historical element’ would prop up ‘England’s Church’ if she were twenty times as bad as (doubtless for want of Christian charity) certain grumbling Non-conformists believe her to be. Indeed, this same ‘element’ is keeping that church so precisely *in statu quo*, while everything is improving and progressing around her, that it is doing more perhaps than anything else—certainly more than the best intentioned hostilities from without—to endanger her stability and existence.

Just in the same way have numberless civil, or rather uncivil, nuisances been continued to the present hour, and in a wonderful state of preservation. Them

——— ‘non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, aut fuga temporum.’

England has not yet escaped from all the feudal burdens of the middle ages; and it was not until the reign of Charles II. that the most outrageous incidents of feudalism were abolished. But in fact, without further examples, the whole value of this historical element, in every case, is founded upon an assumption

which can never be justified, and which is always weakest in proof when the use to be made of it requires that proof should be the strongest—on the assumption that a people is in every case *fairly represented*. But this cannot be asserted even now of any people under heaven—much less could it have been asserted of any people a century or two ago. Yet the nonsense perpetuated in our own country under the sanction of the ‘historical element’ had its origin at the time when the people were confessedly far less fairly represented than now—at the time of the contests of the Commonwealth and Stuarts, the wars of the Roses, the Norman Conquest, the savage conflicts of hostile races, partly united and partly crushed by the strong invader who usurped the throne of Harold, the last of the Saxon kings.

The power justly belonging to a state is the power, or a part of the power, residing in the separate individuals composing the state. It may be less than the whole of that power, but it cannot possibly be more. The primary duty of Government then is to prevent one member of the political society from originating an interference with any other without the consent of that other. Yet even here it is perfectly obvious that a government can never be simply the preventer or punisher of an actual wrong. In this matter, indeed, the criminal may have no voice. The man whom he has wronged may rightfully (apart, of course, from Christian precept) employ any means, and secure any ally, for the prevention of future injury. But when a government interferes for this purpose, it insists upon interfering alone. It says to the man who has suffered wrong, ‘you must leave this matter to my discretion as to time and place and mode of redress; and even ‘when you do not approve you must acquiesce.’ This is the explanation of a very large proportion of our criminal law which can never be resolved into the mere preservation of the *status quo*. The same reasons which render it impossible for society to exist when men may settle their own disputes *vi et armis*, render it essential that there shall be no appeal from the authority to which the settlement of such disputes may be entrusted. No one is satisfied with a decision adverse to himself; and if when he felt himself aggrieved he might perpetually renew litigation, and finally secure an adjustment of his quarrel by physical force, Government would soon cease to have more than a nominal existence. Its decisions must therefore be final. It must be furnished with the means of arriving at a just decision. In short, if its primary function be the preservation of the *status quo* of each individual, this can only be effected by an *alteration* more or less of the *status quo* of the whole community. It is a mysterious law of Providence that evil, when once perpetrated, shall

have a very wide influence, and that even the punishment of evil shall be a punishment not only to the evil-doer, but also to the man who suffers wrong, and to many who have no personal interest in the crime or its punishment.

A great part of this very obvious truth—so obvious indeed, we fear, as to seem trite and commonplace—has been altogether overlooked by Mr. Dove. His book is very valuable, and will not diminish the reputation he has already earned as the author of a treatise on *The Theory of Human Progression*; but it is valuable in no small degree as containing an exposition of those principles by which men will be guided when they have risen above the need of law altogether. Indeed, he has no sooner set up a government, than he removes the very foundation on which it was reared, and deprives it of all authority.

‘All men,’ he says, ‘have a right to defend their rights. Consequently they may set apart certain persons armed with physical power for the purpose of that defence.’

‘The government of a country is nothing more than the body of men set apart to defend the rights of each individual of the community, consequently the whole operations of government in its *primary capacity* are limited to the *prevention of unjust interference*.’

‘No man has a right, in the first place, to interfere with his fellow in his thoughts, words, or actions: and if no man did so interfere, there would be nouse for government in its primary and most essential capacity. But when he does interfere with his fellow, by force, fraud, or defamation, then he is amenable to society—first, for the compensation of all the evil he may have done to another; and, secondly, for all the expense society has been at in maintaining a criminal police and criminal judicature, for the purpose of preventing his malpractices.’—pp. 168, 169.

The process of recovering the expenses referred to in the close of this extract is, generally speaking, the one popularly described as ‘taking the breeks off a Hielandman.’ A., B., and C., whether they like it or not, pay for the settlement of a quarrel between Y. and Z., whom they have never seen, and never wish to see: twelve others are placed in a jury-box on the same business to the neglect of their own pursuits pleasurable or profitable. Sentence is given against Z. Then they all pay for building a prison in which to confine his person. Then for a prescribed period they feed and clothe him. Finally, perhaps, they buy him a gallows, a halter, and a grave. All this is included, and cannot but be included, in that prevention of interference which is declared to be the primary business of government. It is simply ludicrous to expect a convicted criminal to pay for all this; it must be paid for by the com-

munity. Is an innocent man, when taxed for this purpose along with all his neighbours, and *without his own consent*, justified in considering himself robbed, and the State a robber? If so, then government will continue, even in the simplest form, to be impossible, until by the perfect virtue and prudence of mankind, it has come to be unnecessary.

Greatly are the difficulties of a government increased when it passes confessedly from its primary to its secondary duties—from the preservation to the improvement of the *status quo*—from the equitable to the beneficial. The latter may to a certain extent be separated from the former in actual practice, and be pursued alone; while, as we have seen, the former can never be secured without some intermixture of the latter. As between two individuals, one can have no right to compel the other to purchase even a benefit without his own consent. Does the same law hold good as between a government and an individual? Let us suppose that it does, and one of three results must follow—either every one will see what is beneficial, and be willing to take his share of the expense and sacrifice necessary to secure it, and so all useful public works will be duly executed; or else public works, increasing the general happiness and well-being of the whole community, will be executed at the expense solely of the honest, and reasonable, and benevolent few; or neither of these results following, no public works of mere utility, however great, will be executed at all. Now in the first of these cases government, as involving the right to apply *force*, will be altogether unnecessary, and such a case will not occur till the advent of the political millennium. In either of the remaining cases, government at all will be impracticable. Even private enterprise, on any large scale, would thus become impossible. On this principle, for example, not a single existing railway could have been constructed.

But it is most important to notice (as we have already partly shown) that if a government may not compel a minority of reluctant subjects for the general *benefit* to bear their portion of the public burdens, not only are its secondary, but even its primary, functions altogether destroyed. For the preservation of life, liberty, and property, expensive establishments will be necessary—soldiers, policemen, courts of justice, prisons, and the like. No one at all familiar with the nefarious evasion of taxes deplorably common, can doubt for a single moment that a serious proportion, a very large minority of the people, would object to pay any part of the cost of this complex political apparatus. They might simply and doggedly refuse to pay and refuse to render a reason for such refusal. Much more pro-

bably—for the existence of government implies the existence of wrong—they would give a lying reason. There are many things, too, so absolutely necessary, that they are sure to be done somehow or other by somebody or other. Hence these unprincipled recusants are as safe as they are unprincipled. The proprietors of three out of three hundred shops in Regent-street, might refuse with perfect safety to contribute a farthing to police or gas. They might say, ‘Gas is very pleasant for people who are afraid of the darkness; gentlemen in blue are delightful to look upon for those who have cause to distrust their neighbours; but *we* have perfect confidence in our peaceful countrymen, and are perfectly satisfied with such light as nature provides for us.’ No one could doubt for a single instant that these most virtuous shopkeepers were members of that large family of which Scripture assures us that the devil is the father; but even a liar and a cheat (on the principle we are considering) may not be compelled in the purchase of a benefit to part with his property without his consent. As there are scores of conceivable ways of doing even a necessary thing, a man who does not dispute the propriety of the thing itself, may deny the expediency of the mode of accomplishing it, and government, when it acts at all, must act in some one particular way, and must assume both the equity of the action itself, and that the proposed mode of action is the best that could be adopted. To punish the guilty also, there must be power to coerce the innocent, and many may often be made to suffer upon groundless suspicion.

The questions which need to be better settled before we arrive at a perfect theory of the province of government, are these (among others): What constitutes a man a subject of a particular government? May a man withdraw his allegiance from a government in whose territories he happens to reside? Must a man necessarily be a subject of any government at all if he be willing and anxious to live without its defence, that he may live also without its burdens? The answer given to these questions by the existing laws of different countries is easily enough ascertained; but what answer does *justice* return to them? The general opinion of jurists may perhaps be gathered from two axioms laid down by Ulpicus Huberus in his treatise, *De Conflictu Legum*. He says, ‘The laws of any state have force within the territory of the same, and bind all its subjects and none else. All those are to be considered its subjects who are found within its territory, whether as permanent residents or temporary sojourners.’ Involved in these axioms, and in any attempt to deal with these great subjects, must be some opinion upon the right which a government has to a given territory; the right a

man possesses, as a man, to some adequate amount of property—the right to dispose of property of any kind by will, and so to bar, in part, the right of a future generation, and so on. The limits of a single paper would be quite ludicrously inadequate to the discussion of such subjects, but no approach has been yet made to a complete exhaustion of them. In what we have further to say on the province of government, the opinions we have formed on these matters will be apparent; but the grounds upon which they are formed can only here and there be very briefly indicated.

It cannot be denied that in the discussion of these practical political questions the moralist of utility has a seeming advantage over the moralist of conscience, and indeed, we can only know our moral and social nature, by seeing how it actually works. 'All's well that ends well,' has truth in it. There must be law, and the employment of force when needful, for the suppression of violence and wrong, and the protection of rights, because without law and force, society cannot exist, or continue; and there must be society, because man can be neither happy nor perfect without it. His weakness and his strength alike demand it. If we are to regard him as originally without virtue and a savage, we must suppose that what is called the state of nature, is a state of war. Every man desires life, and all that can preserve it, and render it happy. Every man has an equal right to such things as he may conceive adapted to secure these ends, and he is always judge in his own cause. When a dispute arises, it can be ended, among savages in a state of natural liberty, only by a battle. Hence might and right are identical. Justice is the synonyme of power. Sin against God is conceivable, but not injury to man, for injury implies the existence and operation of human law, and law implies political society. The strength and knowledge of all men of mature age are tolerably equal. The cunning of the weak may often gain a fatal advantage over the strong, and individuals may be always overpowered by numbers. Hence the state of war must end in extermination, and some social compact, some recognised authority, some admitted arbitrator is necessary to the preservation of the human race. If we regard man as being truly man only in his well-developed maturity of intellect and feeling and conscience, political society appears even more important, for the destruction of the race would be by no means so dire a catastrophe as its utter demoralization and wreck. Our argument is this. Positively and negatively civil government is proved to be beneficial—so beneficial as to be necessary to a truly developed humanity; in its best forms increasing on every side, and to an incalculable degree, human

happiness, and in its worst forms incomparably better than its utter absence.

Civil government, therefore, being obviously useful, and apparently even necessary, may be assumed to be *right*—and every essential to civil government must therefore be also right. It is necessary to the existence anywhere of civil government, that within a given space held by it as its territory, all residents shall by the fact of their residence be considered subjects—and from the fact of their being subjects, be assumed to give their consent to everything done by their Government. This assumption is always, to a large extent, correct, and in progressive states growingly correct. It will never be perfectly so until all men are so good, and so wise, as not to need governing at all. But the assumption involves no injustice—it is just to act upon it even though not strictly correct, because without it government would be impossible—and government is necessary to our real humanity, and just because it is necessary. Nor is this inconsistent with the assertion of Mr. Dove, which we have already quoted with approbation, but which needs some modification, or rather a fuller explanation on both sides, before it can safely or equitably be applied to existing institutions. ‘The same moral law is incumbent upon men associated in society, that ought to regulate their conduct as individuals.’ The same *moral law* is not equivalent to the very same *specific precept*, to the very same *actual course of conduct*. The law that we should do unto others as we would they should do to us, is always and everywhere binding in its great principle as a law of Christ, yet the course of actual conduct it involves varies, by the very nature of the case, with the varying inclinations and preferences of the men by whom we are surrounded.

The right we have to assume that the consent of the subjects of a government to all its public acts is really given, is what Dr. Foster in part means when he asserts, somewhat unguardedly, that ‘law is what it ought to be.’

‘In proposing,’ he says, ‘to test law by the actual state of moral feeling, I do not anticipate being met with the observation that, in the onward progress we have supposed, the Law of a Community does not always keep pace with its morality. Were this apparently true to a greater extent than will be contended, it would only result from a defective adaptability in the spirit of the government to that of the people; which (being submitted to by them in such a case) would go to disprove such an advance in popular morality as might, on other grounds, be believed to have taken place. It is a principle requiring certainly careful application, but one, nevertheless, which is axiomatic in inquiries of this nature, that a people in earnest will always infuse their spirit into

the constituted authorities. If they do not do so, it is because they are not in earnest, and they are responsible for what they do not remove. The most despotic governments are no exception to the rule. The objection with which we are now dealing, presented in its most effective form—the question, namely, whether the law may be satisfied with representing the average conscience of the community—may be dismissed with a reference to practicability. The law cannot protect rights which nobody acknowledges.’—*Elements of Jurisprudence*, p. 112.

Nothing is truer—and no political truth is more pregnant with consequences of far-reaching importance—than this assertion that the earnest desire and deep conviction of a people will sooner or later make itself felt. It is for this very reason that we look with far more composure on some of the political ‘superstitions’ of our age, than many of our contemporaries. We regard them with no sort of favour—we just regard them as absurdities and evils—but we recognise in the inscrutable arrangements of divine providence that ‘for *everything* there is a time—even error and folly have *their* time and their great work. We know not *why* these things should exist at all—but we know that they do exist, and that much light has come out of their darkness, and good out of their evil. We know not *how*, but we see as a fact that often the brightest good has come out of the blackest evil. And we have seen multiplied instances of political disaster and ruin from the hurrying on even of great and beneficial changes for which a people have not been ripe.

Our remedy therefore for many wrongs is *time*—*their* time, and the creation of a wise public opinion which will eventually, and certainly, and effectually get itself uttered and felt. Thus we shall have reforms in place of revolutions. They will cost us very much both of patience and work—but we remember that everything worth having has been thus secured.

‘We ought, in the government of a well-ordered estate and commonwealth, to imitate and follow the great God of Nature, who in all things proceedeth easily and by little and little; who of a little seed causeth to grow a tree, for height and greatness right admirable, and yet for all that insensibly; and still by means conjoining the extremities of nature, as by putting the spring between winter and summer, and autumn betwixt summer and winter, moderating the extremities of the times and seasons with the selfsame wisdom which it useth in all other things also, and that in such sort as that no violent force or course therein appeareth.’

We have very little faith, too, in reforming a government by utterly abolishing it. We can conceive of some medium between a state's doing everything and a state's doing nothing. The

State, it is argued, is constantly doing what it ought not to do, and leaving undone what it ought to do. Everywhere it blunders. It seems perfectly incapable of doing at all decently what private companies can do with perfect ease and large profit. If it must exist at all for the sake of its primary functions, it is sheer madness to entrust to it anything beyond them, the more so as it is far from fulfilling efficiently its most unquestionable duties. The very house in which the legislators sit is a standing memorial of their miserable incapacity. Every public office is the centre of a vast circle of jobbery. The statutes of the realm are often so clumsily constructed that they affect most injuriously great masses and interests they were never intended to touch, and are easily evaded by the only parties who were to have come within the scope of their operation. Justice is so expensive a luxury that only the rich can enjoy it. The provision which has been made for the destitute poor has multiplied knaves and paupers. The humanity of the State has made workhouses little better than jails, and its stern justice has made prisons much more comfortable than the average homes of the working classes. Education and religion have been turned into mere bones of contention. The army has been clothed as if on principle to render our troops as inefficient as possible. The state has bungled in ship-building—bungled in house-building—in agriculture and commerce—in protection and free trade. It manages to make everything it undertakes cost more and produce less than it would have done under any other management. Surely it becomes a wise, and energetic, and self-reliant people to reduce the operations of government within the narrowest possible limits. It may be allowed to do its best in the protection of liberty, and life, and property—it may attempt the simply equitable or necessary—but beyond this we know our own business better than anybody else can know it, and better than anybody else we can watch over and promote our own interests.

Now why not go a mere nothing further:—the administration of justice is faulty; *therefore* shut up the courts, dismiss the justices, and apprentice the barristers to shoemakers. All the 20,000 statutes are not known—*of course* the unknown are the most important; those that are known are of no sort of service—*therefore* let them all be repealed. Chancery has been wofully abused; *therefore* let us have no trusts and no trustees. Military arrangements are imperfect; *therefore* let us disband our troops. Our ships of war have not always been what they should have been; *therefore* let us dispense with a fleet. The Poor Law produced ‘tramps;’ *therefore* let the innocent and deserving poor die

of starvation on our thresholds. This were Government reform with a witness!

If the meaning of it all be that a people should be trained to self-reliance, that is a lesson we greatly need to learn. But self-reliance may manifest itself *through* a government, as well as by dispensing with government altogether. We know the old law maxim, *quod facit per alium facit per se*; and if your self-reliant man is not only to see that his work is done, but to do it himself, he must lead a life to which we should greatly prefer the quiet life of a well-conditioned oyster.

If Government has been faulty, has private enterprise been all we could have desired; is it in the nature of things that it should become such? We have not much faith in *a priori* calculations of the practical working of any mode of human action, whether a great national institution or a private company; still we may answer an objection much as the Scripture recommends that we should answer a fool. We are disposed therefore to argue that it is *not in the nature of things* that private enterprise should be so well adapted to promote the general good as government agency. A private company is essentially and confessedly selfish. For everything it produces it will charge as much as anybody can be persuaded to pay; and of everything it produces it will give as small a quantity, and as poor a quality, for the price, as anybody can be made content to take. Against the utmost extortion there is no sort of guarantee beyond the pure selfishness of the company—its unwillingness to lose customers. It is obvious also, that a private agency is practically independent of all supervision just in proportion to the costliness and the necessariness of the commodity it supplies, *i. e.*, just in proportion to the importance of such supervision. A company that has invested vast capital and time and skill upon the production of what is wanted by everybody, may charge the public almost anything it chooses, and above a certain point may serve the public almost as badly as it chooses, and yet find very few who can or who will become competitors—very few who *can* because of the capital and time and skill required for a successful competition—and very few who *will*, because when they begin to compete, that which rendered their effort needful will be so far removed as to render that effort no longer absolutely and immediately needful.

Why has Government interfered with ships? Because they were well built, adequately manned, properly supplied with boats, carefully protected against fire, well stored with food and medicine? Not exactly. If inspected ships are not all that could be desired, the only thing that can be said of it is, that Government has only partly succeeded in removing the pernicious effects

of the unmitigated greediness of private enterprise. Why has the State interfered with interments? Because there is a certain class of people who for a profit would make every garden a cemetery, and stow dead bodies away into your wine cellar. By far the greater portion of every town and city has grown up to its present condition through private enterprise. Are there then no filthy slums, no reeking sewers breeding fever, and cholera, and every sort of abomination? A tender-hearted architect, a most gentle surveyor, and a most sanitary scavenger, truly, is our private enterprise. It aims, and professes to aim, only at the profit of individuals—not at the public good.

We know it will be affirmed that even the selfishness of a private speculator will ultimately be ample security that the real interests of the public shall be consulted. Doubtless this will be so in the political millennium. But can it be affirmed now, that the people who are principally affected by government interference, do actually know what is good for them in all cases, or what they really need? Does selfishness consult the real interests of the working classes, when it extracts from them 50,000,000*l.* per annum for intoxicating liquors and tobacco—do the people know their own interests when they pay it? We do not urge that because private enterprise has done many things badly, and left many good things altogether undone, therefore everything should be left to governments. But we think it would be equally absurd to limit the functions of government (even if it were possible) to the mere preservation of the *status quo*, because sometimes its interference beyond that limit has been insufficient, and sometimes even injurious.

Men generally arrive at these extreme views of what government should be by seeking to establish a claim for exemption from its interference in some particular case. Great capitalists have seen, for example, that there is a large class of people who prefer money to their own health, or the health and even life of their children. There is a large class, too, on the very brink of absolute starvation, who have to fight hard for every breath they draw, and every meal they consume. They hire these people (rightly or wrongly) for the lowest possible wages, and the longest possible work. Old men and little children are huddled together in some great mill, and compelled to scramble and toil in sickness and weariness, for a miserable permission not to die.

‘Work—work—work !
Their labour never flags;
And what are its wages : A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags—

‘A shattered roof, and a naked floor—
 A table, a broken chair—
 And a wall so blank, their shadow they thank
 For sometimes falling there.’

Government walks into some great working-place, and finds a case for legislation. It thinks (rightly or wrongly) that if these things are left to the tender mercies of private avarice, the distinctions of age and sex, night and day, Sabbath and week day, will soon be obliterated. It therefore, wisely or unwisely, prescribes, according to varying circumstances, the hours of labour. Somebody's gains are interfered with by this. ‘Government,’ says the sufferer, ‘we're getting government everywhere! ‘The next thing they do will be to order our domestic servants ‘to feather-beds at nine o'clock, P.M. There's no way to stop ‘such impertinence but just to put this sort of meddling down ‘from beginning to end. The province of *government* is to let ‘people alone!’

Another cannot see for the life of him, why grown-up men and women should make such a fuss about religion. ‘Exalteth a nation!’ nonsense! Commerce, steam, electricity, gas, population, free-trade—these exalt a nation. *Government* (rightly or wrongly) thinks quite otherwise (there has been a pious Numa Pompilius on every throne, some time or other), so it builds churches, tries to be religious, says its prayers, has chaplains to say grace for it before and after meat. The chaplains think the government quite right in all this; so perhaps does the majority of the nation, not liking to take the trouble of religion upon itself. Your nonconformist does not always, as he easily might, show cause why interference *here* is unjust or impolitic, however needful elsewhere, but he thinks himself bound to oppose interference everywhere.

Anybody who wishes to dispense with all legislation may unfortunately find more than enough of facts to render his *laissez-faire* theory excessively plausible. It is rather a drawback, however, from the value of those facts when employed for such a purpose, that they would do quite equally well for demonstrating the importance of no attempt being ever made to do anything by any person or persons, under any conceivable circumstances—they would reduce mankind to mummies.

It seems, too, to be forgotten by our ultra-reformers, that even the mistakes of a government are committed, more or less, at the bidding of its subjects. If the House of Commons be stupid, as stupid in a thousand particulars it undoubtedly is, we must not forget that the Commons out of doors are not yet, *on the average*, precisely Solomons. If the lords spiritual still consti-

tute an estate of the realm, sit in the House of Peers, and doggedly plant themselves in opposition to almost every really popular measure, we must recollect that a very weighty proportion of the people of England have a far intenser horror of going too fast, than of going too slow. All evils come, they think, from an excess of speed—a railway smash, a collision in the channel, death by falling from a house top, or by having a piece of the house fall upon you—French revolutions, and the martyrdom of King Charles I., of blessed memory. Nothing makes fast people so impatient as the patience of slow people—still there *are* slow people; and possibly it may be open to question whether we really have any right to hurry them greatly beyond their inclination. Here, too, the ‘historical element’ may fairly be taken into the account. A government we actually have—we are quite used to it—we have acquired the habit of depending upon it for the doing of no small part of our work. Perhaps we may be all the weaker for this. We may have left our servants too much to their own discretion, with very little of our own superintendence, or of any superintendence. The natural consequence may be that they have neglected our work and embezzled our property. What then? Are we to have our servants better managed, or to have new servants, or to have both new servants and better management? Or are we to have no servants at all, and become every one his own soldier, sailor, and policeman, advocate, jury, and judge, parson, schoolmaster, scavenger? That were very wise and pleasant indeed!

We may be miserably old-fashioned, but we look upon civil government as a great and holy thing—‘ordained of God,’ and we do our worship before it. We see in it too the right arm of a people’s power—the utterance of a people’s voice and wisdom. We loathe it only when it seems to be this and is not—when it is used to crush a people’s strength, and stifle a people’s cry. Thank God! a nation will sooner or later infallibly right itself! It may cost long time—and treasure, and blood poured out like water, but it will be done, and it will be worth all it may cost!

There are certain purposes for which a government necessarily exists,—possibly they may be resolved with sufficient, though certainly not perfect accuracy, into ‘the preservation of the *status quo*’. But for this purpose being actually at great cost brought into existence, and endowed with vast powers, it may be turned to account for much that is not simply necessary, but highly beneficial. The province of government therefore, is *to do what it is told to do* by the people that have created or adopted it. To obtain for them anything that in their judgment will promote their well being, and which they believe they cannot so well obtain

by private effort. Though a law is not all that it ought to be when it satisfies the average morality of a community, it is then all that for the present it *can* be, and is never in fact far below this standard. This is the theory of the province of government which has almost everywhere found favour, though expressed with much blundering and terrific modification. This theory is, in China, modified, and in Russia also modified. The people in both cases are represented by their Emperor. They don't themselves know what they want, the Emperor has ascertained it for them. He therefore gives, not perhaps what his dear children cry for, but what he knows, like a divine Providence, will be good for them. Our theory prevails in the United States, modified—and yet perhaps not modified to a degree worth speaking of, for '*niggers* win't *people*.' It has made itself felt in our own country, but in practice modified there also. Nobody here knows his own mind, or can express it, who is not in possession of a certain yearly income. In this way it is delightful to observe how a man's humanity can be calculated to the nicety of one farthing sterling! Everything in our 'nation of shopkeepers' has its *money* value—from religion to rats!

No people has ever lost its self-reliance from feeling that it was responsible for all the acts of its government, and that its government might do anything and everything it was really told to do by the real bulk of the nation. It is only a government set up and *then left to itself* that saps the vigour and debases the spirit of a community. Is it from some vice inherent in government itself, anywhere, everywhere, and utterly incurable, that there are still oil-lamps at the Horse Guards, that parliament receives no official account of the doings of its generals and troops on foreign service until their victories or disasters have been communicated in the newspapers, discussed and grown stale? Does the bad administration of Indian affairs admit no remedy? Is it not a fact that the people of England care nothing how the Horse Guards are lighted, and very little about the happiness or misery of Hindostan? And when they *do* care about these things, what Government dare resist them? And while they do not care about these things, why should their representatives? If it be asked what Government has done in our own country compared with the doings of private enterprise, the answer is easy. It has laid that foundation of security both to labour and capital, without which private enterprise would have done nothing—could not have existed.

If it be required that after our somewhat desultory criticism of Dr. Foster's restriction of the functions of government to the preservation of the *status quo*, we should offer some positive theory

of our own as to what government may be asked to do, we would do it in the words of Bacon's aphorism, 'Finis et scopus juris nihil est aliud quam quod cives feliciter degant.' Law exists that man may live in happy fellowship with his fellow man. Everything needful is involved in such a purpose, and nothing superfluous. As man can be happy only when true to his own human nature, it is the business of law to remove impediments out of the way of the thorough culture and development of that nature, and to furnish such positive facility for that development and culture, as cannot otherwise be better furnished, or even furnished at all. Life is necessary to man, therefore it will be a part of the proper business of the state to protect it—to protect it from violence, and from neglect, from the murderer who would rudely destroy it, and from the careless selfishness of a passer-by, who would leave his neighbour to perish for want of help which he might have it in his power to render. On the same principle, the law will watch over the health of the subject, and secure his liberty. Without these every human function must be at an end, and a true humanity impossible. Similarly the law will protect, even against themselves, those who require such protection, the infant, the insane, the idiot, the dupes of cunning knaves, who live upon the wages of hypocrisy and fraud. These duties indeed (though involving much more than the preservation of the *status quo*) are everywhere admitted to be within the proper sphere of government action. But, as man is something more than a mere brute animal, so will the duties of the state include more than the defence of life, and health, and liberty. The supreme authority will recognise the existence and power of mind, and will throw its measure of protection around the life, and health, and liberty of thought. It will appreciate the fact, that men are ruled by credence, and that the discoverer of truth is among the most valuable of citizens. Hence, in every well governed community, there will be ample 'liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely'—freedom of belief, freedom of discussion, freedom of the press. There will be protection and reward for useful inventions, copyrights will be secure from unprincipled depredators; universities will be endowed; schools of design, and of medicine, and of the natural sciences, will be patronized and aided. Education will be encouraged, at least so far as to ensure to knowledge its true rewards. The destitute poor will not be left to perish. Even the criminal population will be reformed as well as punished. It will be a recognised fact, that the heartlessness or cruelty of mere economy is in the end more costly than kindness, and incompatible with the true greatness of a people. Religion,—the strongest of all motives of human action—will be unfettered and

unpersecuted, left to the freedom granted to every dictate of reason and every impulse of healthy emotion, restrained or interdicted only when, and so long, as its excesses positively and directly interfere with the rights of any citizen.

We do not say that a government is to do all that may be done in these directions, but it will surely be the part of the supreme authority to take care that a great social benefit shall not be left utterly unachieved because private enterprise is not competent or may not be trusted to achieve it. When a government is, as it ought to be, the embodiment of a people's wisdom and a people's power, when by careful supervision, and such frequent changes as may be needed, it is not permitted to degenerate—where it represents no longer the superstition of a dominant sect, or the selfishness of a privileged order, it may be safely left to the doing of its great and complicated work as the minister of God ordained for 'the punishment of evil doers, and the praise of them that do well.' Even then, we may sometimes find in civil government signs of that imperfection which belongs to all things human; 'For this is not the liberty which we can hope, that no grievance ever should arise in the commonwealth, that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for.'

We do not shrink from applying our own theory, even to what from a Nonconformist point of view, is the most flagrant example of the over-doing of government—legislation in religious matters. It is by *teaching the people* that the Church can do better without the State, and the State better without the Church, that we must hope for the separation of the one from the other. Wherever they work apart, each is strong; wherever they work bound together, each is weak. The bishops, as such, know very little about drainage; and the commissioners of sewers, as such, may have a very dim understanding even of the doctrine of justification by faith. At the best, any government action here, must be inexpedient, because it involves the discontent and injury of a very large proportion of the community. Neither does God's truth stand in need of the patronage of the civil magistrate. But until people *see* this, and much more than this, they will probably prefer to keep their State Church, and we shall spend our time better by showing them how well they can dispense with government religion, than by imperiously demanding that they should forego it, however much their so doing might be against their convictions.

And here we must end. We leave these germs of thought with our readers. If they will ponder them, they will perhaps

find there is something in them. We regret that to Dr. Foster's work, and to Mr. Dove's, we have been able to give so imperfect and one-sided a criticism. We have simply indicated a few points of disagreement, and have left unnoticed a large amount of valuable information and solid reasoning. We most heartily recommend both these works to the careful attention of our readers. They are written in a spirit of earnest and intelligent patriotism. They will suggest much more than they profess, and sometimes also more than the authors intend to convey. They will abundantly repay a diligent perusal, and they afford a pleasing evidence that the mind of England is beginning afresh to brace itself for the solution of those great social problems upon which depends so largely the greatness and the prosperity of nations.

Much, however, remains to be done in the field which these gentlemen have here more or less occupied. We still need a thoroughly scientific 'Commentary on the Laws of England,' and a masterly work on the 'Province of Government.' Such subjects are growingly interesting. Every political question is obviously demanding to be settled more and more on *scientific* grounds, and the people are slowly elaborating in the schools of history and experience the 'Elements of Jurisprudence.' They will heartily welcome, and cheerfully reward, all really valuable help in this direction.

- ART. VI.—(1.) *A Few Words on our Relations with Russia.* By a Non-Alarmist. London: Baldwin and Cradock. 1828.
- (2.) *A faithful Picture of the Present State of Europe.* By a Member of the Austrian Legation. 1828.
- (3.) *The Reform Ministry and the Reformed Parliament.* London: 1833.
- (4.) *Russia as It is, and not as it has been represented.* London: 1833.
- (5.) *England, Ireland, and America.* By a Manchester Manufacturer. Second Edition. London: 1833.
- (6.) *Progress and Present Position of Russia in the East.* London: 1836.
- (7.) *Russia.* By a Manchester Manufacturer. Edinburgh: Tait. 1836.
- (8.) *Travels in Circassia, Krim Tartary, &c., 1836-7.* By CAPTAIN SPENCER. London: 1837.
- (9.) *Progress of Russia in the West, North, and South.* By DAVID URQUHART. London: 1853.
- (10.) *The Russian Shores of the Black Sea, in the Autumn of 1852.* By LAWRENCE OLLIPHANT. Third Edition. Edinburgh: 1854.

ON the principal gate of the Hanse Towns is inscribed the following motto:—‘*Da nobis pacem, Domine, in diebus nostris,*’ and never did any people act more confidently in the spirit of that prayer, than the inhabitants of these towns during the early part of the present century. In what manner that confidence was rewarded by Napoleon, when he found that the occupation of Hamburg was necessary to enable him to carry out his grand scheme for the destruction of English commerce, has been amply recorded by Bourrienne, who had the best opportunity of knowing how the ‘Continental system’ was conducted in Northern Germany, and how much Hamburg, and the other Hanse Towns were made to suffer thereby, in spite of their determination to remain neutral. In reading that narrative, the most enthusiastic advocate of non-resistance principles could hardly help asking himself whether there may not be cases, in which the display of a bold front, prepared to resist lawless aggression, is not the surest way to conserve the blessings of peace. Had the Northern States of Germany listened to the dictates of enlightened patriotism at that crisis, instead of calculating how they might best continue to buy and sell to the best advantage, the ultimate gain to themselves in every respect, as well as to the rest of Europe, would have far outweighed any immediate sacrifice which they

might have incurred by standing up like men in defence of the sacred cause of liberty.

It is difficult to argue with those, who contend that the horrors of war, however noble the cause may be, are inconceivably greater than the worst evils which can possibly follow from submission to aggressive tyranny. Nothing is easier than speculation in such a case, and, unfortunately for those who hold that doctrine, the evidence on which it is founded is not practical enough for ordinary intellects. Everybody admits that 'vice is its own punishment', in the long run, but few persons are prepared to recommend the application of that axiom in the treatment of our criminal population. All men agree that it is just and expedient to punish the robber and the murderer, why then should there be any hesitation about punishing a robber monarch, when he resorts to murder and burglary on an extended scale? When the states of Europe neglect their duty to each other in such a case, they undermine the very foundations of morality, by confounding all distinctions of right and wrong.

Taking the humane side of the question, it has frequently been remarked that no one who has ever witnessed, in cold blood, the horrors of a battle-field, could help becoming a convert to peace principles. That, however, would depend much upon temperament and education. Some persons faint at the sight of blood, and would submit to any amount of evil, rather than be forced to witness the punishment of the vilest criminal. On so momentous a question as war, we must not allow our judgment to be guided merely by sentiment or feeling; and, above all, we must not remain content with merely planning how we may best prevent ourselves, and the country to which we belong, from being subjected to the evils of war. When the members of the Peace Deputation waited upon the Czar last winter, in his splendid palace at St. Petersburg, they limited themselves to an expression of their sorrow at contemplating 'the probability of war in any portion of the continent of Europe.' Not a word was said by Mr. Sturge, or his colleagues, about that war with Circassia which the Emperor Nicholas has been waging without intermission, ever since his accession to the throne, and in which no less than 600,000 lives—an average of more than 20,000 every year—have been sacrificed to gratify his insatiable ambition. Official returns of the number of persons *killed* in the English army and navy during the twenty-two years of war ending in 1815, show that the total number was less than 20,000. If we take the mortality from other causes at four times that number, we have still only 100,000 lives lost by this country in that tremen-

dous war against Napoleon; while the Emperor Nicholas has caused the death of 600,000 men, in the vain attempt to conquer a nation whose inhabitants are not so numerous as the population of London. And yet the deputation from the Society of Friends, so far from remonstrating with him for this sinful and reckless waste of human life, deemed it expedient to shut their eyes to the monstrous fact.

Non-resistance, in its naked, absolute sense, is a doctrine which finds very few advocates. Non-intervention, as promulgated by the leaders of the free-trade party, is a much more plausible theory, and had become rather popular among the industrial classes, previous to the Russian aggression. It is instructive to note the remarkable change which this doctrine has undergone since the first French Revolution. In 1794, Mr. Canning contended that monarchy was essential to every government in Europe, and that there could not be tranquillity for the continent, nor for Great Britain, while the government of France, or of any other nation, was republican. On the other hand, the liberals of that day contended that we ought never to interfere with any other nation, so long as it does not infringe on any of our rights. This doctrine has been asserted by many of the most enlightened friends of liberty, in opposition to the slavish principles of the Holy Alliance; and, so long as it is employed merely to oppose interference with the way in which a nation manages its own affairs, it must command the sanction of intelligent men of all parties. But of late years the non-intervention theory has been extended far beyond this interpretation. Twenty years ago Mr. Cobden, in his *England, Ireland, and America*, the pamphlet which first brought him into notice as a politician, laid down the following rule as the basis of union for the formation of a new party:—

‘We know of no means by which a body of members in the reformed House of Commons could so fairly achieve for itself the patriotic title of a national party, as by associating for the common purpose of *deprecating all intervention* on our part in foreign politics. Such a party might well comprise every representative of our manufacturing and commercial districts, and would, we doubt not, very soon embrace the majority of a popular House of Commons. At some future election, we may probably see the test of ‘No foreign politics’ applied to those who offer to become the representatives of free constituencies.’

After sixteen years’ experience as a member of the House of Commons, and, notwithstanding the large amount of influence he acquired by his successful agitation of the free-trade question, Mr. Cobden now finds himself much farther from the attainment

of his wishes on this head than he was in 1835. Instead of having obtained a majority of members in the House in favour of his absolute non-intervention theory, his followers, on that question, are now so few, or so dispirited, that no attempt was made to muster them throughout the whole of last session.

But although Mr. Cobden has not succeeded in forming that influential national party which he wished to organize, it must be admitted that he produced a deep impression on the public mind by his two pamphlets in favour of peace and non-intervention. What he says in his '*Russia*' as to the very remarkable influence which Mr. Urquhart had exercised up to that time on the tone of the newspapers of this kingdom in reference to the affairs of Russia and Turkey, may be applied with much more truth to Mr. Cobden himself. His clever defence of the Czar's policy, though full of fallacies, appealed so dexterously to the prejudices as well as to the interests of the manufacturing and commercial classes as to make them believe that Liberalism in politics and political economy, was synonymous with goodwill to Russia, and that any attempt to set before the people of England the dangers arising from Russian aggression and aggrandisement, must either have been dictated by narrow-minded ignorance, or by diplomatic intrigue, with a view to promote the interests of the aristocracy. Not that there was any attempt to represent the political system of the Czar as entitled to our admiration or favour. Mr. Cobden strongly disavowed 'all intention of advocating the cause of Russian violence and aggression,' declared himself 'hostile to the government of St. Petersburg, and to every principle of its foreign and domestic policy,' his sympathies 'flowing altogether,' as he remarks, 'towards those free institutions which are favourable to the peace, wealth, education, and happiness of mankind.' But although he makes this general protest against the government of St. Petersburg, it is evident from the following summary of the great advantages which the cause of civilization would gain by handing over Turkey to the Czar, that Mr. Cobden's hostility to Muscovite institutions was of a very flexible nature:—

'We may fairly assume that, were Russia to seize upon the capital of Turkey the consequences would not at least be less favourable to humanity and civilization than those which succeeded to her conquests on the Gulf of Finland, a century ago. The seraglio of the Sultan would be once more converted into the palace of a Christian monarch; the lasciviousness of the harem would disappear at the presence of his Christian empress; those walls which now resound only to the voice of

the eunuch and the slave, and witness nothing but deeds of guilt and dishonour, would then echo the footsteps of travellers and the voices of men of learning, or behold the assemblage of high-souled and beautiful women, of exalted birth and rare accomplishments, the virtuous companions of ambassadors, tourists, and merchants, from all the capitals of Europe. We may fairly and reasonably assume that such consequences would follow the conquest of Constantinople; and can any one doubt that, if the government of St. Petersburg were transferred to the shores of the Bosphorus, a splendid and substantial European city would, in less than twenty years, spring up, in the place of those huts which now constitute the capital of Turkey?—that noble public buildings would arise, learned societies flourish, and the arts prosper?—that, from its natural beauties and advantages, Constantinople would become an attractive resort for civilized Europeans?—that the Christian religion, operating instantly upon the laws and institutions of the country, would ameliorate the condition of its people?—that the slave market, which is now polluting the Ottoman capital, centuries after the odious traffic has been banished from the soil of Christian Europe, would be abolished?—that the demoralizing and unnatural law of polygamy, under which the fairest portion of the creation becomes an object of brutal lust and an article of daily traffic, would be discountenanced?—and that the plague, no longer fostered by the ~~filth~~ ^{filth} and indolence of the people, would cease to ravage countries placed in the healthiest latitudes and blessed with the finest climate in the world? Can any rational mind doubt that these changes would follow from the occupation of Constantinople by Russia; every one of which, so far as the difference in the cases permitted, has already been realized more than a century in St. Petersburg.

The history of Russia, so far as regards morality, for the last century, to which Mr. Cobden here refers, by way of contrast with that of Turkey, will not bear a very rigid investigation. Should any Manchester manufacturer of the present day fancy that he will be promoting the cause of religion and morality, by assisting Russia to lay the foundation of a southern empire at Constantinople, we would recommend him before moving in such a crusade, to make himself acquainted with the court history of St. Petersburg for the last hundred years. We may be told that the horrid crimes and shameless intrigues of the Czars and Czarinas of the latter half of last century afford no criterion of the morality of the present day. American travellers and Peace deputations may tell us that the Emperor Nicholas is a most amiable and exemplary husband and father, and that the empress is beloved by all who are invited to the palace. This, however, has nothing to do with the main question. What we must look at is the morality of the nation; and that, according to the universal evidence of travellers of all shades of opinion, is far below

that of Turkey, indeed is such as almost to exclude Russia from the pale of civilization.*

On the commercial part of the Eastern question, the author of *Russia* was still more decided. People who knew nothing of the subject had been labouring to excite hostile feelings against the Czar, under the pretext of protecting our Turkish trade from ruin. This was altogether a mistake, as Mr. Cobden proceeds to demonstrate:—

‘Wherever a country is found to favour foreign commerce, whether it be the United States, Russia, Holland, China, or Brazil, (we speak only of commercial nations, and of course do not include France,†) it may infallibly be assumed that England partakes more largely of the advantages of that traffic than any other state; and the same rule will continue to apply to the *increase* of the commerce of the world, in whatever quarter it may be, so long as the British people are distinguished by their industry, energy, and ingenuity, and provided that their rulers shall keep pace in wise reforms and severe economy with the governments of their rivals. It follows, then, that, with reference to trade, there can be no ground for apprehension from Russia. If that people were to attempt to exclude all foreign traffic, they would enter at once upon the high road to barbarism, from which career there is no danger threatened to rich and civilized nations; if, on the other hand, that state continued to pursue a system favourable to foreign trade, then England would be found at Constantinople, as she has already been at St. Petersburg, reaping the greatest harvest of riches and power, from the augmentation of Russian exports.’

In his previous pamphlet, *England, Ireland, and America*, after expressing much surprise at the ignorance which then existed with regard to the comparative importance of our trade with Russia and Turkey, he had given the following table, for the purpose of showing that ‘whilst Turkey has, in more than a century, quadrupled the amount of its purchases, Russia has, in the same

* Should any one deem this too strong an expression regarding so powerful a nation, let him only reflect for a moment on the way in which Lord Lyndhurst spoke of the faithlessness of Russia in his admirable speech on the 19th of June. According to him, the most solemn promises of Russia, in the most formal treaty, would be of no more value than as much waste paper, unless accompanied by ‘material guarantees.’ See also ‘Anatomy of Despotism,’ No. XXXIII. *British Quarterly Review*.

† What was meant by this marked exclusion of France from the list of commercial nations? Compared with that of France, the commerce of Russia is not entitled to much consideration, whatever Mr. Cobden may say to the contrary. While the French people exchange their own productions for foreign commodities to the value of about 60,000,000*l.* annually, or about 33*s.* per head, the Russians exchange only about 14,000,000*l.* annually, which is not more than 4*s.* 2*d.* per head. Measured by this standard, France,—which Mr. Cobden does not include among commercial nations,—is eight times more commercial than Russia!

'interval of time, increased her consumption of our goods nearly 'fortyfold.'

<i>Exports to Russia.</i>			<i>Exports to Turkey.</i>		
A.D.	£		A.D.	£	
1700	60,000	—	1700	220,000	
1750	100,000	—	1750	135,000	
1790	400,000	—	1790	120,000	
1800	1,300,000	—	1800	165,000	
1820	2,300,000	—	1820	800,000	

As this comparative statement came no farther down than 1820, —fifteen years before the pamphlet was written,—it was not very well calculated to remove that ignorance of which Mr. Cobden had been complaining. But it served another more important purpose in the estimation of its author—that of persuading the manufacturers of Lancashire and Yorkshire that the Russians were among the best customers in the world, and that our trade with Turkey was utterly insignificant compared with that which we carried on with the subjects of Nicholas. In the space between 1700 and 1820, our exports of English goods to Turkey had not increased fourfold. To Russia they had become nearly fortyfold greater within the same period. What could be more conclusive than this? Was it not obvious to the most illiterate spinner of 'forties' twist, in the remotest nook of Lancashire, that, whatever a clique of hireling journalists might say about the dangerous political designs of Russia, with which the people of England had nothing to do, the progress of our trade with that great country, with its sixty millions of customers, was increasing ten times faster than our trade with Turkey, about which so much noise had been made?

And yet, at the very time when that pamphlet was published, and while the whole of the Liberal journals were quoting Mr. Cobden's facts and arguments in triumphant refutation of Mr. Urquhart and the 'Russophobists,'—as all who wrote against Russia were nicknamed in those days,—it would have been no difficult task to find evidence enough to show that the boasted superiority of our export trade to Russia had no longer any existence. Parliamentary returns of the declared value of British and Irish Produce and Manufactures exported from the United Kingdom in 1830, place Russia much lower in the list, and Turkey much higher, than they had severally been ten years before, as will at once be seen from the following comparative statement:—

<i>Exports to Russia.</i>			<i>Exports to Turkey.</i>		
1820	£2,300,000	—	1820	£800,000	
1830	1,439,000	—	1830	1,259,337	

This was five years BEFORE '*England, Ireland, and America*' had made its appearance. But had the comparison been brought down to 1834, it would not have differed materially from that of 1830. Now, considering that Mr. Cobden had been expressing his surprise at the gross ignorance which prevailed regarding the comparative importance of our trade with Russia and Turkey, and that his professed object was to diffuse sounder views and more accurate information on the subject, it seems rather strange that, in discussing the Eastern question as it stood in 1835, he should have stopped short in his statistics at 1820. But the whole drift of his celebrated pamphlet—which for many years was the text-book of the Liberal newspaper press of England, in discussing the Eastern question—would have been destroyed, if he had given the parliamentary returns relating to our trade with Turkey and Russia for the period at which he wrote. In the face of such figures as those we have quoted, which show that our exports to Russia *had fallen off* nearly *forty* per cent., while our exports to Turkey had *increased* more than *fifty* per cent., how could he have ventured to affirm that '*with reference to trade, there can be no ground of apprehension from Russia!*'*

And now, when the people of England begin to understand the commercial as well as the political bearings of the Eastern question, and refuse to listen any longer to Mr. Cobden, Mr. Bright complains, in his letter to Mr. Urquhart, that 'the English public—not examining, and not reflecting—accepting, with a childlike simplicity, the declarations of statesmen, whose only bond of union is a partnership in the guilt of this war, and relying on the assertions of a press more anxious for a trade in newspapers than for truth, should give their sanction to proceedings as much opposed to their own interests, as they are to every principle of morality.' Did it never occur to Mr. Bright to ask how it happens that he and his free-trade colleagues, who fought so noble a battle against a corrupt and mischievous fiscal system, and who, in those days, could so easily gain over the most powerful journalists to their ranks, by simply converting the mass of newspaper purchasers, should now find themselves utterly powerless when they attempt to show their followers that England

* If we take the returns for last year, the comparison tells still more strongly against Mr. Cobden's theory. In 1853, our exports to Russia had fallen to 1,223,405*l.*, while those to Turkey had risen to 2,208,815*l.* Adding to these the exports to Greece, Syria, and Egypt, all of which formed part of the Turkish empire in 1820, the difference becomes still more striking between the figures of Mr. Cobden and the actual state of things at present.

1820.		1853.	
Russia . .	£2,800,000	—	Russia . . £1,223,405
Turkey . .	800,000	—	Turkey . . 2,208,821

ought not to quarrel with Russia? A mere dogmatic assertion that the English public is 'unexamining and unreflecting,' will not settle the question. Since when have they ceased to examine the facts of Mr. Cobden, and reflect upon the arguments of Mr. Bright? Is the fault with the people or with their leaders? Are Mr. Bright and his Lancashire friends as thoroughly convinced of the soundness of Mr. Cobden's arguments on the Russian question, and of the accuracy of his facts, as they were with regard to the position taken by the great champion of free trade in his warfare against the Corn Law? If they believe that he is right, and that the English public is utterly wrong, owing to its ignorance of the question, they ought to take every means of showing them their error. On the other hand, if they feel that they have been misled by Mr. Cobden, in his pamphlets and speeches about Russia and Turkey, as we verily believe they have been, the sooner they get out of their false position the better, as they are not likely to gain either influence or respect by railing against free-trade newspapers for not adhering to Mr. Cobden, seeing that he had previously misled them so completely on this question.

In that letter from Mr. Bright to Mr. Urquhart, which was read at the Manchester meeting last spring, the member for Manchester complained that, 'after having permitted the country, by 'a series of blunders, to drift into war, the ministers who have 'chiefly spoken on the subject, with the exception of Lord Aberdeen, have misrepresented the facts of the case, and have 'thereby misled public opinion.' In reading this very grave charge against the Government, one naturally inquires what the non-intervention party in Parliament was about all this time, while the country was drifting into war? Such a phrase implies that no individual or party attempted to act with decision; why then did Mr. Cobden, Mr. Bright, and the other enemies of intervention in foreign affairs, not come forward and try to open the eyes of the public to the impending danger? Instead of doing so, they used all their influence to prevent the subject from being discussed. Towards the close of the session of 1853, when every effort was making by Government to induce Turkey to submit to Russia, Mr. Bright said 'he believed that the public service would 'be injured by discussion, that the chances of peace would be 'damaged if this question, with all the irritating circumstances 'connected with it, were brought before the House, as Mr. Layard 'had proposed.' What was this but asking the House of Commons to abnegate its right to discuss foreign affairs at a most critical juncture, and hand them over to that secret diplomacy, which Mr. Bright has denounced so frequently, in the hope that the premier would contrive to maintain peace, at whatever sacrifice to the interests or the honour of Great Britain? After having

taken so much pains to prevent Parliament from meddling with the foreign policy of the Government, because he expected that secret diplomacy would be able to make things comfortable with Russia, it is rather too bad to complain now, because the result has been contrary to his expectations.

While Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston are accused of having misled the nation upon the Eastern question, the people of Manchester are told by their representative that the Earl of Aberdeen has acted much more prudently and wisely; indeed, they are left to infer that, had he been permitted to take his own course, war would never have been declared. On that point opinions differ widely; many persons being persuaded that a prompt demonstration of vigour on the part of our Government would have prevented Russia from entering the Principalities. Leaving that point aside, however, let us glance at the opinions and policy of the premier with reference to Russian encroachment, in order to ascertain how far he has deserved the confidence of Manchester, and the commercial and manufacturing interests generally.

A few months before the French Revolution of 1830, the Earl of Aberdeen, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, and fully conversant with the subtle machinations of Russia to extend her influence in Europe and Asia, drew up one of the ablest state papers on that subject which has ever come before the public. This document, which had been frequently moved for, but never produced, till the present crisis, was a despatch from the Earl of Aberdeen to Lord Heytesbury, then English Ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg, in which he gave his opinion at some length, respecting the Treaty of Peace between Russia and Turkey, concluded at Adrianople, on the 14th of September, 1829. By that treaty, as is well known, the Czar succeeded in placing himself in so strong a position as to give him the command of Turkey whenever the time should arrive for his taking possession of it. Lord Aberdeen was thoroughly aware of this. After remarking that, notwithstanding the declarations and assurances of disinterestedness on the part of his Imperial Majesty, the treaty appeared vitally to affect the 'interests, the strength, the dignity, the present safety, and future independence of the Ottoman empire,' he points out, in the following passage, how cunningly the subjection of Turkey had been secured, without any alarming step having been taken by the conqueror:—

'Under the present treaty the territorial acquisitions of Russia are small, it must be admitted, in extent, although most important in their character. They are commanding positions, far more valuable than the possession of barren provinces and depopulated towns, and better calculated to rivet the fetters by which the Sultan is bound.

'The cession of the Asiatic fortresses, with their neighbouring districts, not only secures to Russia the uninterrupted occupation of the eastern coast of the Black Sea, but places her in a position so commanding as to control at pleasure the destiny of Asia Minor.

'Prominently advanced into the centre of Armenia, in the midst of a Christian population, Russia holds the keys both of the Persian and the Turkish provinces; and whether she may be disposed to extend her conquests to the east or to the west, to Teheran or to Constantinople, no serious obstacle can arrest her progress.

In Europe the Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia are rendered virtually independent of the Porte. A tribute is, indeed, to be paid to the Sultan, which he has no means of enforcing, except by the permission and even the assistance of Russia herself; and a prince, elected for life, is to demand investiture which cannot be withheld. The Mussulman inhabitants are to be forcibly expelled from the territory. The ancient right of pre-emption is abolished; and the supplies indispensable for Constantinople, for the Turkish arsenals, and for the fortresses, are entirely cut off. The most important fortresses on the Danube are to be razed, and the frontier left exposed and unprotected against incursions which at any future time may be attempted.

'It is sufficient to observe, of the stipulations respecting the islands of the Danube, that their effect must be to place the control of the navigation and commerce of that river exclusively in the hands of Russia.'

The Foreign Secretary then proceeds to show that the commercial privileges and personal immunities which Russia had secured to her subjects in Turkey, by the treaty, were utterly at variance with any notion he could form of the authority of a sovereign and independent prince. As regards certain stipulations on that head, Lord Aberdeen remarks that, 'so far from being drawn up in the spirit of peace, they are to all appearance rather calculated to invite and justify the renewal of hostilities.' Such was the opinion of the Earl of Aberdeen with regard to the conduct and apparent designs of Russia in 1829. But what evidence has he given since that period which would lead any one to believe that he is not quite as friendly as Mr. Cobden himself to the extension of Russian power and influence? Without attempting to give even a bare catalogue of the various instances of Russian aggression since 1829, let us glance at the audacious manner in which the Court of St. Petersburg has followed out its plans with reference to the navigation of the Danube, in full reliance upon the tame acquiescence of the Western Powers, which, as it justly reasoned, was not about to disturb Europe by going to war on a mere paltry interruption to commerce.

The Earl of Aberdeen had not failed to perceive that the effect of the stipulations of the treaty of Adrianople, regarding the

islands of the Danube, was 'to place the control of the commerce and navigation of that river exclusively in the hands of Russia.' But of what value was that foresight? During the twenty-four years in which Russia has been carrying out her selfish plans, step by step, has he ever uttered a single word to put this country on its guard against the northern robber? Has he ever remonstrated with Count Nesselrode in such a decided tone as to let that wily statesman know that should he tamper with the interests and honour of England, Russia must abide the consequences? Had he done so, perhaps he might not have been praised so highly by the Czar for the excellent part (*le beau rôle*) he has played in reference to the Turkish question; but he would probably have prevented Russia from embarking in the present war.

The first evidence we find of Russia following up its plan for the interruption of the commerce of the Danube, is in the beginning of 1836. When Turkey surrendered the charge of that noble river, the channel averaged a depth of sixteen feet on the bar at the Sulina mouth. In March, 1836, the *Times* correspondent writes that it had been reduced to eight. 'Thus,' he adds, 'an impenetrable bar will be formed at the mouth of this river, and Russia to her important possessions will add that of an iron gate between the Danube and the Euxine.' This barefaced attempt to injure the commerce of the world, in order to promote the grasping schemes of the Czar, coupled with an attempt to extort toll from all vessels entering the river, caused considerable excitement throughout England. Several towns petitioned Parliament praying for 'protection' and resistance to the 'encroachments of Russia.' Notice was given in the House of Commons that an Address to the King would be moved, praying for the entrance of a British squadron into the Black Sea. It were vain to speculate now upon what effect such a demonstration might have had in teaching Russia to beware how far she went in awakening the hostility of England. The cabinet of that day did not wish to go to war, and, therefore, it resisted the address. Mr. Patrick Stewart, who introduced the motion, justified the demand for 'protection,' by proving the violation of natural rights, treaty stipulations, and solemn pledges; he showed the infraction of the Treaty of Vienna, exposed the perfidious character of the Russian policy, and the alarming aspect of her projects. Lord Palmerston concurred in all that was said, but resisted the motion on the usual official ground. As for the alleged grievance, His Majesty's Government 'had no desire nor disposition to submit to aggression from any power.' The natural inference from such a declaration was, that they would not submit to the quarantine, the tolls and other

obstructions devised by Russia to interrupt the free navigation of the Danube. Alas for those who rely upon the promises of Ministers! So far as regarded the quarantine nuisance, not a word of remonstrance appears to have been forwarded from the Foreign Office from that day to this, and as for the toll which Russia levied upon vessels entering the Danube, the following statement from a Liverpool house, quoted by Mr. Urquhart, will show what it was six years ago.

‘Liverpool, March, 1848.

‘In shipping goods to the Danube there are fees to be paid to the Russian consul, amounting to nearly 100*l.* per cargo. On each bale, or article, even though of metal, two silver roubles are charged (6*s.* 4*d.* to 6*s.* 8*d.*) There are other expenses for seals, tin cases, and extra coverings, imposed by the Russian regulations, without which vessels would be sent to Odessa, and subjected to forty days’ quarantine; interest of money thereby lost, perhaps a market for their sales, &c. The agent complained bitterly of the extortion, but his London correspondent advised him on no account to agitate the matter, as the chief house at Bucharest had tried and had failed, and their vessel had been confiscated, without compensation. I have been told that *from the Americans this impost is not exacted.*’

The conduct of Russia with regard to the obstruction of the mouth of the Danube was fully exposed in a blue book published only a few days before the breaking up of Parliament in 1853. As Ministers were afraid of doing anything at that time which might tend to strengthen the public feeling against Russia, they took care to keep back the correspondence on this subject between Lord Palmerston and Count Nesselrode till the House was about to break up. The advocates of peace at any price must admit, on reading the diplomatic notes which passed between those two statesmen, that Ministers acted prudently in withholding the publication of it till all danger of its provoking a parliamentary discussion had passed over, for certainly that correspondence affords, as Lord Lyndhurst remarked, with reference to it, ‘a striking instance of the shuffling—may I apply the word pettifoggery to such illustrious personages?—the shuffling and mendacious policy of Russia, and a lively picture of the diplomatic skill and trickery of the court of St. Petersburg.’ Now the policy of the Earl of Aberdeen, who is held up to the special admiration of Manchester, as the only member of the cabinet who did not mislead the public regarding Russia, was to keep on smooth terms with St. Petersburg; seeing that if we began to make complaints about mercantile grievances, like the one in question, we must either submit to see our remonstrances despised, or make up our minds to back our diplomacy with something more

than moral force. As he had resolved neither to go to war nor to take up such a position as might render the declaration of war necessary, and as the Emperor of Russia must have known that such were the amiable sentiments of the Premier, it was not difficult to foretell the result. Seeing that Lord Clarendon and the Earl of Aberdeen still continued to assure the people of England, notwithstanding the secret correspondence which had taken place about the division of the 'sick man's' property, that they had the most perfect reliance upon the honour and friendly feeling of the Emperor of Russia, the latter very naturally fancied that England would submit, after a little grumbling, to his occupation of the Principalities. * But neither Nicholas nor the Earl of Aberdeen were quite prepared to find so much firmness and wisdom at Constantinople. Had it not been for that display of diplomatic talent and military skill, which has done so much to elevate the character of Turkey in the eyes of the world, it is clear that Russia would have gained her point. While her armies occupied Moldavia and Wallachia, her diplomatists, well supplied with secret service money, would have been carrying on their intrigues with the baser members of the Porte. Many fiery speeches would have been made in France and England. The prestige of Louis Napoleon would have been seriously injured, and he left completely at the mercy of the Czar, who would have known how to use him and his fine fleet, to keep England in check, Lord Aberdeen would probably have been driven from office, for having disgraced England by his weak diplomacy in the eyes of Europe, and he would have consoled himself with the reflection that he had saved the world from the horrors of a general war. Mr. Cobden might possibly have found courage to republish his Russian pamphlets, and to ask again as he did twenty years ago, 'Supposing Russia and Austria to be in possession of the Turkish dominions . . . who does not perceive that it could not, for ages at least, add to the external power of either of these states if she were to gain possession of Turkey by force of arms?' And busy England, too much taken up with buying and selling, to find leisure sufficient to master foreign politics thoroughly, might possibly have come to the conclusion, after vainly trying to see its way through the confusion produced by Russian diplomacy, that, perhaps, Mr. Cobden was right after all.

Fortunately for the cause of civilization, the policy of the Earl of Aberdeen was not successful. The march of events went forward in a different direction from that which he had anticipated. France and England are now not only united in arms against Russian aggression, but have openly declared their determination to listen to no proposals for peace which are not based upon such

guarantees as are 'essential to secure the tranquillity of Europe from future disturbances.' And now comes the question which Manchester, and the Free Trade party generally, ought seriously to consider before next session of Parliament. What 'guarantees' would they deem sufficient to secure the permanent tranquillity of Europe? Taking the mere business view of the matter, as a question of profit and loss, they cannot but see that the way in which we have been dealing with Russia for the last quarter of a century has not worked well; that all our giving way to her encroachments in various quarters of the globe, for the sake of peace, has not hindered us from becoming involved in a very expensive war at last. Even were peace proclaimed at the end of the first campaign, which is highly improbable, Europe would find, on making out her bill of costs against the Emperor of Russia for loss and damage caused by his aggression upon Turkey, that 200,000,000*l.*, at least, have been expended, or lost by in ury to trade, through his unbridled ambition.

Something must be done to prevent the overgrown Russian empire from inflicting so much loss upon its neighbours with impunity in future, or else we shall be worse at the end of the war than we were when it began. Mr. Cobden's specific would be Non-intervention. In his estimation the Czar was perfectly justified in seeking to protect the Christian subjects of the Sultan. England had no business to interfere in the quarrel, and, even if the dispute had ended in the seizing of Constantinople, there would have been no cause for either France or Great Britain to complain.

It may be thought by those who take their opinions from the London newspapers, that we are attaching more importance to the sentiments of the member for the West Riding than they deserve. But although the clubs of the West End have given up Mr. Cobden as an impracticable politician, and although he has ceased for a time to be popular among the manufacturing classes, it would be a great mistake to suppose that the *peace-at-any-price-party* is broken up. Though prudent enough to keep in the back-ground at present, the men of that party are more numerous than most people believe, and their latent influence may yet be found sufficiently powerful to give considerable aid to the Russian party in the cabinet, at a critical juncture. When the time comes for negotiating with the Czar, as to the terms on which the war may be brought to a conclusion, they will seize that opportunity to back whatever proposals can be most easily carried, without reference to the permanent security or the substantial interests of England. Believing, as they profess to do, that we have ourselves alone to

blame for the war in which we are engaged, they will not deem it requisite to demand any material guarantee for the Czar's good behaviour in future, and, as they are opposed to all intervention in the affairs of other nations, except in the shape of peaceful remonstrance, they are not likely to insist upon measures being taken for the security of the neighbouring states to Russia, seeing that any such arrangements might involve us in war at some future period.

The question of confidence in the Earl of Aberdeen and Mr. Cobden resolves itself practically into a much larger one. If Russian aggrandizement is not dangerous to the security of Europe, then ought those two statesmen to be duly honoured. The Premier, in reply to Lord Lyndhurst, on the 19th of June, praised Russia for the forbearance it has exercised towards Turkey during the last twenty-five years, and Mr. Cobden recommends Ministers to patch up a peace with the Czar upon such terms as would enable him to manage the affairs of the 'sick man' in the same excellent manner as he has hitherto done. On the other hand, if we believe with Lord Lyndhurst that the extension of Russian influence throughout Europe would be 'the greatest calamity which could befall the world,' and that 'every war in which Turkey has been engaged with Russia has ended in such a way that Russia has advanced step by step to the accomplishment of her purpose, and now considers the victim within her grasp;' we must agree with him that, unless we destroy the Russian fleet in the Black Sea, and lay prostrate the fortifications of Sebastopol, we leave Russia the power of most effectually tyrannizing over Turkey; that, after encouraging the Circassians to oppose themselves to Russia, we ought to secure their independence; and that, in whatever negotiations may be carried on with Russia, the mere verbal engagement of that power must not be accepted without a 'material guarantee,—that is, a pledge or mortgage upon something so valuable that she would not like to risk the loss of it if she violated her faith.' To these conditions, Manchester, as the head-quarters of the Free Trade party, ought to add, that no peace will be satisfactory unless it guarantee the free navigation of the Danube and the Black Sea, and unless the Emperor of Russia shall be compelled to pay an adequate sum to Turkey and the Western Powers for having forced them to take up arms against his unjustifiable aggression.

One of the most common arguments in favour of the *laissez faire* system with regard to the Eastern question is, that 'the mission of the great Muscovite people is to civilize the barbarian tribes around them,' and that we ought not to allow our judg-

ment to be swayed by sentimental appeals in favour of picturesque savage life. A thoroughly organized despotism, we are told, like that of Russia, is a much more efficient agent of civilization than the feeble, worn-out governments of the East. Of course, the Russians themselves are not backward in appropriating the character and mission thus ascribed to them. In the *Encyclopædical Dictionary*, published at St. Petersburg, under the patronage of the Emperor, the celebrated Teutonic hero, Herman, or Arminius, who defeated the Roman legions, is described as 'an ignorant and ambitious barbarian,' and the writer proceeds, in the following passage, to show that Russia is treated quite as ungratefully by the untamable savages of Circassia, as the Romans were by those of ancient Germany:—

'That which appears to the modern Germans in Arminius to be the acme of the noblest patriotism and self-devotion, we Russians comprehend much better and with more exactness, compelled as we are to enact the civilizing part of the Romans toward the savages of Asia. We have witnessed ourselves many times that seeds of civilization, reared up with great difficulty in some savage foreigner, have borne fruits entirely opposite to those that were expected. Many a Caucasian highlander, educated at St. Petersburg, like Arminius, has passed at once from the pleasures of gilded drawing-rooms to the barbarous and predatory life of his fathers.'

What a melancholy confession of the impotence of Russian civilization to subdue the free spirit of the brave Circassians! Even 'the pleasures of gilded drawing-rooms' have no charm for the 'savages of Asia.' It is not quite fair, however, to speak of the inhabitants of Circassia as a nation of robbers. It is true that the Russians have found them to be fierce and implacable enemies, but that is because they attempted to enslave under the shallow pretence of civilizing them. 'The history of Russia,' as Lord Lyndhurst remarks, 'from the first establishment of the empire, down to the present, is a history of fraud, duplicity, and violence,' and certainly of all the atrocities committed by the Muscovite 'agents of civilization,' since they began their extensive mission, it would be difficult to find anything to equal what is told of the ferocious manner in which the unscrupulous agents of the Czar have carried out his relentless plans for the subjection, or, should that be impossible, the extermination of the Circassians. We have neither time nor inclination to enter upon the interminable history of the intrigue, protection and annexation, by which Russia has doubled her enormous territories since 1772, and by each successive advance from Moscow, has rendered herself more and more dangerous to the cause of civilization in

Europe and Asia. A mere glance, however, at what she has done to Circassia, with a view to incorporate that small but independent state in the Russian system, may serve to test the truth of Mr. Cobden's doctrine that the progress of Russia is favourable to commerce.

About the time when Mr. Cobden published his pamphlet on *England, Ireland, and America*, the Russian cabinet, finding that all its efforts to obtain possession of Circassia had been defeated by the determined resistance of the brave mountaineers, resolved to try what effect a blockade would have in subduing it, by cutting off all supplies of arms and ammunition. Orders were accordingly issued to intercept all vessels trading to the Circassian coast. For several years the blockade was maintained, but it proved no more effectual than the previous plans of Russia, and again the military authorities who were best acquainted with the Caucasus were consulted as to what ought to be done. Two plans were submitted to the Emperor, one pacific, the other warlike. By the former it was proposed to try what effect a mild system of treatment would have on the temper of the Circassians, accompanied by the removal of all restrictions on commerce. The second scheme breathed fire and slaughter against the whole of the population, and was ultimately adopted. The idea of throwing open the ports of Circassia could not be entertained for a moment, as that would have enabled the agents of England to find admission also, and nothing appears to have alarmed the Czar so much at that time as the intrusion of English commercial travellers, who might have opened the eyes of ministers at home to the schemes and manœuvres of Russia in that distant region. The military plan for the complete subjugation of the country was therefore commenced, but although the commander who undertook the task pledged himself to reduce the whole of Circassia within seven years, more than double that period had elapsed, previous to the breaking out of the war with Turkey, without the Russians having ever succeeded in making themselves masters of more than a narrow slip of land along the shore, which they were only able to hold by having the command of the coast. In order to preserve even that small strip of territory, they had to build strong fortresses at intervals of about ten miles, and within these the Russians were strictly cooped up as in so many military prisons. When rations ran short, owing to the steamer with their usual supplies not arriving in time, the half-starved garrison was obliged to sally forth with artillery, and make a foray upon the nearest village. To have ventured out, unless sufficiently armed, would have been to commit suicide, as the 'ungrateful' Circassians were always on the watch

to cut off any detachment of the 'missionaries of civilization,' who came within reach of their guns.

It is easy to imagine what the commercial relations of such a country would be under Russian protection. Captain Spencer, who visited that interesting region in 1836-7, describes the inhabitants as an industrious people, disposed to commerce and friendly intercourse with other nations; possessed of many virtues, and susceptible of the highest cultivation and improvement. As the country is populous and abounds in valuable produce, we have no doubt that a profitable trade would have been established with them long ere this time, but for the restrictive system established by Russia. A recent traveller, who visited Circassia since the forts along the coast were abandoned, gives a lively picture of the improved state of things since the marauders were driven away:—

'As the Russians had gun-boats cruising between the forts, of course they dictated to the coasting trade, and held the whole coast in a grasp of iron. Custom-houses at Souchum-Kaleh and other principal points levied rapacious duties on all imports. The Trebizond Turks appear to have been the great promoters of barter and its accompanying civilization. All along the coast you find a sprinkling of these Turks, who have adopted the Circassian dress, language, and a native wife: these settlers form the sole shopkeepers and small traders. At present, *now that the custom-house robber has absconded*, one or two large Trebizond trading-boats, with gay red flags, may be seen hauled up out of the reach of the surf, near each of the forts. Natives, bestriding wild-looking ponies, soon assemble, and toss on the ground compact goatskin packages of corn. Their tall, sheepskin caps, long, becartridged tunics, slung rifles, kept in shaggy goatskin covers, with one large bright pistol stuck through the girdle, in the hollow of the back, strikingly contrast with the gaudy shabby cottons which form the Turkish sailor's scanty dress. The party squats down, the Turk fills and empties a wooden measure of salt, then hands it over to the Circassian, who fills the same measure twice with corn. Such is the simple barter, which is, I believe, much on the increase since the flight of the Russians. Money is almost unknown, and is nearly useless on the coast; salt and common white calico (universally 'called Americaine') are its representatives.'

Such is the Arcadian picture which that romantic coast presented in the summer of 1854, 'now that the custom-house robber has absconded.' Does Manchester believe, as Mr. Cobden professes to do, that we should promote civilization and commerce by withdrawing the allied fleets from the Black Sea, and allowing the custom house robber to venture out of Sebastopol once more, in order that he may hold the Circassian coast in his 'grasp of iron,' as he did before? Manchester ought to consider that aspect of

the Russian question before it be too late. Mr. Bright has told the men of Manchester that 'the time will come when history will record what English treasure was expended, and what English blood was shed, for an object in which England had no real interest, and for an object, too, which the very statesmen who advised it knew could not possibly succeed.' This is a very gloomy prophecy, but prophets of evil are sadly addicted to that obstinate wrongheadedness which leads them to aid in the fulfilment of their own discouraging vaticinations. Granting that some of our ministers may have gone to war with Russia from motives less pure than those by which they profess to be guided, is that any reason why the great free trade party should fall to pieces? So long as we were at peace with Russia, and unwilling to risk going to war for the redress of commercial grievances, it might be the wisest course to submit silently to Russian encroachments. But the case is altogether different now. Whether we began at the right time or the wrong; whether we ought to have allowed Russia to make herself more dangerous before letting her know that we would stand it no longer, are questions of no importance now. The war has fairly begun, and as France and England equally agree in the sentiment, that 'the age of conquests is past,' every means ought to be employed by all sound patriots to turn the war to the best possible account for the good of humanity. Take this question of Circassian independence, for example, which is only one small branch of Russian aggression. If we can put an end to the perennial warfare carried on there, we not only open a new country to the commerce of the world, of which England will obtain its share, but we enable the Emperor of Russia to save an enormous annual expenditure of blood and treasure—twenty thousand men annually—which he can employ with immense advantage to himself and his subjects in some part of his thinly-peopled and ill-cultivated territories.

If we wish to put an end to Russian encroachment in Asia, we must decide in favour of Circassian independence. Recent events have given an alarming importance to the position of Turkey on its Asiatic frontier. When the war began, the general belief was that the Turkish commander would, before this time, have been able to effect a junction with Schamyl, and that their combined forces would have been strong enough to drive the Russians beyond the Kuban. But the Sultan's army in Asia has not been so well managed as the one on the Danube; the result has been that the Russians have gained several victories. So long as the Czar has so much to do in the Baltic, on the Danube, and in the Black Sea, he can hardly be prepared to follow up any temporary success which his army may have obtained in Asia.

But the reverses of the Turks in that quarter ought to open the eyes of Mr. Gladstone to the commercial aspect of the Eastern war. It is only a few weeks since the Earl of Aberdeen, in his unfortunate reply to Lord Lyndhurst, after denying that Russia had gained any acquisition of Turkish territory by the Treaty of Adrianople, admitted that 'there were' three small posts in Asia taken, but not an inch of the Principities.' Now in that famous despatch of his, which he wrote in 1829, he described those 'small posts' as 'commanding positions' well calculated 'to rivet the fetters by which the Sultan is bound.' In another paragraph he says: 'The cession of the Asiatic fortresses, with their neighbouring districts, not only secures to Russia the uninterrupted occupation of the eastern coast of the Black Sea, but places her in so commanding a position as to control at pleasure the destiny of Asia Minor.' And what does Mr. Gladstone suppose would be the result to our commerce with Turkey, should Russia be allowed to move only a few miles beyond the point to which she was allowed to advance by the disastrous Treaty of Adrianople? As he may not perhaps be fully aware of the danger which has long threatened us in that quarter, we would recommend the following apposite passage on the subject, from the *Progress and Present Position of Russia in the East* to his most careful attention.

'While the position occupied by Russia in European Turkey menaces Constantinople and the Dardanelles, the attitude she has assumed in Asiatic Turkey menaces Armenia; she has acquired possession of the mountain passes that separate that province from Georgia, and of the fortresses that defend the Turkish frontier.'

Thus far the writer of that able exposure of the designs of Russia only corroborates what had been previously stated (but not published) by the Earl of Aberdeen. Observe, however, the startling significance of the following passage at the present moment, though written eighteen years ago:—

'By every movement she (Russia) threatens to interrupt the only line of communication by which British manufactures, to the value of one million and a half sterling, are yearly carried through Turkey into Persia. She has already advanced to within nine miles of this road, and to about ninety miles from Trebizond, the port from which it leads. The course which she would pursue, were either to be under her control, may be inferred from her commercial system generally; from the fact that she is our rival in the market of Persia, and that she has put a stop to the transit trade through Georgia, because it interfered with her extensive trade on the Caspian.'

Mr. Oliphant, who visited the Russian shores of the Black Sea, in the autumn of 1852, directs attention to the same weak point

in the Sultan's dominions, and shows how much England is interested in preventing any farther encroachment in that direction. After pointing out the object which Russia aims at, in seeking to subdue Circassia, he goes on to say that—

‘A further result of Russian aggression in Eastern Turkey would be the severe blow which our commerce in the Black Sea would inevitably sustain by the annexation of the provinces of Kars and Erzeroum. The enormous trade now carried on by us through Trebizond is all the more jealously regarded by Russia, because the prohibitive system of the empire, and the inferior quality of her own productions, render her incapable of competing with us in securing and maintaining the commerce of the East. Should these provinces be obtained, however, she will again attempt to monopolise that trade which was thrown into our hands through the blind policy that has already closed the route through the Trans-Caucasian provinces.’

Looking at the question in this light, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Wilson will perhaps be able to see that the ‘three small posts in Asia,’ of which the Premier spoke so contemptuously, may possibly have quite as important a bearing upon the question of Russian ascendancy in the East, as the occupation of the Crimea, or the fortifications of Sebastopol.

Those politicians who are at a loss to explain why Prussia should allow herself to be dragged at the heels of the Czar, without the slightest attempt to escape from so ignoble a position, may perhaps find a solution of the mystery in that hankering after a portion of the trade with Asia which certain promoters of the Zollverein are known to entertain, and which they hope to gratify by some means or other, through the instrumentality of Russia. Plausible as the professed objects of that great commercial confederation were, we entirely agree with Mr. Porter, in his *Progress of the Nation*, that ‘political views, extending beyond the interests of the present day, and tending to the aggrandizement of Prussia, have been the real incentives to the scheme.’ How well it has already worked towards that end, those best acquainted with German politics can tell. But we have hitherto seen merely the foundation of the grand scheme by which Russianised Germany hopes to undermine the commercial supremacy of England. The following extract from a semi-official work, which appeared some years ago in one of the Russianised German states, will give some notion of the cunning politico-commercial scheme by which the Czar seeks to win the support of the mercantile class.

‘England, which turns all Asia into a source of profit, supplying, by means of Smyrna, Trebizond, and the Persian Gulf, the markets of Asiatic

Turkey, Persia, and the neighbouring countries, now seeks to extend her China trade, even to the Northern coast of that empire; while for the longer passage of the Indian Sea she substitutes the Euphrates, or a railroad across the Isthmus of Sucz. *In opposition to this, Russia will not fail to take advantage of every facility presented by her position, and the extension of her dominion in Asia.* But the most effectual means is, to open a passage to German commerce, so as, conjointly, to reap the harvest of British commerce, which contributes nothing to the Russian transit and carrying trade. By handing it over to Germany, its own transit and carrying trade would be much benefited, and the means are in her hands by the navigation of the Danube, in connexion with Trebizond.

‘It is clear that, to obtain this end, there must take place a decrease of mutual duties between Prussia and Russia. Russia will find an equivalent in the produce of its Trans-Caucasian provinces, particularly silk and cotton; and in the increasing demand for the produce of these countries it will find the surest means for a more rapid development of its production and its power. The Russian land trade will rival the sea trade only in so far as it can offer European goods cheaper in the Asiatic market; and the more active the intercourse upon the whole line of transport, the more economical will be the exchanges. The time is come which invites to this concurrent enterprise, and a series of favourable events promise rapid results. These are, the extension and strengthening of the Russian dominion on the Black Sea; the acquisition of the Eastern ports of the same sea, confirmed by the peace of 1829; the decided dependence of the Persian empire; the exclusive navigation of the Caspian; the recently-effected complete subjection of the Caucasian tribes; and, finally, the extension of the Russian dominion, which, within these few years, has spread its frontiers eastward from the Caspian, and nearer to the British possessions in the East Indies, 280 leagues.

The re-establishment of that ancient channel of commerce through the Black Sea, and in connexion with the Danube, would give to Europe the important advantage, in its intercourse, of entire independence of the naval powers. Should ever the time again return in which Great Britain shall rule the ocean, and enact a maritime law, dictated by regard to her own exclusive advantage, the Black Sea at least will be closed to her, and commerce with that division of the globe will not only remain undisturbed, but furnish us in great abundance with all the produce she can offer us herself, or prevent us by a blockade from occurring.’

Whether Russia would, unless at some very critical juncture like the present, grant that free passage to German commerce, which is thus held out as a bait to German political subserviency, may be questioned. Be that as it may, however, the object of the Czar is served for the time, if he can thereby lead any portion of the German people to surrender all freedom of political action, and all interest in the progress of civilization, for

the prospect of obtaining a better market for their manufactures. Mr. Cobden would no doubt tell them that extension of commerce is the first thing they ought to care for, and, if any scheme which may be devised to promote that extension should appear likely to work in favour of Russian ascendancy in the East, that should be deemed an advantage rather than a drawback.

But we trust we have said enough to convince the Free Trade Party that, however grateful they may feel—and certainly *ought* to feel—towards Mr. Cobden for the great services he has rendered to the cause of commercial freedom, he is utterly unworthy of credit when he attempts to give them advice on the Eastern question. We have shown that, from first to last, the statistics and arguments by which he has sought to persuade them that England's wisest policy would be to let Russia do as she pleases, have been either distorted or fallacious. What course he and his friends may take during the next session of Parliament is probably more than he or they can tell. Meanwhile, the liberal constituencies of Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Liverpool, Glasgow, and other large towns, ought not to deem it enough to say that they have the most perfect reliance upon the wisdom and integrity of Ministers. The natural tendency of every Government, whatever its creed or professions may be, is to grasp at the easiest way of settling any difficulty, whether at home or abroad. The history of our foreign diplomacy for the last forty years is little calculated to strengthen confidence in the Foreign Office, when left to its own way of managing the affairs of the nation. So long as every petty despot to the south of St. Petersburg had the great bully of that capital to fall back upon, there could be no healthy breathing time for society in Europe. Pleas for the Czar are only disguised pleas for despotism in politics, for high tariffs in trade, for the grossest corruption in morals, and for the most besotting superstitions under the name of religion.

- ART. VII.—(1.) *The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century*. A Series of Lectures. By W. M. THACKERAY. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1853.
- (2.) *The Life of Swift*. By SIR WALTER SCOTT. Edinburgh: Cadell, 1848.

IN dividing the history of English literature into periods, it is customary to take the interval between the year 1688 and the year 1727 as constituting one of those periods. This interval includes the reigns of William III., Anne, and George I. If we do not bind ourselves too precisely to the year 1727 as closing the period, the division is proper enough. There are characteristics about the time thus marked out, which distinguish it from previous and from subsequent portions of our literary history. Dryden, Locke, and some other notabilities of the Restoration, lived into this period, and may be regarded as partly belonging to it; but the names more peculiarly representing it are those of Swift, Burnet, Addison, Steele, Pope, Shaftesbury, Gay, Arbuthnot, Atterbury, Prior, Parnell, Bolingbroke, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, Rowe, Defoe, and Cibber. The names in this cluster disperse themselves over the three reigns which the period includes, some of them having already been known as early as the accession of William, while others survived the first George, and continued to add to their celebrity during the reign of his successor; but the most brilliant portion of the period was from 1702 to 1714 or thereby, when Queen Anne was on the throne. Hence the name of ‘wits of Queen Anne’s reign,’ commonly applied to the writers of the whole period.

A while ago this used to be spoken of as the golden or Augustan age of English literature. We do not talk in that manner now. We feel that when we get among the authors of the times of Queen Anne and the first George, we are among very pleasant and very clever men, but by no means among giants. In coming down to this period from those going before it, we have an immediate sensation of having left the region of ‘greatness’ behind us. We still find plenty of good writing, characterized by certain qualities of trimness, artificial grace, and the like, to a degree not before attained; here and there also, we discern something like real power and strength, breaking through the prevailing element; but, on the whole, there is an absence of what, except by a compromise of language, could be

called 'great.' It is the same whether we regard largeness of imaginative faculty, loftiness of moral spirit, or vigour of speculative capacity, as principally concerned in imparting the character of 'greatness' to literature. What of genius in the ideal survived the seventeenth century in England, contented itself with nice little imaginations of scenes and circumstances connected with the artificial life of the time; the moral quality most in repute was kindliness or courtesy; and speculation did not go beyond that point where thought retains the form either of ordinary good sense, or of keen momentary wit. No sooner, in fact, do we pass the time of Milton, than we feel that we have done with the sublimities. A kind of lumbering largeness does remain in the intellectual gait of Dryden and his contemporaries, as if the age still wore the armour of the old literary forms, though not at home in it; but in Pope's days, even the affectation of the 'great' had ceased. Not slowly to build up a grand poem of continuous ideal action, not quietly and at leisure to weave forth tissues of fantastic imagery, not perseveringly and laboriously to prosecute one track of speculation and bring it to a close, not earnestly and courageously to throw one's whole soul into a work of moral agitation and reform, was now what was regarded as natural in literature. On the contrary, he was a wit or a literary man, who, living in the midst of the social bustle, or on the skirts of it, could throw forth, in the easiest manner, little essays, squibs, and *jeux d'esprit*, pertinent to the rapid occasions of the hour, and never tasking the mind too long or too much. This was the time when that great distinction between Whiggism and Toryism, which, for a century-and-a-half has existed in Great Britain as a kind of permanent social condition, affecting the intellectual activity of all natives from the moment of their birth, first began to be practically operative. It has, on the whole, been a wretched thing for the mind of England to have had this necessity of being either a Whig or a Tory put so prominently before it. Perhaps, in all times, some similar necessity of taking one side or the other in some current form of controversy has afflicted the leading minds, and tormented the more genial among them; but we question if ever in this country in previous times there was a form of controversy, so little to be identified, in real reason, with the one only true controversy between good and evil, and so capable, therefore, of breeding confusion and mischief, when so identified in practice, as this poor controversy of Whig and Tory which came in with the Revolution. To be called upon to be either a Puritan or a Cavalier—there was some possibility of complying with *that* call, and still leading a

tolerably free and large intellectual life ; though possibly it was one cause of the rich mental development of the Elizabethan epoch that the men of that time were exempt from any personal obligation of attending even to this distinction. But, to be called upon to be either a Whig or a Tory—why, how on earth can one retain any of the larger humanities about him, if society is to hold him by the neck between two stools such as these, pointing alternately to the one and to the other, and incessantly asking him on which of the two he means to sit ? Into a mind trained to regard adhesiveness to one or other of these stools as the first rule of duty or of prudence, what thoughts of any high interest can find their way ? Or, if any such do find their way, how are they to be adjusted to so mean a rule ? Nowadays, our higher spirits solve the difficulty by kicking both stools down, and plainly telling society that they will not bind themselves to sit on either, or even on both put together. Hence partly, it is that, in recent times, we have had renewed specimens of the ‘great’ or ‘sublime’ in literature—the poetry, for example, of a Byron, a Wordsworth, or a Tennyson. But, in the interval between 1688 and 1727, there was not one wit alive whom society let off from the necessity of being, and declaring himself, either a Whig or a Tory. Constitutionally, and by circumstances, Pope was the man who could have most easily obtained the exemption ; but even Pope professed himself a Tory. Addison and Steele were Whigs. In short, every literary man was bound, by the strongest of all motives, to keep in view, as a permanent fact qualifying his literary undertakings, the distinction between Whiggism and Toryism, and to give to at least a considerable part of his writings the character of pamphlets or essays in the service of his party. To minister by the pen to the occasions of Whiggism and Toryism was, therefore, the main business of the wits both in prose and in verse. Out of these occasions of ministration there of course arose personal quarrels, and these furnished fresh opportunities to the men of letters. Critics of previous writings could be satirized and lampooned, and thus the circle of subjects was widened. Moreover, there was abundant matter, capable of being treated consistently with either Whiggism or Toryism, in the social foibles and peculiarities of the day, as we see in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. Nor could a genial mind like that of Steele, a man of taste and fine thought like Addison, and an intellect so keen, exquisite, and sensitive as that of Pope, fail to variegate and surround all the duller and harder literature thus called into being, with more lasting touches of the humorous, the fanciful, the sweet, the impassioned, the meditative, and the ideal. Thus from one was obtained the cha-

racter of a *Sir Roger de Coverley*, from another a *Vision of Mirza*, and from the third a *Windsor Forest*, an *Epistle of Heloise*, and much else that delights us still. After all, however, it remains true that the period of English literature now in question, whatever admirable characteristics it may possess, exhibits a remarkable deficiency of what, with recollections of former periods to guide us in our use of epithets, we should call great or sublime.

With the single exception of Pope, and excepting him only out of deference to his peculiar position as the poet or metrical artist of his day, the greatest name in the history of English literature during the early part of last century is that of Swift. In certain fine and deep qualities, Addison and Steele and perhaps Farquhar excelled him, just as in the succeeding generation Goldsmith had a finer vein of genius than was to be found in Johnson with all his massiveness; but in natural brawn and strength, in original energy and force and imperiousness of brain, he excelled them all. It was about the year 1702, when he was already thirty-five years of age, that this strangest specimen of an Irishman, or of an Englishman born in Ireland, first attracted attention in London literary circles. The scene of his first appearance was Button's coffee-house; the witnesses were Addison, Ambrose Philips, and other wits, belonging to Addison's little senate, who used to assemble there.

'They had for several successive days observed a strange clergyman come into the coffee-house, who seemed utterly unacquainted with any of those who frequented it, and whose custom it was to lay his hat down on a table, and walk backward and forward at a good pace for half an hour or an hour, without speaking to any mortal, or seeming in the least to attend to anything that was going forward there. He then used to take up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk away without opening his lips. After having observed this singular behaviour for some time, they concluded him to be out of his senses; and the name that he went by among them, was that of 'the mad parson.' This made them more than usually attentive to his motions; and one evening, as Mr. Addison and the rest were observing him, they saw him cast his eyes several times on a gentleman in boots, who seemed to be just come out of the country, and at last advance towards him as intending to address him. They were all eager to hear what this dumb mad parson had to say, and immediately quitted their seats to get near him. Swift went up to the country gentleman, and in a very abrupt manner, without any previous salute, asked him, 'Pray, sir, do you remember any good weather in the world?' The country gentleman, after staring a little at the singularity of his manner, and the oddity of the question, answered, 'Yes, sir; I thank God I remember a great deal of good weather in my time.' 'That is more,' said Swift, 'than I can say; I never remember any weather

that was not too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; but however God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well.' Upon saying this, he took up his hat, and without uttering a syllable more, or taking the least notice of any one, walked out of the coffee-house; leaving all those who had been spectators of this odd scene staring after him, and still more confirmed in the opinion of his being mad.'—*Dr. Sheridan's Life of Swift, quoted in Scott's Life.*

If the company present had had sufficient means of information, they would have found that the mad parson with the harsh swarthy features, and eyes 'azure as the heavens,' whose oddities thus amused them, was Jonathan Swift, then clergyman of Laracor, a rural parish in the diocese of Meath in Ireland. They would have found that he was an Irishman by birth though of pure English descent; that he could trace a relationship to Dryden; that, being born after his father's death, he had been educated, at the expense of his relatives, at Trinity College, Dublin; that, leaving Ireland in his twenty-second year, and with but a sorry character from the College authorities, he had been received as a humble dependent into the family of Sir William Temple, at Sheen and Moorpark, near London, that courtly whig and ex-ambassador being distantly connected with his mother's family; that here, while acting as Sir William's secretary, amanuensis, librarian, and what not, he had begun to write verses and other trifles, some of which he had shown to Dryden, who had told him in reply that they were sad stuff, and that he would never be a poet; that still, being of a restless ambitious temper, he had not given up hopes of obtaining introduction into public employment in England through Sir William Temple's influence; that, at length, at the age of twenty-eight, despairing of anything better, he had quarrelled with Sir William, returned to Ireland, taken priest's orders, and settled in a living; that again, disgusted with Ireland and his prospects in that country, he had come back to Moorpark and resided there till 1699, when Sir William's death had obliged him finally to return to Ireland, and accept, first, a chaplaincy to Lord Justice Berkeley, and then his present living in the diocese of Meath. If curious about the personal habits of this restless Irish parson, they might have found that he had already won the reputation of an eccentric in his own parish and district; performing his parochial duties when at home, with scrupulous care, yet by his language and manners often shocking all ideas of clerical decorum, and begetting a doubt as to his sincerity in the religion he professed; boisterous, fierce, overbearing and insulting to all about him, yet often doing acts of real kindness; exact and economical in his management of money to the verge of

actual parsimony, yet, on occasion, spending his money freely and never without pensioners living on his bounty. They would have found that he was habitually irritable, and that he was subject to a recurring giddiness of the head, or vertigo, which he had brought on, as he thought himself, by a surfeit of fruit while staying with Sir William Temple, at Sheen. And, what might have been the best bit of gossip of all, they would have found that, though unmarried, and entertaining a most unaccountable and violent aversion to the very idea of marriage, he had taken over to reside with him, or close to his neighbourhood, in Ireland, a certain young and beautiful girl named Hester Johnson, with whom he had formed an acquaintance in Sir William Temple's house, where she had been brought up, and where, though she passed as a daughter of Sir William's steward, she was believed to be, in reality, a natural daughter of Sir William himself. They would have found that his relations to this girl, whom he had himself educated from her childhood at Sheen and Moorpark, were of a very singular and puzzling kind; that, on the one hand, she was devotedly attached to him, and, on the other, he cherished a passionate affection for her, wrote and spoke of her as his 'Stella,' and liked always to have her near him; yet that a marriage between them seemed not to be thought of by either; and that, in order to have her near him without giving rise to scandal, he had taken the precaution to bring over an elderly maiden lady, called Mrs. Dingley, to reside with her as a companion, and was most careful to be in her society only when this Mrs. Dingley was present.

There was mystery and romance enough, therefore, about the wild, black-browed Irish parson, who attracted the regards of the wits in Button's coffee-house. What had brought him there? That was partly a mystery, too; but the mystery would have been pretty well solved if it had been known that, uncouth-looking clerical lout as he was, he was an author like the rest of them, having just written a political pamphlet which was making or was to make a good deal of noise in the world, and having at that moment in his pocket at least one other piece which he was about to publish. The political pamphlet was an *Essay on the Civil Discords in Athens and Rome*, having an obvious bearing on certain dissensions then threatening to break up the Whig party in Great Britain. It was received as a vigorous piece of writing on the ministerial side, and was ascribed by some to Lord Somers, and by others to Burnet. Swift had come over to claim it, and to see what it and his former connexion with Temple could do for him among the leading Whigs. For, the truth was, an ambition equal to his consciousness of power

gnawed at the heart of this furious and gifted man, whom a perverse fate had flung away into an obscure vicarage on the wrong side of the channel. His books, his garden, his canal with its willows at Laracor ; his dearly-beloved Roger Coxe, and the other perplexed and admiring parishioners of Laracor over whom he domineered ; his clerical colleagues in the neighbourhood ; and even the society of Stella, the wittiest and best of her sex, whom he loved better than any other creature on earth—all these were insufficient to occupy the craving void in his mind. He hated Ireland, and regarded his lot there as one of banishment ; he longed to be in London and struggling in the centre of whatever was going on. About the date of his appointment to the living of Laracor he had lost the rich deanery of Derry, which Lord Berkeley had meant to give him, in consequence of a notion on the part of the bishop of the diocese that he was a restless, ingenious young man, who, instead of residing, would be 'eternally flying backwards and forwards to London.' The bishop's perception of his character was just. At or about the very time that the wits at Button's saw him staking up and down in the coffee-house, the priest of Laracor was introducing himself to Somers, Halifax, Sunderland, and others, and stating the terms on which he would support the Whigs with his pen. Even then, it seems, he took high ground and let it be known that he was no mere hireling. The following, written at a much later period, is his own explanation of the nature and limits of his Whiggism, at the time when he first offered the Whigs his services :—

'It was then (1701-2) I began to trouble myself with the differences between the principles of Whig and Tory ; having formerly employed myself in other, and, I think, much better speculations. I talked often upon this subject with Lord Somers ; told him that, having been long conversant with the Greek and Latin authors, and therefore a lover of liberty, I found myself much inclined to be what they call a Whig in politics ; and that, besides, I thought it impossible, upon any other principles, to defend or submit to the Revolution ; but, as to religion, I confessed myself to be a high-churchman, and that I could not conceive how any one, who wore the habit of a clergyman, could be otherwise : that I had observed very well with what insolence and haughtiness some lords of the high-church party treated not only their own chaplains, but all other clergymen whatsoever, and thought this was sufficiently recompensed by their professions of zeal to the church : that I had likewise observed how the Whig lords took a direct contrary measure, treated the persons of particular clergymen with particular courtesy, but showed much contempt and ill-will for the order in general : that I knew it was necessary for their party to make their bottom as wide as they could, by taking all

denominations of Protestants to be members of their body: that I would not enter into the mutual reproaches made by the violent men on either side: but that, the connivance or encouragement given by the Whigs to those writers of pamphlets who reflected upon the whole body of the clergy, without any exception, would unite the church to one man to oppose them; and that I doubted his lordship's friends did not consider the consequences of this.'

Even with these limitations, the assistance of so energetic a man as the parson of Laracor was doubtless welcome to the Whigs. His former connexion with the stately old Revolution Whig, Sir William Temple, may have prepared the way for him, as it had already been the means of making him known in some aristocratic families. But there was evidence in his personal bearing and his writings that he was not a man to be neglected. And if there had been any doubt on the subject on his first presentation of himself to ministers, the publication of his *Battle of the Books* and his *Tale of a Tub* in 1703 and 1704 would have set it overwhelmingly at rest. The author of these works (and though they were anonymous, they were at once referred to Swift) could not but be acknowledged as the first prose satirist and one of the most formidable writers of the age. On his subsequent visits to Button's, therefore—and they were frequent enough; for, as the Bishop of Derry had foreseen, he was often an absentee from his parish—the mad Irish parson was no longer a stranger to the company. Addison, Steele, Tickell, Philips, and the other Whig wits came to know him well and to feel his weight among them in their daily convivial meetings. 'To Dr. Jonathan Swift, the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of the age,' was the inscription written by Addison on a copy of his *Travels* presented to Swift; and it shows what opinion Addison and those about him had formed of the author of the *Tale of a Tub*.

Thus, passing and repassing between Laracor and London, now lording it over his Irish parishioners, and now filling the literary and Whig haunts of the great metropolis with the terror of his merciless wit and talk behind his back of his eccentricities and rude manners, Swift spent the interval between 1702 and 1710, or between his thirty-sixth and his forty-fourth year. His position as a High-Church Whig, however, was an anomalous one. In the first place, it was difficult to see how such a man could honestly be in the Church at all. People were by no means strict, in those days, in their notions of the clerical character; but the *Tale of a Tub* was a strong dose even then to have come from a clergyman. If Voltaire afterwards recommended the book as a masterly satire against religion in general,

it cannot be wondered at that an outcry arose among Swift's contemporaries respecting the profanity of the book. It is true Peter and Jack, as the representatives of Popery and Presbyterianism, came in for the greatest share of the author's scurrility; and Martin, as the representative of the Church of England, was left with the honours of the story: but the whole structure and spirit of the story, to say nothing of the oaths and other irreverences mingled with its language, was well calculated to shock the more serious even of Martin's followers, who could not but see that rank infidelity alone would be a gainer by the book. Accordingly, despite of all that Swift could afterwards do, the fact that he had written this book left a public doubt as to his Christianity. It is quite possible, however, that, with a very questionable kind of belief in Christianity, he may have been a conscientious High Churchman, zealous for the social defence and aggrandisement of the ecclesiastical institution with which he was connected. Whatever that institution was originally based upon, it existed as part and parcel of the commonwealth of England, rooted in the soil of men's habits and interests, and intertwined with the whole system of social order; and just as a Brahmin, lax enough in his own speculative allegiance to the Brahminical faith, might still desire to maintain Brahminism as a vast pervading establishment in Hindostan, so might Swift, with a heart and a head dubious enough respecting men's eternal interest in the facts of the Judean record, see a use notwithstanding in that fabric of bishoprics, deaneries, prebendaries, parochial livings, and curacies, which ancient belief in those facts had first created and put together. This kind of respect for the Church Establishment is still very prevalent. It is a most excellent thing, it is thought by many, to have a cleanly, cultured, gentlemanly man invested with authority in every parish throughout the land, who can look after what is going on, fill up schedules, give advice, and take the lead in all parish business. That Swift's faith in the Church included no more than this perception of its uses as a vast administrative and educational establishment, we will not take upon us to say. Mr. Thackeray, indeed, openly avows his opinion that Swift had no belief in the Christian religion. "Swift's," he says, "was a reverent, was a pious spirit—he could love and could pray;" but such religion as he had, Mr. Thackeray hints, was a kind of mad, despairing Deism, and had nothing of Christianity in it. Hence, "having put that cassock on, it poisoned him; he was strangled in his hands." The question thus broached as to the nature of Swift's religion is too deep to be discussed here. Though we would not exactly say, with Mr. Thackeray, that Swift's was a

reverent' and 'pious' spirit, there are, as he phrases it, breakings out of 'the stars of religion and love' shining in the serene blue through 'the driving clouds and the maddened hurricane of Swift's life;' and this, though vague, is about all that we have warrant for saying. As to the zeal of his Churchmanship, however, there is no doubt at all. There was not a man in the British realms more pugnacious in the interests of his order, more resolute in defending the prerogatives of the Church of England against Dissenters and others desirous of limiting them, or more anxious to elevate the social position and intellectual character of the clergy, than the author of the *Tale of a Tub*. No veteran commander of a regiment could have had more of the military than the parson of Laracor had of the ecclesiastical *esprit de corps*; and, indeed, Swift's known dislike to the military may be best explained as the natural jealousy of the surplice at the larger consideration accorded by society to the scarlet coat. Almost all Swift's writings between 1702 and 1710 are assertions of his High Church sentiments and vindications of the Establishment against its assailants. Thus, in 1708 came forth his *Letter on the Sacramental Test*, a hot High Church and anti-Dissenter pamphlet; and this was followed in the same year by his *Sentiments of a Church of England Man with respect to Religion and Government*, and, by his ironical argument, aimed at Free-thinkers and latitudinarians, entitled *Reasons against Abolishing Christianity*. In 1709 he published a graver pamphlet, under the name of a *Project for the Advancement of Religion*, in which he urged certain measures for the reform of public morals and the strengthening of the Establishment, recommending in particular a scheme of Church-extension. Thus, with all his readiness to help the Whigs politically, Swift was certainly faithful to his High-Church principles. But, as we have said, a High Church Whig was an anomaly which the Whigs refused to comprehend. Latitudinarians, Low Churchmen, and Dissenters did not know what to make of a Whiggism in state-politics which was conjoined with the strongest form of ecclesiastical Toryism. Hence, despite of all his ability, Swift was not a man that the Whigs could patronise and prefer. They were willing to have the benefit of his assistance, but their favours were reserved for men more wholly their own. Various things were, indeed, talked of for Swift—the secretaryship to the proposed embassy of Lord Berkeley to Vienna, a prebendary of Westminster, the office of historiographer-royal, nay, even a bishopric in the American colonies—but all came to nothing. Swift, at the age of forty-three, and certified by Addison as 'the greatest genius of the age,' was still only an Irish parson,

with some £350 or £400 a year. How strange if the plan of the Transatlantic bishopric had been carried out, and Swift had settled in Virginia!

Meanwhile, though neglected by the English Whigs, Swift had risen to be a leader among the Irish clergy—a great man in their convocations and other ecclesiastical assemblies. The object which the Irish clergy then had at heart was to procure from the Government an extension to Ireland of a boon granted several years before to the clergy of England—namely, the remission of the tax levied by the Crown on the revenues of the Church since the days of Henry VIII., in the shape of tenths and first-fruits. This remission, which would have amounted to about £16,000 a year, the Whigs were not disposed to grant, the corresponding remission in the case of England not having been followed by the expected benefits. Archbishop King and the other prelates were glad to have Swift as their agent in this business; and, accordingly, he was absent from Ireland for upwards of twelve months continuously in the years 1708 and 1709. It was during this period that he set London in roars of laughter by his famous Bickerstaff hoax, in which he first predicted the death of Partridge, the astrologer, at a particular day and hour, and then nearly drove the wretched tradesman mad by declaring, when the time was come, that the prophecy had been fulfilled, and publishing a detailed account of the circumstances. Out of this Bickerstaff hoax, and Swift's talk over it with Addison and Steele, arose the *Tatler*, prolific parent of so many other periodicals.

The year 1710 was an important one in the life of Swift. In that year he came over to London, resolved in his own mind to have a settlement of accounts with the Whigs or to break with them for ever. The Irish ecclesiastical business of the tenths and first-fruits was still his pretext; but he had many other arrears to introduce into the account. Accordingly, after some civil skirmishing with Somers, Halifax, and his other old friends, then just turned out of office, he openly transferred his allegiance to the new Tory administration of Harley and Bolingbroke. The 4th of October, not quite a month after his arrival in London, was the date of his first interview with Harley; and, from that day forward till the dissolution of Harley's administration by the death of Queen Anne in 1714, Swift's relations with Harley, St. John, and the other ministers, were more those of an intimate friend and adviser than of a literary dependent. How he dined almost daily with Harley or St. John; how he bullied them and made them beg his pardon when by chance they offended him—either, as Harley once did, by offering him a fifty-pound note,

or, as St. John once did, by appearing cold and abstracted when Swift was his guest at dinner; how he obtained from them, not only the settlement of the Irish business, but almost everything else he asked; how he used his influence to prevent Steele, Addison, Congreve, Rowe, and his other Whig literary friends, from suffering loss of office by the change in the state of politics, at the same time growing cooler in his private intercourse with Addison and poor Dick, and tending more to young Tory writers, such as Pope and Parnell; how, with Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, Harley, and St. John, he formed the famous club of the *Scriblerus* brotherhood, for the satire of literary absurdities; how he wrote squibs, pamphlets, and lampoons innumerable for the Tories and against the Whigs, and at one time actually edited a Tory paper called the *Examiner*:—all this is to be gathered, in most interesting detail, from his epistolary journal to Stella, in which he punctually kept her informed of all his doings during his long three years' absence. The following is a description of him at the height of his court influence during this season of triumph, from the Whiggish, and therefore somewhat adverse pen of Bishop Kennet:—

'When I came to the antechamber (at Court) to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as master of requests. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother, the Duke of Ormond, to get a chaplain's place established in the garrison of Hull for Mr. Fiddes, a clergyman in that neighbourhood, who had lately been in jail, and published sermons to pay the fees. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake with my lord treasurer that, according to his petition, he should obtain a salary of £200 per annum as minister of the English church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, Esq., going in with the red bag to the Queen, and told him aloud he had something to say to him from my lord-treasurer. He talked with the son of Dr. Davenant, to be sent abroad, and took out his pocket-book and wrote down several things as *memoranda*, to do for him. He turned to the fire, and took out his gold watch, and telling him the time of the day, complained it was very late. A gentleman said he was too fast. 'How can I help it,' says the Doctor, 'if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?' Then he instructed a young nobleman, that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a Papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which he must have them all subscribe; 'for' says he, 'the author shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him.' Lord-treasurer, after leaving the Queen, came through the room, beckoning Dr. Swift to follow him: both went off just before prayers.'

Let us see, by a few pickings from the journal to Stella, in what manner the black-browed Irish vicar, who was thus figuring

in the mornings at Court as the friend and confidant of Ministers, and almost as their domineering colleague, was writing home from his lodging in the evenings to the 'dear girls' at Laracor.

Dec. 3, 1710. 'Pshaw, I must be writing to those dear saucy brats every night, whether I will or no, let me have what business I will, or come home ever so late, or be ever so sleepy; but it is an old saying and a true one, 'Be you lords or be you earls, you must write to naughty girls.' I was to-day at Court, and saw Raymond [an Irish friend] among the Beefeaters, staying to see the Queen: so I put him in a better station, made two or three dozen bows, and went to church, and then to Court again to pick up a dinner, as I did with Sir John Stanley, and then we went to visit Lord Mountjoy; and just left him; and 'tis near eleven at night, young women, and methinks this letter comes very near to the bottom, &c., &c.'

Jan. 1, 1711. Morning. I wish my dearest pretty Dingley and Stella a happy new year, and health, and mirth, and good stomachs, and *Pr's* company. Faith, I did not know how to write *Pr*. I wondered what was the matter; but now I remember I always write *Pdfr* [by this combination of letters, or by the word *Presto*, Swift designates himself in the Journal] * * Get the *Examiners* and read them; the last nine or ten are full of reasons for the late change, and of the abuses of the last ministry; and the great men assure me they are all true. They were written by their encouragement and direction. I must rise and go see Sir Andrew Fountain; but perhaps to-morrow I may answer *M.D's* [Stella's designation in the Journal] letter: so good morrow, my mistresses all, good morrow. I wish you both a merry new year; roast beef, minced pies, and good strong beer; and me a share of your good cheer; that I was there or you were here; and you're a little saucy dear, &c., &c.

Jan. 13, 1711. O faith, I had an ugly giddy fit last night in my chamber, and I have got a new box of pills to take, and I hope shall have no more this good while. I would not tell you before, because it would vex you, little rogues; but now it is better. I dined to-day with Lord Shelburn, &c., &c.

Jan. 16, 1711. My service to Mrs. Stode and Walls. Has she a boy or a girl? A girl, hmmm!, and died in a week, hmmm!, and was poor Stella forced to stand for godmother?—Let me know how accounts stand, that you may have your money betimes. There's four months for my lodging, that must be thought on too. And zoo go dine with Manley, and lose your money, doo extravagant sluttikin? But don't fret. It will just be three weeks when I have the next letter, that is, to-morrow. Farewell, dearest beloved *M. D.*, and love poor, poor Presto, who has not had one happy day, since he left you, as hope to be saved.

March 7, 1711. I am weary of business and Ministers. I don't go to a coffee-house twice a month. I am very regular in going to sleep before eleven—And so you say that Stella's a pretty girl; and so she be, and methinks I see her just now, as handsome as the day's

long. Do you know what? When I am writing in our language [a kind of baby-language of endearment used between him and Stella, and called 'the little language'] I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking it. I caught myself at it just now * * Poor Stella, wont Dingley leave her a little daylight to write to Presto? Well, well, we'll have daylight shortly, spite of her teeth; and zoo must cly Zele, and Hele, and Hele aden. Must loo mimitate *Pdfr*, pay? Iss, and so la shall. And so leles fol ee rettle. Deed mollow (You must cry There and Here and Here again. Must you imitate *Pdfr*, pray? Yes, and so you shall. And so there's for the letter. Good morrow).

And so on, through a series of daily letters, forming now a goodly octavo volume or more, Swift chats and rattles away to the 'dear absent girls,' giving them all the political gossip of the time, and informing them about his own goings-out and comings-in; his dinings with Harley, St. John, and occasionally with Addison and other old Whig friends; the state of his health; his troubles with his drunken servant Patrick; his lodging-expenses; and a host of other things. Such another journal has, perhaps, never been given to the world; and, but for it, we should never have known what depths of tenderness, and power of affectionate prattle, there were in the heart of this harsh and savage man. Only on one topic, affecting himself during his long stay in London, is he in any degree reserved. Among the acquaintanceships he had formed was one with a Mrs. Vanhomrigh, a widow lady of property, who had a family of several daughters. The eldest of these, Hester Vanhomrigh, was a girl of more than ordinary talent and accomplishments, and of enthusiastic and impetuous character: and as Swift acquired the habit of dropping in upon the 'Vans,' as he called them, when he had no other dinner-engagement, it was not long before he and Miss Vanhomrigh fell into the relationship of teacher and pupil. He taught her to think, and to write verses; and as, among Swift's other peculiarities of opinion, one was that he entertained what would even now be called very advanced notions as to the intellectual capabilities and rights of women, he found no more pleasant amusement in the midst of his politics and other business, than that of superintending the growth of so hopeful a mind.

His conduct might have made him styled
A father, and the nymph his child:
The innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.

But, alas ! Cupid got among the books.

Vanessa, not in years a score,
 Dreams of a gown of forty-four ;
 Imaginary charms can find
 In eyes with reading almost blind ;
 She fancies music in his tongue,
 Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.

Nay more, one of Swift's lessons to her had been that frankness, whether in man or woman, was one of the chief of the virtues, and

That common forms were not designed
 Directors to a noble mind.

'Then,' said the nymph,

'I'll let you see
 My actions with your rules agree,
 That I can vulgar forms despise,
 And have no secrets to disguise.'

She told her love, and fairly argued it out with the startled tutor, discussing every element in the question, whether for or against—the disparity of their ages, her own five thousand guineas, their similarity of tastes, his views of ambition, the judgment the world would form of the match, and so on ; and the end of it was that she reasoned so well that Swift could not but admit that there would be nothing after all so very incongruous in a marriage between him and Esther Vanhomrigh. So the matter rested, Swift gently resisting the impetuosity of the young woman, when it threatened to take him by storm, but not having the courage to adduce the real and conclusive argument—the existence on the other side of the channel of another and a dearer Esther. Stella, on her side, knew that Swift visited a family called the 'Vans ;' she divined that something was wrong ; but that was all.

That Swift, the mentor of Ministers, their daily companion, their factotum, at whose bidding they dispensed their patronage and their favour, should himself be suffered to remain a mere vicar of an Irish parish, was, of course, impossible. Vehement and even boisterous and overdone as was his zeal for his own independence—'if we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them,' was his maxim ; and, in order to act up to it, he used to treat Dukes and Earls as if they were dogs—there were yet means of honourably acknowledging his services in a way to which he would have taken no exception. Nor can we doubt that Oxford and St. John, who were really and heartily his admirers, were anxious to promote him in some

suitable manner. An English Bishopric was certainly what he coveted, and what they would at once have given him. But though the Bishopric of Hereford fell vacant in 1712, there was, as Sir Walter Scott says, 'a lion in the path.' Queen Anne, honest dowdy woman,—her instinctive dislike of Swift, strengthened by the private influence of the Archbishop of York and the Duchess of Somerset, whose red hair Swift had lampooned—obstinately refused to make the author of the *Tale of a Tub* a Bishop. Even an English Deanery could not be found for so questionable a Christian; and in 1713, Swift was obliged to accept, as the best thing he could get, the Deanery of St. Patrick's, in his native city of Dublin. He hurried over to Ireland to be installed, and came back just in time to partake in the last struggles and dissensions of the Tory administration, before Queen Anne's death. By his personal exertions with Ministers, and his pamphlet entitled *Public Spirit of the Whigs*, he tried to buoy up the sinking Tory cause. But the Queen's death destroyed all; with George I. the Whigs came in again; the late Tory ministers were dispersed and disgraced, and Swift shared their fall. "Dean Swift," says Arbuthnot, "keeps up his noble spirit, and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries." He returned with rage and grief in his heart to Ireland—a disgraced man, and in danger of arrest on account of his connexion with the late ministers. Even in Dublin he was insulted as he walked in the streets.

For twelve years—that is, from 1714 to 1726—Swift did not quit Ireland. At his first coming, as he tells us in one of his letters, he was "horribly melancholy;" but the melancholy began to wear off, and, having made up his mind to his exile in the country of his detestation, he fell gradually into the routine of his duties as Dean. How he boarded in a private family in the town, stipulating for leave to invite his friends to dinner at so much a head, and only having two evenings a week at the Deanery for larger receptions; how he brought Stella and Mrs. Dingley from Laracor and settled them in lodgings on the other side of the Liffy, keeping up the same precautions in his intercourse with them as before, but devolving the management of his receptions at the Deanery upon Stella, who did all the honours of the house; how he had his own way in all Cathedral business, and had always a few clergymen and others in his train, who toadied him, and took part in the facetious horse-play of which he was fond; how gradually his physiognomy became known to the citizens, and his eccentricities familiar to them, till the 'Dean' became the lion of Dublin, and everybody

turned to look at him as he walked in the streets; how, among the Dean's other oddities, he was popularly charged with stinginess in his entertainments, and a sharp look out after the wine; how sometimes he would fly off from town and take refuge in some country-seat of a friendly Irish nobleman; how, all this while he was reading books of all kinds, writing notes and jottings, and corresponding with Pope, Gay, Prior, Arbuthnot, Oxford, Bolingbroke, and other literary and political friends in London or abroad—are matters in the recollection of all who have read any of the biographies of Swift. It is also known that it was during this period that the Stella-and-Vanessa imbroglio reached its highest degree of entanglement. Scarcely had the Dean located Stella and Mrs. Dingley in their lodging in Dublin, when, as he had feared, the impetuous Vanessa crossed the channel to be near him too. Her mother's death, and the fact that she and her younger sister had a small property in Ireland, were pretext enough. A scrap or two from surviving letters will tell the sequel, and will suggest the state of the relations, at this time, between Swift, and this unhappy, and certainly very extraordinary, woman.

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: London, Aug. 12, 1714. * "I had your letter last post, and before you can send me another, I shall set out for Ireland. * * If you are in Ireland when I am there, I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom, but where everything is known in a week, and magnified a hundred degrees. These are rigorous laws that must be passed through; but it is probable we may meet in London in winter; or, if not, leave all to fate." * * *

Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Dublin, 1714 (some time after August). "You once had a maxim, which was to act what was right, and not mind what the world would say. I wish you would keep to it now. Pray, what can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman? I cannot imagine. You cannot but know that your frowns make my life unsupportable. You have taught me to distinguish, and then you leave me miserable." * * *

Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Dublin, 1714. "You bid me be easy, and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much; or, as often as you remembered there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last. I am sure I could have bore the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die, without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long: for there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world. I must give way to it, and beg you'd see me, and speak kindly to me, for I am sure you'd not condemn

any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you should I see you. For, when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so awful that it strikes me dumb." * * *

Here a gap intervenes, which record fills up with but an indication here and there. Swift saw Vanessa, sometimes with that 'something awful in his looks which struck her dumb,' sometimes with words of perplexed kindness; he persuaded her to go out, to read, to amuse herself; he introduced clergymen to her—one of them afterwards Archbishop of Cashell—as suitors for her hand; he induced her to leave Dublin, and go to her property at Selbridge, about twelve miles from Dublin, where now and then he went to visit her, where she used to plant laurels against every time of his coming, and where 'Vanessa's bower,' in which she and the Dean used to sit, with books and writing materials before them, during these happy visits, was long an object of interest to tourists; he wrote kindly letters to her, some in French, praising her talents, her conversation, and her writing, and saying that he found in her '*tout ce que la nature a donnée à un mortel*'—'*l'honneur, la vertu, le bon sens, l'esprit, la douceur, l'agrément et la fermeté d'âme*.' All did not suffice; and one has to fancy, during these long years, the restless beatings, on the one hand, of that impassioned woman's heart, now lying as cold undistinguishable ashes in some Irish grave; and, on the other, the distraction, and anger, and daily terror of the man she clung to. For, somehow or other, there *was* an element of terror mingled with the affair. What it was is beyond easy scrutiny; though possibly the data exist, if they were well sifted. The ordinary story is that, some time in the midst of these entanglements with Vanessa, and in consequence of their effects on the rival-relationship—Stella having been brought almost to death's door by the anxieties caused her by Vanessa's proximity, and by her own equivocal position in society—the form of marriage was gone through by Swift and Stella, and they became legally husband and wife, although with an engagement that the matter should remain secret, and that there should be no change in their manner of living. The year 1716, when Swift was forty-nine years of age, and Stella thirty-two, is assigned as the date of this event; and the ceremony is said to have been performed in the garden of the Deanery by the Bishop of Clogher. But more mystery remains. "Immediately subsequent to the ceremony," says Sir Walter Scott, "Swift's state of mind appears to have been dreadful. Delany (as I have learned from a friend of his widow), said that about the time it was supposed to have taken place, he observed

Swift to be extremely gloomy and agitated—so much so, that he went to Archbishop King to mention his apprehensions. On entering the library, Swift rushed out with a countenance of distraction, and passed him without speaking. He found the Archbishop in tears, and, upon asking the reason, he said, ‘You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but, on the subject of his wretchedness, you must never ask a question.’” What are we to make of this? Nay more, what are we to make of it, when we find that the alleged marriage of Swift with Stella, with which Scott connects the story, is after all denied by some as resting on no sufficient evidence—even Dr. Delany, though he believed in the marriage, and supposed it to have taken place about the time of his remarkable interview with the Archbishop, having no certain information on the subject? If we assume a secret marriage with Stella, indeed, the subsequent portion of the Vanessa story becomes more explicable. On this assumption, we are to imagine Swift continuing his letters to Vanessa, and his occasional visits to her at Selbridge on the old footing for some years after the marriage, with the undivulged secret ever in his mind, increasing tenfold his former awkwardness in encountering her presence. And so we come to the year 1720, when, as the following scraps will show, a new paroxysm on the part of Vanessa brought on a new crisis in their relations.

Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Selbridge, 1720. “Believe me, it is with the utmost regret that I now write to you, because I know your good-nature such that you cannot see any human creature miserable without being sensibly touched. Yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks since I saw you, and in all that time I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh, have you forgot me? You endeavour by severities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you; for with the utmost distress and confusion, I behold myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you. Yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare that it is not in the power of art, time, or accident, to lessen the inexpressible passion I have for——. Put my passion under the utmost restraint; send me as distant from you as the earth will allow; yet you cannot banish those charming ideas which will ever stick by me whilst I have the use of memory. Nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul; for there is not a single atom of my frame that is not blended with it. Therefore, do not flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments; for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For heaven’s sake, tell me what has caused this prodigious change in you which I have found of late.” * *

Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Dublin, 1720. * * "I believe you thought I only rallied, when I told you, the other night, that I would pester you with letters. Once more I advise you, if you have any regard for your quiet, to alter your behaviour quickly; for I do assure you, I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment. Because I love frankness extremely, I here tell you now that I have determined to try all manner of human arts to reclaim you; and if all these fail, I am resolved to have recourse to the black one, which, it is said, never does. Now see what inconveniency you will bring both yourself and me unto * * When I undertake a thing, I don't love to do it by halves."

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: Dublin, 1720. "If you write as you do, I shall come the seldomer on purpose to be pleased with your letters, which I never look into without wondering how a brat that cannot read can possibly write so well. * * Raillery apart, I think it inconvenient, for a hundred reasons, that I should make your house a sort of constant dwelling-place. I will certainly come as often as I conveniently can; but my health and the perpetual run of ill weather, hinder me from going out in the morning; and my afternoons are taken up I know not how, so that I am in rebellion with a hundred people besides yourself, for not seeing them. For the rest, you need make use of no other black art besides your ink. It is a pity your eyes are not black, or I would have said the same; but you are a white witch, and can do no mischief." * *

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: Dublin, 1720. "I received your letter when some company was with me on Saturday night, and it put me in such confusion that I could not tell what to do. This morning a woman, who does business for me, told me she heard I was in love with one—naming you—and twenty particulars; that little master—and I visited you, and that the Archbishop did so; and that you had abundance of wit, &c. I ever feared the tattle of this nasty town, and told you so; and that was the reason why I said to you long ago that I would see you seldom when you were in Ireland; and I must beg you to be easy, if, for some time, I visit you seldomer, and not in so particular a manner." * * *

Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Selbridge, 1720. * * "Solitude is unsupportable to a mind which is not easy. I have worn out my days in sighing, and my nights with watching and thinking of —, who thinks not of me. How many letters shall I send you before I receive an answer? * * Oh, that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you! I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one—that inexpressible passion I have for you. * * Surely you cannot possibly be so taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to so great a charity. I firmly believe, if I could know your thoughts (which no human creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you), I should find you had often in a rage wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to Heaven. But that would not

spare you ; for, were I an enthusiast, still you'd be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by ? You are present everywhere ; your dear image is always before my eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe I tremble with fear ; at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, than one only described ?"

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: Dublin, October 15, 1720. "All the morning I am plagued with impertinent visits, below any man of sense or honour to endure, if it were any way avoidable. Afternoons and evenings are spent abroad in walking to keep off and avoid spleen as far as I can ; so that, when I am not so good a correspondent as I could wish, you are not to quarrel and be governor, but to impute it to my situation, and to conclude infallibly that I have the same respect and kindness for you I ever professed to have." * * *

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: Gallstown, July 5, 1721. * * "Settle your affairs, and quit this scoundrel island, and things will be as you desire. I can say no more, being called away. *Mais soyez assurée que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimée, honorée, estimée, adorée par votre ami que vous.*" *

Vanessa did not quit the 'scoundrel-island ;' but, on the contrary, remained in it, unmanageable as ever. In 1722, about a year after the date of the last scrap, the catastrophe came. In a wild fit, Vanessa—as the story is—took the bold step of writing to Stella, insisting on an explanation of the nature of Swift's engagements to her ; Stella placed the letter in Swift's hands ; and Swift, in a paroxysm of fury, rode instantly to Selbridge, saw Vanessa without speaking, laid a letter on her table, and rode off again. The letter was Vanessa's death-warrant. Within a few weeks she was dead, having previously revoked a will in which she had bequeathed all her fortune to Swift.

Whatever may have been the purport of Vanessa's communication to Stella, it produced no change in Swift's relations to the latter. The pale pensive face of Hester Johnson, with her 'fine dark eyes' and hair 'black as a raven,' was still to be seen on reception-evenings at the Deanery, where also she and Mrs. Dingley would sometimes take up their abode, when Swift was suffering from one of his attacks of vertigo, and required to be nursed. Nay, during those very years in which, as we have just seen, Swift was attending to the movements to and fro of the more imperious Vanessa in the back-ground, and assuaging her passion by visits and letters, and praises of her powers, and professions of his admiration of her beyond all her sex, he was all the while keeping up the same affectionate style of intercourse as

ever with the more gentle Stella, whose happier lot it was to be stationed in the centre of his domestic circle, and addressing to her, in a less forced manner, praises singularly like those he addressed to her rival. Thus, every year, on Stella's birth-day, he wrote a little poem in honour of the occasion. Take the one for 1718, beginning thus :—

‘Stella this day is thirty-four,
(We sha’n’t dispute a year or more :)
However, Stella, be not troubled ;
Although thy size and years be doubled,
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green,
So little is thy form declined ;
Made up so largely in thy mind.’

Stella would reciprocate these compliments by verses on the Dean's birth-day ; and one is struck by the similarity of her acknowledgments of what the Dean had taught her and done for her, to those of Vanessa. Thus, in 1721,

‘When men began to call me fair,
You interposed your timely care ;
You early taught me to despise
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes ;
Shewed where my judgment was misplaced,
Refined my fancy and my taste.
You taught how I might youth prolong
By knowing what was right and wrong ;
How from my heart to bring supplies
Of lustre to my fading eyes ;
How soon a beauteous mind repairs
The loss of changed or falling hairs ;
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a smoothness o'er the skin,
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can please at thirty-six.’

The death of Vanessa in 1722, left Swift from that time entirely Stella's. How she got over the Vanessa affair in her own mind, when the full extent of the facts became known to her, can only be guessed. When some one alluded to the fact that Swift had written beautifully about Vanessa, she is reported to have said, “That doesn't signify, for we all know the Dean could write beautifully about a broomstick.” “A woman—a true woman,” is Mr. Thackeray's characteristic comment.

To the world's end, those who take interest in Swift's life will range themselves either on the side of Stella or on that of Vanessa. Mr. Thackeray prefers Stella, but admits that in doing so,

though the majority of men may be on his side, he will have most women against him. Which way Swift's *heart* inclined him, it is not difficult to see. Stella was the main influence of his life ; the intimacy with Vanessa was but an episode. And yet when he speaks of the two women, as a critic, there is a curious equality in his appreciation of them. Of Stella he used to say that, her wit and judgment was such, that "she never failed to say the best thing that was said wherever she was in company ;" and one of his epistolary compliments to Vanessa is that he had "always remarked that, neither in general nor in particular conversation, had any word ever escaped her lips that could by possibility have been better." Some little differences in his preceptorial treatment of them may be discerned, as, for example, when he finds it necessary to admonish poor Stella for her incorrigible bad spelling—no such admonition, apparently, being required for Vanessa ; or when, in praising Stella, he dwells chiefly on her honour and gentle kindness, whereas in praising Vanessa, he dwells chiefly on her genius and force of mind. But it is distinctly on record that his regard for both was founded on his belief that, in respect of intellectual habits and culture, both were above the contemporary standard of their sex. And here let us repeat that, not only from the evidence afforded by the whole story of Swift's relations to these two women, but also from the evidence of distinct doctrinal passages scattered through his works, it is plain that those who in the present day, both in this country and in America, maintain the intellectual equality of the two sexes, and the right of women to as full and varied an education, and as free a social use of their powers, as is allowed to men, may claim Swift as a pioneer in their cause. Both Stella and Vanessa have left their testimony that from the very first Swift took care to indoctrinate them with peculiar views on this subject ; and both thank him for having done so. Stella even goes farther, and almost urges Swift to do on the great scale what he had done for her individually.

‘ O, turn your precepts into laws,
Redeem the women's ruined cause,
Retrieve lost empire to our sex
That men may bow their rebel necks.’

This fact that Swift had a *theory* on the subject of the proper mode of treating and educating women, which theory was in antagonism to the ideas of his time, explains much both in his conduct as a man and in his habits as a writer.

For the first six years of his exile in Ireland after the death of Queen Anne, Swift had published nothing of any consequence, and had kept aloof from politics, except when they were brought

to his door by local quarrels. In 1720, however, he again flashed forth as a political luminary, in a character that could hardly have been anticipated—that of an Irish patriot. Taking up the cause of the ‘scoundrel island,’ to which he belonged by birth, if not by affection, and to which fate had consigned him, in spite of all his efforts, he made that cause his own; virtually said to his old Whig enemies then in power on the other side of the water, “Yes, I am an Irishman, and I will show you what an Irishman is;” and, constituting himself the representative of the island, hurled it, with all its pent-up mass of rage and wrongs, against Walpole and his administration. First, in revenge for the commercial wrongs of Ireland, came his *Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures, utterly Rejecting and Renouncing Everything Wearable that comes from England*; then, amidst the uproar and danger excited by this proposal, other and other defiances in the same tone; and lastly, in 1723, on the occasion of the royal patent to poor William Wood to supply Ireland, without her own consent, with a hundred and eight thousand pounds’ worth of copper halfpence of English manufacture, the unparalleled *Drapier’s Letters*, which blasted the character of the coppers and asserted the nationality of Ireland. All Ireland, Catholic as well as Protestant, blessed the Dean of St. Patrick’s; associations were formed for the defence of his person; and, had Walpole and his Whigs succeeded in bringing him to trial, it would have been at the expense of an Irish rebellion. From that time till his death Swift was the true King of Ireland; only when O’Connell arose did the heart of the nation yield equal veneration to any single chief; and even at this day the grateful Irish, forgetting his gibes against them, and forgetting his continual habit of distinguishing between the Irish population as a whole, and the English and Protestant part of it to which he belonged himself, cherish his memory with loving enthusiasm, and speak of him as the ‘great Irishman.’ Among the phases of Swift’s life, this of his having been an Irish patriot and agitator deserves to be particularly remembered.

In the year 1726, Swift, then in his sixtieth year, and in the full flush of his new popularity as the champion of Irish nationality, visited England for the first time since Queen Anne’s death. Once there, he was loth to return; and a considerable portion of the years 1726 and 1727 was spent by him in or near London. This was the time of the publication of *Gulliver’s Travels*, which had been written some years before, and also of some *Miscellanies*, which were edited for him by Pope. It was at Pope’s villa at Twickenham that most of his time was spent; and it was there and at this time that the long friendship

between Swift and Pope ripened into that extreme and affectionate intimacy which they both loved to acknowledge. Gay, Arbuthnot, and Bolingbroke, now returned from exile, joined Pope in welcoming their friend. Addison had been dead several years. Prior was dead, and also Vanbrugh and Parnell. Steele was yet alive : but between him and Swift there was no longer any tie. Political and aristocratic acquaintances, old and new there were in abundance, all anxious once again to have Swift among them to fight their battles. Old George I. had not long to live, and the Tories were trying again to come into power in the train of the Prince of Wales. There were even chances of an arrangement with Walpole, with possibilities, in that or in some other way, that Swift should not die a mere Irish dean. These prospects were but temporary. The old King died ; and, contrary to expectation, George II. retained Walpole and his Whig colleagues. In October, 1727, Swift left England for the last time. He returned to Dublin just in time to watch over the death-bed of Stella, who expired, after a lingering illness, in January, 1728. Swift was then in his sixty-second year.

The story of the remaining seventeen years of Swift's life—for, with all his maladies, bodily and mental, his strong frame withstood, for all that time of solitude and gloom, the wear of mortality—is perhaps better known than any other part of his biography. How his irritability, and eccentricities, and avarice grew upon him, so that his friends and servants had a hard task in humouring him, we learn from the traditions of others ; how his memory began to fail, and other signs of breaking up began to appear, we learn from himself.

See, how the Dean begins to break !
 Poor gentleman, he droops apace,
 You plainly find it in his face.
 That old vertigo in his head
 Will never leave him till he's dead.
 Besides, his memory decays :
 He recollects not what he says ;
 He cannot call his friends to mind ;
 Forgets the place where last he dined ;
 Plies you with stories o'er and o'er ;
 He told them fifty times before.

The fire of his genius, however, was not yet burnt out. Between 1729 and 1736 he continued to throw out satires and lampoons in profusion, referring to the men and topics of the day, and particularly to the political affairs of Ireland ; and it was during this time that his *Directions to Servants*, his *Polite Conversation*, and other well-known facetiæ, first saw the light. From the year 1736, however, it was well known in Dublin that

the Dean was no more what he had been, and that his recovery was not to be looked for. The rest will be best told in the words of Sir Walter Scott :—

“The last scene was now rapidly approaching, and the stage darkened ere the curtain fell. From 1736 onward, the Dean’s fits of periodical giddiness and deafness had returned with violence; he could neither enjoy conversation, nor amuse himself with writing; and an obstinate resolution which he had formed not to wear glasses, prevented him from reading. The following dismal letter to Mrs. Whiteway [his cousin, and chief attendant in his last days] in 1740, is almost the last document which we possess of the celebrated Swift, as a rational and reflecting being. It awfully foretells the catastrophe which shortly after took place.

‘I have been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded, that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can say is that I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be.

‘I am, for these few days,

‘Yours entirely,

‘J. SWIFT.’

‘If I do not blunder, it is Saturday, July 26, 1740.’

“His understanding having totally failed soon after these melancholy expressions of grief and affection, his first state was that of violent and furious lunacy. His estate was put under the management of trustees, and his person confided to the care of Dr. Lyons, a respectable clergyman, curate to the Rev. Robert King, prebendary of Dunlavin, one of Swift’s executors. This gentleman discharged his melancholy task with great fidelity, being much and gratefully attached to the object of his care. From a state of outrageous frenzy, aggravated by severe bodily suffering, the illustrious Dean of St. Patrick’s sank into the situation of a helpless changeling. In the course of about three years, he is only known to have spoken once or twice. At length, when this awful moral lesson had subsisted from 1743 until the 19th of October, 1745, it pleased God to release him from this calamitous situation. He died upon that day without a single pang, so gently that his attendants were scarce aware of the moment of his dissolution.”

Swift was seventy-eight years of age at the time of his death, having outlived all his contemporaries of the Queen Anne cluster of wits, with the exception of Bolingbroke, Ambrose Philips, and Cibber. Congreve had died in 1729; Steele in the same year; Defoe, in 1731; Gay, in 1732; Arbuthnot, in 1735; Tickell, in 1740; and Pope, who was Swift’s junior by twenty-one years, in 1744. Swift, therefore, is entitled in our literary histories to the place of patriarch as well as to that of chief among the wits of Queen Anne’s reign; and he stands nearest to our own day of any of them whose writings we still read.

As late as the year 1820 a person was alive who had seen Swift as he lay dead in the deanery before his burial, great crowds going to take their last look of him. "The coffin was open; he had on his head neither cap nor wig; there was not much hair on the front or very top, but it was long and thick behind, very white, and was like flax upon the pillow." Such is the last glimpse we have of Swift on earth. Exactly ninety years afterwards, the coffin was taken up from its resting-place in the aisle of the cathedral; and the skull of Swift, the white locks now all mouldered away from it, became an object of scientific curiosity. Phrenologically, it was a disappointment, the extremelowness of the forehead striking every one, and the so-called organs of wit, causality, and comparison being scarcely developed at all. There were peculiarities, however, in the shape of the interior indicating larger capacity of brain than would have been inferred from the external aspect. Stella's coffin was exhumed, and her skull examined at the same time. The examiners found the skull "a perfect model of symmetry and beauty."

Have we said too much in declaring that, of all the men who illustrated that period of our literary history which lies between the Revolution of 1688 and the beginning or middle of the reign of George II., Swift alone (excepting Pope, and excepting him only on certain definite and peculiar grounds) fulfils to any tolerable extent those conditions which would entitle him to the epithet of 'great,' already refused by us to his age as a whole? We do not think so. Swift *was* a great genius: nay, if by *greatness* we understand general mass and energy rather than any preconceived peculiarity of quality, he was the greatest genius of his age. Neither Addison, nor Steele, nor Pope, nor Defoe possessed, in anything like the same degree, that which Goethe and Niebuhr, seeking a name for a certain attribute found always present, as they thought, in the higher and more forcible order of historic characters, agreed to call the *demonic* element. Indeed, very few men in our literature, from first to last, have had so much of this element in them—the sign and source of all real greatness—as Swift. In him it was so obvious as to attract notice at once. "There is something in your looks," wrote Vanessa to him, "so awful that it strikes me dumb;" and again, "Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear;" and again, "What marks are there of a deity that you are not known by?" True, these are the words of a woman infatuated with love; but there is evidence that wherever Swift went, and in whatever society he was, there was this magnetic power in his presence. Pope felt it; Addison felt it; they all felt it. We question if, among all our literary

celebrities, from first to last, there has been one more distinguished for being personally formidable to all who came near him.

And yet, in calling Swift a great genius, we clearly do not mean to rank him in the same order of greatness with such men among his predecessors as Spenser, or Shakespeare, or Milton, or such men among his successors, as Scott, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. We even retain instinctively the right of not according to him a certain kind of admiration which we bestow on such men of his own generation as Pope, Steele, and Addison. How is this? What is the drawback about Swift's genius, which prevents us from referring him to that highest order of literary greatness to which we do refer others, who in respect of hard general capacity were apparently not superior to him, and on the borders of which we also place some who, in that respect, were certainly his inferiors? To make the question more special, why do we call Milton great, in quite a different sense from that in which we consent to confer the same epithet on Swift?

Altogether, it will be said, Milton was a greater man than Swift; his intellect was higher, richer, deeper, grander; his views of things are more profound, grave, stately, and exalted. This is a true enough statement of the case; and we like that comprehensive use of the word intellect which it implies—wrapping up, as it were, all that is in and about a man in this one word, so as to dispense with the distinctions between imaginative and non-imaginative, spiritual and unspiritual, natures, and make every possible question about a man a mere question in the end as to the size or degree of his intellect. But such a mode of speaking is too violent and recondite for common purposes. According to the common use of the word intellect, it might be maintained (we do not say it would) that Swift's intellect, meaning his strength of mental grasp, was equal to Milton's; and yet that, by reason of the fact that his intellectual style was deficient, that he did not grasp things precisely in the Miltonic way, a distinction might be drawn unfavourable, on the whole, to his genius as compared with that of Milton. According to such a view, we must seek for that in Swift's genius, upon which it depends that, while we accord to it all the admiration we bestow on strength, our sympathies with height or sublimity are left unmoved. Nor have we far to seek. When Goethe and Niebuhr generalized in the phrase, 'the demonic element,' that mystic something which they seemed to detect in all men of unusual potency among the fellows, they used the word 'demonic,' not in its English sense, as signifying what appertains specially to the demons or powers of darkness, but in its Greek sense as equally implying the unseen agencies of light and

good. The demonic element in a man, therefore, may, in one case, be the demonic of the etherial and the celestial; in another, the demonic of the Tartarean and infernal. There is a demonic of the supernatural—angels, and seraphs, and white-winged airy messengers swaying men's phantasies from above; and there is a demonic of the infra-natural—fiends, and shapes of horror tugging at men's thoughts from beneath. The demonic in Swift was of the latter kind. It is false, it would be an entire mistake as to his genius, to say that he regarded, or was inspired by, only the worldly and the secular; that men, women, and their relations on the little world of visible life, were all that his intellect cared to recognise. He, also, like our Miltons and our Shakespeares, and all our men who have been anything more than prudential and pleasant writers, had his being anchored in things and imaginations beyond the visible verge. But while it was given to them to hold rather by things and imaginations belonging to the region of the celestial—to hear angelic music, and the rustling of seraphic wings; it was his unhappier lot to be related rather to the darker and subterranean mysteries. One might say of Swift that he had far less of belief in a God, than of belief in a Devil. He is like a man walking on the earth and among the busy haunts of his fellow-mortals, observing them and their ways, and taking his part in the bustle; all the while, however, conscious of the tuggings downward of secret chains reaching into the world of the demons. Hence his ferocity, his misanthropy, his *sæva indignatio*, all of them true forms of energy, imparting unusual potency to a life; but forms of energy bred of communion with what outlies nature on the lower or infernal side.

Swift, doubtless, had this melancholic tendency in him, constitutionally, from the beginning. From the first, we see him an unruly, rebellious, gloomy, revengeful, unforgiving spirit, loyal to no authority, and gnashing under every restraint. With nothing small or weak in his nature, too proud to be dishonest, bold and fearless in his opinions, capable of strong attachments, and of hatreds as strong, it was to be predicted that, if the swarthy Irish youth, whom Sir William Temple received into his house, when his college had all but expelled him for contumacy, should ever be eminent in the world, it would be for fierce and controversial, and not for beautiful or harmonious, activity. It is clear, however, on a survey of Swift's career, that the gloom and melancholy which characterized it, was not altogether congenital, but in part, at least, grew out of some special circumstance, or set of circumstances, having a precise date and locality among the facts of his life. In other words, there was some secret in Swift's life, some root of bitterness or remorse, diffusing a black poison throughout

his whole existence. That communion with the invisible almost exclusively on the infernal side—that consciousness of chains wound round his own moving frame at the one end, and, at the other, tugged at by demons in the depths of their populous pit, while no cords of love were felt sustaining him from the counter-vailing heaven—had its origin, in part at least, in some one recollection or cause of dread. It was some one demon down in that pit that tugged the chains; the others but assisted him. Thackeray's perception seems to us exact, when he says of Swift, that 'he goes through life, tearing, like a man possessed with a devil;' or again, changing the form of the figure, that, 'like Abudah, in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come, and the inevitable hag with it.' What was this Fury, this hag that duly came in the night, making the mornings horrible by the terrors of recollection, the evenings horrible by those of anticipation, and leaving but a calm hour at full mid-day? There was a secret in Swift's life; what was it? His biographers as yet have failed to agree on this dark topic. Thackeray's hypothesis, that the cause of Swift's despair was chiefly his consciousness of disbelief in the creed to which he had sworn his professional faith, does not seem to us sufficient. In Swift's days, and even with his frank nature, we think that difficulty could have been got over. There was nothing, at least, so unique in the case, as to justify the supposition that this was what Archbishop King referred to in that memorable saying to Dr. Delany, 'You have just met the most miserable man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question.' Had Swift made a confession of scepticism to the Archbishop, we do not think the prelate would have been taken so very much by surprise. Nor can we think, with some, that Swift's vertigo (now pronounced to have been increasing congestion of the brain) and his life-long certainty that it would end in idiotcy or madness, are the true explanation of this interview and of the mystery which it shrouds. There was cause enough for melancholy here, but not exactly the cause that meets the case. Another hypothesis there is of a physical kind, which Scott and others hint at, and which finds great acceptance with the medical philosophers. Swift, it is said, was of 'a cold temperament,' &c. &c. But why a confession on the part of Swift to the Archbishop that he was not a marrying man, even had he added that he desired, above all things in the world, to be a person of this sort, should have so moved that dignitary, we cannot conceive. Besides, although this hypothesis might explain much of the Stella and Vanessa imbroglio, it would not explain all; nor do we see on what foundation it could rest

Scott's assertion that all through Swift's writings there is no evidence of his having felt the tender passion, is simply untrue. On the whole, the hypothesis which has been started, of a too near consanguinity between Swift and Stella, either known from the first to one or both, or discovered too late, would most nearly suit the conditions of the case. And yet, so far as we have seen, this hypothesis also rests on air, with no one fact to support it. Could we suppose that Swift, like another Eugene Aram, went through the world with a murder on his mind, it might be taken as a solution of the mystery; but, as we cannot do this, we must be content with supposing that either some one of the foregoing hypotheses, or some combination of them, is to be accepted; or that the matter is altogether inscrutable.

Such by constitution as we have described him—with an intellect strong as iron, much acquired knowledge, an ambition all but insatiable, and a decided desire to be wealthy—Swift, almost as a matter of course, flung himself impetuously into the Whig and Tory controversy, which was the question paramount of his time. In that he laboured as only a man of his powers could, bringing to the side of the controversy on which he chanced to be—and we believe, when he was on a side, it was honestly because he found a certain preponderance of right in it—a hard and ruthless vigour which served it immensely. But from the first, and, at all events, after the disappointments of a political career had been experienced by him, his nature would not work alone in the narrow warfare of Whiggism and Toryism, but overflowed in general bitterness of reflection on all the customs and ways of humanity. The following passage in *Gulliver's Voyage to Brobdingnag*, describing how the politics of Europe appeared to the King of Brobdingnag, shows us Swift himself in his larger mood of thought.

“This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, enquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government, and learning of Europe; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But I confess, that after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade, and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state, the prejudices of his education prevailed so far that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and, stroking me gently with the other, after an hearty fit of laughing, asking me, whether I was a Whig or a Tory. Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff nearly as tall as the mainmast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I; ‘And yet,’ says he, ‘I dare engage these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honour; they contrive little nests and

burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray.' And thus he continued on, while my colour came and went several times with indignation to hear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honour, truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated."

Swift's writings, accordingly, divide themselves in the main, into two classes,—pamphlets, tracts, lampoons, and the like, bearing directly on persons and topics of the day, and written with the ordinary purpose of a partisan; and satires of a more general aim, directed, in the spirit of a cynic philosopher, against humanity as a whole, or against particular human classes, arrangements, and modes of thinking. In some of his writings the politician and the general satirist are seen together. The *Drapier's Letters* and most of the poetical lampoons, exhibit Swift in his direct mood as a party writer; in the *Tale of a Tub*, we have the ostensible purpose of a partisan masking a reserve of general scepticism; in the *Battle of the Books* we have a satire partly personal to individuals, partly with a reference to a prevailing tone of opinion; in the *Voyage to Laputa*, we have a satire on a great class of men; and in the *Voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag*, and still more in the story of the *Houyhnhnms* and *Yahoos*, we have human nature itself analyzed and laid bare.

Swift took no care of his writings, never acknowledged some of them, never collected them, and suffered them to find their way about the world as chance, demand, and the piracy of publishers directed. As all know, it is in his character as a Humourist, an inventor of the preposterous as a medium for the reflective, and above all, as a master of irony, that he takes his place as one of the chiefs of English literature. There can be no doubt that, as regards the literary form which he affected most, he took hints from Rabelais, as the greatest original in the realm of the absurd. Sometimes, as in his description of the Strulbrugs in the *Voyage to Laputa*, he approaches the ghastly power of that writer; on the whole, however, there is more of stern English realism in him, and less of sheer riot and wildness. Sometimes, however, Swift throws off the guise of the humourist, and speaks seriously and in his own name. On such occasions we find ourselves simply in the presence of a man of strong, sagacious, and thoroughly English mind, content, as is the habit of Englishmen, with vigorous proximate sense, expressed in plain and rather coarse idiom. For the speculative he shows, in these cases, neither liking nor aptitude; he takes obvious reasons and arguments as they come to hand, and uses them in a robust,

downright, Saxon manner. In one respect, he stands out conspicuously even among plain Saxon writers—his total freedom from cant. Johnson's advice to Boswell, "above all things to clear his mind of cant," was perhaps never better illustrated than in the case of Dean Swift. Indeed, it might be given as a summary definition of Swift's character, that he had cleared his mind of cant, without having succeeded in filling the void with song. It was Swift's intense hatred of cant—cant in religion, cant in morality, cant in literature—that occasioned many of those peculiarities which shock people in his writings. His principle being to view things as they are, irrespective of all the accumulated cant of orators and poets, he naturally prosecuted his investigations into those classes of circumstances which orators and poets have omitted as unsuitable for their purposes. If they had viewed men as Angels, he would view them as Yahoos. If they had placed the springs of action among the fine phrases and the sublimities, he would trace them down into their secret connexions with the bestial and the obscene. Hence—as much as for any of those physiological reasons which some of his biographers assign for it—his undisguised delight in filth. And hence, also, probably—seeing that among the forms of cant he included the traditional manner of speaking of women in their relations to men—his studious contempt, whether in writing for men or women, of all the accustomed decencies. It was not only the more obvious forms of cant, however, that Swift had in aversion. Even to that minor form of cant, which consists in the trite, he gave no quarter. Whatever was habitually said by the majority of people, seemed to him, for that very reason, not worthy of being said at all, much less put into print. A considerable portion of his writings—as, for example, his *Critical Essay on the Faculties of the Mind*, and his *Art of Polite Conversation*—in the one of which he strings together a series the most threadbare maxims and quotations to be found in books, offering the compilation as an original disquisition of his own; and, in the other, mimics the insipidity of ordinary table-talk in society—may be regarded as showing a systematic determination on his part to turn the trite into ridicule. Hence, in his own writings, though he abstains from the profound, he never falls into the commonplace. Apart from all Swift's other merits, there are to be found scattered through his writings not a few distinct propositions of an innovative and original character, respecting our social arrangements. We have seen his doctrine as to the education of woman; and we may mention as an instance of the same kind, his denunciation of the institution of standing armies as incompatible with freedom. Curiously enough, also, it was Swift's belief that, Yahoos as we are, the world is always in the right.

ART. VIII.—*La Política en España, Pasado, Presente, Porvenir.*
Por Don Jose Avelilla. Madrid. 1854.

THE politics and parties of Spain have ever been a mystery to rational men dwelling on this side of the Pyrenees. It is difficult, if not impossible, for an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a German, to understand the ins and outs of the Iberian Peninsula. One must be bred, if not born, in the sunny south, to comprehend the motives of action and of conduct by which Spanish generals, Spanish politicians, Spanish parties, and the Spanish people itself, is guided and governed. That which is possible and probable in every other country in Europe, becomes neither probable nor possible in such a country as Spain. When in the beginning of 1848, France was in the throes and agonies of a revolution—when all Germany was in a state of anarchy and dissolution—when Hungary was in insurrection, and Italy from Milan to Naples and Sicily was convulsed from centre to circumference; every one accustomed to consider the affairs of the Peninsula looked for a simultaneous outbreak in Spain. Yet Spain, notwithstanding her sufferings and misgovernment, remained passive and tranquil, and continued unaffected by a contagion which extended from Paris to Palermo—from the Seine, the Loire, and the Rhone, to the Rhine, the Spree, and the Danube. This is a curious anomaly in the history of the nation, and goes far to prove, in the language of Ford, that Spain is the land of the unexpected and the unforeseen. We are not among the number of those who think that Italy, Germany, Hungary, or even France herself, are, in the present year of grace, permanently, definitively, or securely settled. But all three nations enjoy at the present moment temporary repose, and it is at such a season, and when the more immediate neighbour of Spain is unusually tranquil, that Europe has been startled, if not surprised, by the occurrence of events not wholly unforeseen—not wholly unexpected—but which though impending, and we may say inevitable, for the last six years, no one, nevertheless, looked for in the precise shape, or at the precise time, in which they have actually come to pass. Pronunciamentos in Spain are matters of not unfrequent occurrence in latter years. Few, however, there were in England or France, who, in the month of July looked for a pronunciamento in Spain in any other than an absolutist sense. For since the month of December, 1851, the tendency of the Court of Spain, and the Camarilla by which it was surrounded, had been towards Absolutism and irresponsible government, as the complement

of a system temporarily prevailing in a neighbouring and a more civilized country. The unprincipled, shameless, and corrupt adventurer, Sartorius, Count of St. Luis, so lately prime minister of Spain, was restrained by no scruple of conscience or of duty in his ministerial career, and if he did not wholly destroy and abrogate the constitution of Spain, and proclaim Absolutism and Autocracy, it is that he failed to find fitting instruments among the superior officers of the army. For the last eleven years, in other words, since the period of the fall of Espartero, in 1843, Spain, speaking in round numbers, has had about a dozen ministries, all more or less indifferently or viciously constituted: but among them all, there has been no ministry so corrupt and shameless, and so wholly composed of political adventurers, as the ministry of Sartorius, Count of St. Luis, summarily overthrown in the month of July. Narvaez, though a bold, unscrupulous, and wilful man, and not exempt from the imputation of sordidly trafficking in the public funds, was, at least, a distinguished soldier and administrator, who had performed important services to his country. But in all his wildest freaks of power, Narvaez, though often committing acts of flagrant violence towards individuals, never once thought of dispensing with Parliamentary government. That he tampered with and threatened the electors—that he prorogued and adjourned the Cortes beyond the period allowable by law—must be frankly admitted even by his warmest admirers. But there is no proof that Narvaez ever wished to govern without a chamber of deputies and senators, and by the mere will and caprice of an irresponsible and autocratic sovereign. The party in Spain to which Narvaez belonged—the party of Moderados—were certainly obnoxious to the reproach of endeavouring to form everything in Spain on the French system of centralization. They were also open to the charge of Orleans manœuvring and management, and of tampering with the elections. But that party never, we believe, contemplated the desperate expedient of doing away with responsible representative government, or of dismissing the chambers of *Proceres* and *Procuradores*. That such a daring design entered the brain of Sartorius is beyond question, and herein this adventurer stands out in most discreditable contrast to the worst minister of the party of the Moderados.

The Moderados contained in their ranks some men considered in Spain of more than average ability, and long used to the handling of public affairs, such as Mon, Pidal, Martinez de la Rosa, Mayans, &c., but in the two last Spanish cabinets there was not a single man of ability as statesman, as politician, or as debater. Nay, into such contempt and degradation had the

occupants of office, divested of respect, authority, and power, fallen, that not one considerable lawyer—and lawyers are a numerous brood in Spain as well as in England and in France—nor one general of repute in a country in which generals are plentiful as blackberries in the month of September, could be found to embark his fortunes in the ministerial bark of Murillo or Sartorius. This is an extraordinary fact to have occurred in a country in which every man of decent education looks to public employment as a kind of profession, if not indeed as a means of actual subsistence. In no country under the sun are there more, indeed, in no country are there so many, *pretendientes* and aspirants to public employments of all sorts as in Spain, and in no country do the candidates for office present fewer claims of capability or fitness. In England, in America, and in France too, while Parliamentary government subsisted, no man looked to the higher grades of office unless he occupied a large space in the consideration of the country, and had acquired eminence either as a debater, as a writer, as an administrator, advocate, &c. In Spain, however, during the last eight or ten, and more especially during the last four or five years, men have been admitted into the Cabinet, and made ministers, whom no minister in this country would think of selecting for the confidential situation of private secretary, or the subordinate yet responsible post of chief clerk in a government office.

In France, in the interval between 1830 and 1848, men of high repute, as professors, men of letters, journalists, advocates, etc., have been made ministers and ambassadors, and have distinguished themselves in these capacities; but in Spain, to use a popular phrase, twopenny-halfpenny editors, writers, and journalists, paltry provincial advocates, such as one would meet in an English county court, burly soldiers, such as one might discover in a marching regiment or barrack-room, and authors, such as are attached to the Minerva press in Leadenhall-street, and the literature of Wych-street and Holywell-street, have been promoted into high, indeed, the highest, places. If these men had conducted themselves creditably or honestly, had endeavoured to learn or to fulfil the duties of their respective offices to the best of their ability, the country might have overlooked their original unfitness, and endured their sway without extending to them its confidence. But it was otherwise. The Andalusian adventurer, Sartorius, who, within fifteen years, was a poor hireling clerk in a newspaper office at Seville, at a salary of not more than 100*l.* per annum, launched out into unheard-of extravagance, procured for himself the title of Count of St. Luis, clothed himself in purple and fine linen, fared sumptuously every

day, led the life of a *grand seigneur* and lordly Sybarite, and demeaned himself as though he were the descendant of a Duke of Lerma, an Olivares, or an Osuna. Originally without social position, standing, or fortune, without learning, acquired knowledge, or any profession, this writing clerk, paragraph maker, and penny-a-liner, rose into the editorship of a Madrid journal; and from doing the dirty work of Narvaez, was elected by his influence Deputy to the Cortes; and after a few years of servility in humbler employments, became at length Prime Minister of Spain. Never was the remark of Beaumarchais—*mediocre et rampant, et l'on arrive à tout*, more fully verified than in the instance of Sartorius. That he was quick witted, fluent, apprehensive, alert, supple, and self-confident, like the generality of Andalusians, cannot be denied; but these qualities would not have enabled him to rise to the highest office, had it not been for his thorough and reckless dishonesty and unprincipledness. Sartorius had for private secretary a man of ability, one Alfaro, who had been educated in France. This gentleman died from chagrin and disappointment, at Bayonne, on the 18th September. Spain, for the years between 1846 and 1850, had been in a great degree handed over to stock-jobbers and speculators in the public funds and railroads. But never did this nuisance rise to the height that it attained in 1851, 1852, and 1853, and the first six months of the present year. The blame and the shame of this is in the greatest degree owing to Sartorius, his *fidus Achates*, Salamanca, and the Queen-Mother, Maria Christina.

This woman, endowed with a good deal of talent, energy, and courage, of versatile accomplishments; and even now, in her eight-and-fortieth year, of no mean personal attractions, is of specious and insinuating manners, and most winning address. But like all the Neapolitan and Spanish Bourbons, she is false, dissembling, and insincere, inordinately fond of power, prone to political intrigue, and never so happy as when she is circumventing some public man whose intentions are really honest and patriotic. Fond as the queen-mother is of domineering in the palace of her daughter, fond as she is of using her back-stairs influence for the accomplishment of her purposes, there is yet a species of operations she prefers to political intermeddling. Her grand passion is a sordid avarice, and her principal aim hitherto has been to enrich herself, her husband Munoz, created Duke of Rianzares, and their numerous brood of nine children, at the expense of the Spanish nation. Rianzares, a circumspect and discreet man in reference to public affairs, inoffensive and gentlemanly in manner and appearance in private life, partakes of the

sordid nature of his high-born spouse. Husband and wife have speculated together largely in every scheme by which the Madrid money market has been 'rigged' and robbed. The amiable pair and their numerous brood of young Rianzares, have multitudinous shares in every Spanish railroad—in every plan of canalization—in coal and quicksilver mines—in speculations in the Havannah and the Philippines, and in English, French, American, Danish, and Dutch funds. Not content with this traffic, Rianzares has purchased estates at Tarançon, is a partner in *La Espana Industrial*, and possesses jointly with his wife lands and houses in France. From the position of the parties and their facilities in obtaining information through the palace, the telegraph, and the ministry, the Queen-Mother and her husband were looked upon at the *Bolsa* as oracles speaking with miraculous and money-producing organ.

The pair were represented in all their time bargains and extensive gambings by one Salamanca, a man for some years calling himself a capitalist and a banker, but who also some fifteen years ago was in a position more humble and necessitous than his friend Sartorius. Both are Andalusians. Both are distinguished by that gay, easy, self-satisfied modest assurance, which in Spain, and even in more civilized and thinking countries, often leads to wealth and fortune. It was indispensable to the operations of the Queen-Mother that she should have other instruments than the *Servidumbre* of the palace and her own scheming stockjobber Salamanca. In order to carry on her projects on a large scale it was necessary to enlist one of the ministry in her favour, and to this end Sartorius was brought into the cabinet, and consulted and conferred with by the Queen-Mother and her husband. The writing clerk and penny-a-liner promoted into an editor, and pitchforked—to use the strange language of the late Sir Charles Wetherall—into a premier, lent himself to these base and sordid purposes of Christina, and thus it was that all the appliances of court, state, and cabinet were directed to the money market. Yet with all their cunning, avarice, unscrupulousness, and thorough want of principle, the gang were occasionally defeated. There were, now and then, as may be supposed, enormous gains running after each other, in the language of French 'legs,' in *martingales*; but on the other hand there were reverses and *contre coups*, and occasionally enormous losses, and these were not to be borne by Christina and her husband. That covetous woman, who was quite willing to pocket stockjobbing profits, refused to bear the burden of loss, and the consequence was that the monies of the treasury and the country made up the deficiency. These things

will account for the plunder of the Spanish exchequer and the disappearance from the public chest of all sums levied as extraordinary resources.

Independently of this, the President of the Spanish Council of Ministers, a person wholly without fortune, lived as though he were a grandee of the first class inheriting a large income from a long line of illustrious ancestors. Others of his colleagues, though not so profligately profuse in expenditure, yet exceeded all reasonable and honest bounds. It is not, therefore, wonderful that the contributions under the forced loan had disappeared—that the revenues of Cuba had been anticipated for two years and a half to come, and that there is now, in consequence of these spoliations, a deficit of six millions of reals in the public treasury. The sums paid for services to the secret police, and to minions, favourites, and parasites of the worst character, have been enormous. In fact, what between the grasping avarice of the Queen-Mother, the profligacy of the court, and the corrupt malversations,—or we should rather say, pilferings and plunderings of men in office,—a national bankruptcy must have occurred if such an event had not been anticipated by the *pronunciamiento*, or we should rather say, the revolution which took place on the 29th of June.

This outbreak had been expected from the ending of April or the beginning of May, but as O'Donnell, in the first instance, addressed himself solely to his military friends, and made no appeal or offered no guarantees to the leaders of the popular party, that party remained passive, taking no part one way or other. But citizens and civilians nevertheless sympathized with O'Donnell, believing that any change whatever must be a change for the better. Of this sympathy there is sufficient evidence from the fact, that albeit a price was put upon the Count of Lucena's head by the Ministry, and that his retreat and hiding-place in Madrid were known to hundreds,—yet that no single person informed against him. Indeed, it is said, that some of the police knew of the General's 'whereabouts,' but declined to act on their knowledge, either from a belief that the parties opposed to the Government must be ultimately triumphant, or because the mercenary spies received larger pay from O'Donnell and his party, than from the Government. Be this, however, as it may, certain it is that O'Donnell remained for two months in Madrid unharmed, daily receiving his friends and acquaintances—perfecting his plans and organizing his system. Though civilians looked on approvingly, yet there was no enthusiasm, because it was apprehended by the citizen class that the intended movement was to have been in a military sense. The whole attempt ran a great chance of falling still-born till the chief mover became penetrated

with the idea that the citizen class must be interested in the movement. When, however, proclamations appeared, addressed by O'Donnell from Manzanares, promising the re-establishment of the National Guard and the Constitution of 1837,—the exile of the Queen-Mother—the maintenance of morality—the expulsion of led captains and favourites from the palace, and the restoration of the Cortes and Parliamentary Government—the towns and sea-ports of Spain, the seats of intelligence and industry, at once pronounced in favour of the movement. Thus it was that Barcelona, Valencia, Saragossa, and several other cities and towns, and in the end, the king-created capital, Madrid itself, rose in successive insurrection.

It has been stated in certain organs of Queen Christina, that these *pronunciamientos* were got up by Frenchmen and foreigners, and that the natives were stimulated and goaded into insurrection by the Propagandists of Paris and Lyons. Never was there a greater calumny. The citizens and traders of St. Sebastian, Saragossa, Barcelona, Cadiz, Malaga, and Valencia, thoroughly understand their own rights and duties, and have no need of foreign promptings to induce them to vindicate the one, or to stimulate them to perform the other. That French exiles and refugees fought at the barricades of Madrid cannot be denied. But though there are some thousands of French at Madrid, the whole number of such political exiles fighting or commanding at the barricades did not exceed five-and-twenty or thirty, and the greater part of these were domiciliated, not in the *Barrios Bajos*, but in the better portions of the capital. The exiles fought, not as French Propagandists, but as suffering residents at Madrid, *tailleable et corvéable à miséricorde et à merci* to a corrupt and infamous Government, who had not even excepted French and foreigners from the operation of the forced loan. In the dozen or fifteen other cities and towns of Spain that pronounced, there were no French or foreign exiles commanding barricades or giving instructions as to their construction. In truth, the Spanish needed no instruction in street fighting. Long before the three days of July, 1830—at least a score of years before those days—the Spaniards at Saragossa and elsewhere practised street-fighting against their enemies.

The truth is, that the nation wanted a complete change of system, and that from the very moment O'Donnell appealed not alone to the army, but to the people and army, as engaged in one common cause, the insurrection became general and irresistible. The most intelligent and wealthy classes afforded it countenance and support, and some of them fought at barricades with the more demonstrative and vehement of their fellow-citizens. Even among the military, so monstrous were the proceedings of the Court

and Camarilla considered, that but a small portion of the army remained faithful. With the nation and a majority of their fellow-soldiers against them, the fraction of the army that adhered to the Camarilla were soon reduced to yield, and from that moment the game was in the hands of Espartero and O'Donnell. These honourable generals, on arriving at Madrid, soon came to a complete understanding, to the great joy and satisfaction of the nation. After an interview with the Queen, solicited and sought for not by Espartero, but by Isabella, a ministry was appointed, in which the Presidency of the Council, without a portfolio, was conceded to the Duke de la Victoria, who was at the same time appointed Governor of the Palace. O'Donnell, Conde de Lucena, who had taken the most prominent part in exciting the army, was named Minister of War, Pacheco of Foreign Affairs, Collado of Finance, and Santa Cruz of the Home Department. All these are excellent appointments, and give promise of steadiness and stability.

In no country in Europe, whether in civil or military life, is there a more respected, or a more respectable character, than the Duke of Victory. This excellent man, the son of a wheelwright, and now in his sixty-second year, is altogether the architect of his own fortune. Originally intended for the priesthood, the condition of Spain induced him to enter the army when only in his sixteenth year. In his nineteenth year he had attained the position of lieutenant. At the peace in 1815, he proceeded with Murillo, accompanied by many promising young officers (among whom were La Serna, Valdes, Canterac, Rodil, Alaix, Lopez, and Narvaez), to South America, in which country he remained a considerable number of years.

The career of Espartero, since his return, is tolerably well known, more especially his career during the Carlist war. He it was who did more than any other man to put down the Absolutists, and by the victory of Luchana and other deeds, to place the present Queen on the throne. How his efforts for the pacification and prosperity of Spain were required by the family whom he so faithfully served, is known to all Spaniards familiar with the history of their own country. The regency of this really honest and disinterested man was distinguished by firmness, probity, and the strictest sense of justice. He was the first Spaniard who in our day sought to curb the aggressive encroachments of the Court of Rome—to diminish the immense and overwhelming numbers of monks and nuns living in disgraceful sloth and idleness—and to dedicate the overgrown wealth of the churches and chapters of Spain to great public uses. For this act of real and patriotic utility Espartero was denounced by ultramontane bigots

and demagogues, more especially in Ireland. The late Mr. O'Connell, who has done more to enslave the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland and England to Rome than all the Popish priests of our time, opened the flood-gates of his choicest Billingsgate against him, and the demagogue was followed by the blatant Bishop Mac Hale, and the less noisy though equally arrogant Wiseman. But notwithstanding these diatribes, Englishmen in general, and even such English Roman Catholics as are not enmeshed in and enslaved by ultramontaneism, admit that in his proceedings in reference to the Romish Church, Espartero has done more to free Spain than any living man.

Nor were these the only claims of the General on the gratitude of his country. There was then as there is now a violent Republican party in Spain, though a republic is a form of government unsuited to the habits and manners of the nation. This party was first controlled and ultimately checked by the Regent. He it was, too, who first put a bridle on the Queen-Mother. When he found that active and energetic woman expending her vast wealth in enlisting in her cause rising generals of the army, such as Leon Concha and O'Donnell, he published to all Spain the secret marriage of Christina with Munoz, in 1834. This step induced the Cortes to deprive Christina of the guardianship of her daughter. The mother, thus shorn of her influence, never forgave Espartero. She bore towards him a rankling hate which she was soon able to gratify. With ample command of means and money, Christina astutely, from her place of exile, worked on the minds of generals and civilians, and by the co-operation of O'Donnell, Concha, Narvaez, and Serrano, aided by Lopez, Cabellero, and some even of his own Progresista party, succeeded in driving Espartero from power, and, indeed, from Spain, in 1843.

For four years the Duke of Victory remained an exile on our shores, respected by men of all shades of political opinion. The experience of a parliamentary government, and of our well-balanced system of liberty, served only to confirm him in those opinions which he had ever entertained. On his return to Spain in 1847, the Duke of Victory repaired to his favourite retreat, Logrono, and there remained a quiet but not inattentive observer of events, till called from his quiet and happy home by the almost unanimous voice of his country, in the month of July in the present year.

During the years 1848, 49, 50, 51, 52, and 53, when the unpopularity of the then ministers roused the nation almost to madness, frequent appeals were made to Espartero to place himself at the head of a national movement; but he uniformly

declined this perilous eminence, and it was not till the country appeared threatened with the greatest evils—evils which might probably be put an end to by his interference—that the Duke of Victory proceeded from Logrono to Saragossa, and from Saragossa to Madrid, in August, on the express invitation of his sovereign.

It has been tritely and most truly said, that time tries and tests all things; and never has time more severely tested any man, or proved him more sterling and true than Espartero, Duke of Victory. Some of the best men of the Moderados who allowed themselves to be used as instruments against Espartero, in 1840 and 1841, as the two brothers José and Manuel Concha, O'Donnell, and others, both soldiers and civilians, now admit their mistake. They acknowledge the singleness and sincerity of this patriot soldier, and admit that in every quality of mind and heart he is the opposite of Maria Christina, who induced them to pronounce against him in 1843.

Whilst each increasing year has added to the grace and lustre of one character, it has only served to exhibit the duplicity and depravity of the other. The former instruments and tools of the Queen-Mother now admit her utter fulseness and disingenuousness. A greater dissembler, a more selfish and unscrupulous deceiver, never existed even among the double-faced Neapolitan and Spanish Bourbons. No man has done more to sustain Christina than Narvaez, yet when this bold and unscrupulous soldier would not go all lengths, and follow Christina in her doublings, he was twice exiled at her instigation, and summarily told in the face of Europe to proceed on a foolish mission to Austria. O'Donnell, who pronounced in the interest of Christina at Pampeluna in 1840, has been injured, humiliated, and insulted by the same lady, and like every man who has ever come into contact with her, has had to repent him of confidence misplaced, hopes deluded, and trust deceived. There is no man in Spain of a more easy, frank, and confiding nature than Espartero; but from the first he seems to have known and to have mistrusted Christina. When dozens of other generals offered their services and their swords to the Queen-Mother, he always stood aloof, exclaiming *Etiam si omnes Ego Non*. Faithful, disinterested, and patriotic, he considered the cause of Spain first, and to his loved country devoted his best energies.

Actuated by such views the ex-regent accepted power in the month of August. His task has been no light or easy one. The finances of the country are in the utmost dilapidation. The public treasury has been plundered, not merely of the extraordinary contributions under the forced loan, but of the *Quinta* fund,

amounting to 100,000*l*. The deficit, according to one account, evidently under-estimated, amounts to five millions and a half of our money, or 570 millions of reals; under another account, it amounts to seven millions British. To tax and to please, any more than to love and be wise, as Burke says, is not given unto men, and yet Espartero and his ministry have to tax in the largest degree to meet the flagrant robberies and peculations of their predecessors, and the large additional expenditure consequent on a revolution.

In times of public commotion, as every tyro is aware, a stop is put to all the operations of trade and commerce, the public revenue diminishes, and the receipts both of customs and excise are much less than in periods of tranquillity. In Madrid these inconveniences were enhanced by the whole town being unpaved, by the labouring population being thrown out of work, and by all the handicraft operations being interrupted. The same observation applies to all the principal cities and outports, where in addition provincial juntas exercise unlimited power, and have usurped all the functions of the Executive. The task of government is therefore a hundred times more difficult now than at any former period. Juntas in Spain have in modern times exercised a disastrous influence. In the war of independence knots of men in every town, noisy, thrasonical, and empty pated, congregated their infinitely little wits together, calling their deliberations the people's will. Forty-four years ago the Juntas of that day swaggered in stilted speeches as they have done in August and September of the present year. But we have no evidence on record that the Juntas of 1810 and 1811 assumed such enormous powers as in 1854, refusing obedience to the constituted authorities, dictating how public affairs were to be carried on, and applying to the uses of their little localities the revenue collected for the service of the nation at large. These gatherings of men with immense followings, vehement, noisy, and turbulent, and not the less difficult to deal with, because they are often imbecile and cowardly, Espartero has nearly, if not altogether, put down. No man loves honourable popularity more than the ex-regent, yet he has put to hazard this popularity in fearlessly doing his duty.

We are told by the biographer of Gonzalo di Cordova '*que el se iria a sus agujeros contento con su consciencia, y, con la memoria de sus servicios*,' and we have that faith in Espartero, that we believe he would again retire to his beloved retreat at Logróno, satisfied with his conscience and the recollection of his past services, if he could not govern the country in harmony with the true interests of all classes.

Already has it been announced by competent authority, that the Press is to be absolutely free, subject only to the decisions of the law as interpreted by the tribunals. No longer will journals be arbitrarily seized, as in the time of Sartorius the late Premier. A decree of a most excellent and intelligent man, Don José Alonso, the Minister of Grace and Justice, has also been published, forbidding the Clergy to interfere with the Press.

The Electoral Law of 1837, will soon again be brought into force. Every Spaniard of twenty-five years old, domiciled for a year, will have the privilege of voting for a representative, provided he pays direct taxes to the amount of two hundred reals a year, enjoys fifteen hundred reals per annum income from land or profession, or pays three thousand reals as a tenant. The franchise will also be accorded to the inhabitant householders of Madrid paying two thousand five hundred reals. It should be also noted that the Minister of Grace and Justice is particularly opposed to Papal pretensions, and that he will take especial care that the simple inhabitants of country towns and rural districts are not fleeced by monks, friars, and jesuits, 'prayers of long prayers and devourers of the houses of widows.'

As War Minister, O'Donnell, though neither a statesman nor a first-rate politician, will be fully up to the requirements of the special service to which he is dedicated. The most important circumstance is, that a perfect harmony and unity of opinion exists between him and Espartero. No man is more convinced than O'Donnell of the ruin that has fallen on the common cause, from disagreements between honest men fairly intending the public good. It is Christina, and a band of conscienceless political adventurers, knaves, brigands, and gamblers on the Exchange, who have hitherto profited by these deplorable dissensions. O'Donnell, though not a man of the loftiest character, or of the purest patriotism, is yet a soldier of honour, loathing adventurers and public plunderers of this description, and it shall go hard with him if they again gain the ascendancy in the councils of the Sovereign.

It may be urged that the Conde Lucena made the fortune which places him above temptation in no very reputable way, by winking at the carrying on of the prohibited slave trade in the Havannah. But to this it can be answered that every Governor of Cuba, with two very glorious exceptions—Valdes and José Concha—have granted licenses to the slave importers, at an ounce or two per head.* Albeit O'Donnell may not be better than the usual run of generals of late years, yet he is no picker and stealer like

* Bribery on a large scale, in Spain, is generally estimated by ounces of gold. The *onza* is a coin worth about sixteen dollars, or 3*l.* 6*s.* of our money.

Sartorius, Collantes, Domenech, and the like. He is a man to perform honourably a political engagement, and once embarked with the Ex-Regent, he will inevitably adhere to the political programme agreed on between them. O'Donnell has already made several excellent appointments in the army; among others, that of Dulce to the Captain-Generalship of Catalonia, and Barasetqui of Biscay, may be named.

Probably the most difficult task of all has devolved on the Minister of Finance. Spanish finance has long been in a most disorganized state, and enjoys the worst repute on the London Stock Exchange. Repudiation has been rife in Spain as well as in America. For twenty years or more, Spain has been diminishing the capital stock of the foreign creditor, and paying a reduced debt in a depreciated currency. The defalcations in the treasury, the shameless robberies of Sartorius and Co., of course enhance and aggravate difficulties. Independently of this, in the last days of July and in the first three weeks in August, several of the Juntas repealed taxes of octroi and entry, which lessened the revenue. There is also, in addition, the cost of the barricades to be provided for, the cost of buying in arms from the people, with the interest of the home and foreign debt, &c. But Collado, the Finance Minister, himself a wealthy capitalist, enjoys the confidence of the money market, and some of the richest men in the country have come forward and subscribed for a loan. Neither the probity nor the civism of the Spanish Chancellor of the Exchequer are doubted. Collado has acquired a large fortune without stain or reproach, by the efforts of his own industry, and during the struggle in July was imprisoned by the infamous Ministers who have retired, on suspicion of having contributed funds to aid O'Donnell and Dulce.

In conjunction with the Minister of *Fomento*, or Public Works, Senor Lujan, a distinguished Colonel of Artillery, the Minister of Finance has examined into all the contracts and concessions for railways—we ought rather to say, into all the jobs that have been perpetrated by Luis, Collantes, and Domenech—and has cancelled several of them that have been improvidently and corruptly granted. The consequence is, that many engagements entered into with Salamanca by the previous Ministry,—contracts in which that notorious jobber was the agent of the Queen-Mother and Rianzares, have been rescinded. Two other jobbers in these railway speculations, Cordova, (an indifferent and intriguing General, who had been manœuvring to be appointed Minister, and who was actually so appointed to a still-born Ministry with the Duke of Rivas and Gandara) have been disappointed of their hope of unlawful gains. This Colonel Gandara did more sangui-

nary mischief on the 19th of July in Madrid, than any man connected with the Spanish army. Although not on duty—indeed though no longer in active service—he put himself at the head of some infantry and dragoons, and swept the *Calle Atocha* with artillery and musketry, killing and wounding several innocent persons. Nothing more maddened the people than this gratuitous piece of cruelty on the part of one of the military bullies and adventurers who had hoped to enrich himself at the expense of the people.

To return, however, to Finance and Public Works. As the men now in office are respectable and honest men, it is certain that every financial obligation will be fulfilled, and that railways and all other public undertakings will be opened to general competition. Spaniards will not, under Espartero, see such jobs as the concession of the railway from Villa Sequilla to Toledo, granted, without terms, to Cordova, Gandara, or Zaragoza; or as the line from Seville to Cordova, corruptly granted to Count Santa Olalla. It should also be remembered that the Treasury will be relieved till the Cortes shall otherwise provide, from the payment of 30,000*l.* per annum to Maria Christina.

The ablest lawyer in Spain, Pacheco, a man distinguished by the moderation of his opinions, is Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Santa Cruz—if we mistake not, a relative of the Duchess of Victory (who was a rich heiress, of Logrono, in Arragon, a Dona Jacinta Santa Cruz)—is Home Minister.

Yet though this ministry is unexceptionably composed, and we really believe sincerely desires the public good, it has no easy task before it. A great difficulty has been overcome by getting Christina out of the country. The populace seemed to entertain a fixed resolve of keeping that sordid and intriguing woman in Spain; of forcing her to undergo a trial, and to disgorge some portion of her ill-gotten wealth. Armed bands surrounded the palace, and with fierce oaths declared that *Tia Christina* should not depart till she had restored the property of which she had robbed the nation. It was, however, resolved by the government to remove the lady by stratagem, but when the fair occasion offered, Christina, hoping for a reaction, would not move an inch. It was not till the mob became menacing, and that the very life of the wife of the Duke of Rianzares was in danger, that Christina saw her mistake. The difficulty in the last days of August was, to get the Queen-Mother out unharmed and with a whole skin. This was at length accomplished, thanks to the strenuous efforts of Espartero and San Miguel, on the 28th of August, and now the fair spoliatrix is safe in another land, where, notwithstanding all that has occurred, she will not cease to plot for a reaction. But the character of this woman is now thoroughly understood by those Moderados who once sided with her. She is forsaken by Mon,

by Pidal, by Mazans, even by Narvaez himself, whom, notwithstanding all his sacrifices for her, she caused to be twice exiled.

As to Narvaez himself,—once so powerful,—he is now without friends or a following. Overbearing, arrogant, and unscrupulous in prosperity, he made numerous enemies who neither forgive nor forget his unbridled insolence, or those arbitrary acts, setting law and common humanity alike at defiance. In 1848, by the energy of his strong will, by the terror which his name inspired, by his hold over the army, and by his domineering over his weaker colleagues, Narvaez prevented the contagion of French Republicanism and French Socialism from extending to Spain. But his name has now lost its charm: in a word, to use a Spanish metaphor, he is a fallen tree, and as the Iberian proverb hath it, '*del árbol caído todos hathen legna.*' In no country are men more merciless towards a public character who is declining or down than in Spain. Of Espartero it was said in 1843, after he had rendered such important services to the country, that he was *Duque de Nada*, and worse things than this are now uttered against Narvaez. The Duke of Valentia has asked for his passports, and is on his way to, indeed, has arrived at, Vichy. Whether in the chances and changes of Spanish politics he may again play an important part, remains to be seen. He marches behind now, but a day may come when, like Roderigo, he may march before. *Ved como nos afrente Rodrigo: ayer iba detras de nosotros como si estuviere ansado, y ahora se pone delante como si se le debiese preferencia.*

Espartero has also been extremely fortunate in suppressing, without having recourse to violent measures, the Madrid club called the *Circolo de la Union*. At the head of this was a gentleman of the name of Orense, formerly a Spanish merchant in London, but who is now known as the Marquis Albaida. Mr. Orense is a man of very considerable wealth, of respectable character, but of extreme and impracticable opinions. Though very desirous of playing a part in the political drama of his country, he is neither a man of energy, of eloquence, of ability, or, we believe, of political courage. Nothing therefore awaits him but disappointment. There is no considerable section of Republicans in Spain, and the few men professing these opinions are neither distinguished by wealth, by social position, or by extraordinary talents. Orense is, by himself, incapable of leading a political party, and it is not wonderful that the Government had an easy victory over a small section of extreme visionaries, led by such a man.

But albeit the Circle of the Union, at Madrid, is for the moment put down, difficulties of another kind lie in the path of Spanish ministers. Now that Queen Christina has safely journeyed into Portugal, and that the arch-priestess of mischief has escaped,

popular indignation seems to be directed against Isabella II., and all the branches of the House of Bourbon. No doubt that the Palace of Madrid has been the theatre of the worst orgies, and that decency and propriety have been outraged in the most flagrant manner, over and over again, by the presence within the palace of a succession of favourites of the worst description. But there is reason to hope that, as governor of the Queen's residence, Espartero will be enabled to exercise a salutary influence, and at least to check those grosser exhibitions of profligacy and vice which shocked even a people not over remarkable for the delicacy of its moral perceptions. Isabella is a person of weak mind, of little education, wayward and wilful as all the Spanish Bourbons have been, but the events of July and August ought to read her a salutary lesson, and to convince even a person of such levity, that there is a limit which she may not safely overpass. Should the Queen not control herself, or be controlled by those around her, a question may arise as to a change of dynasty, and there is no saying what steps a Cortes or a Convention elected under popular passion may be induced to take.

The question of the succession once opened, a whole host of candidates would appear on the field. Rival pretensions might now as before give rise to all the horrors of a civil war. The daughter of the Queen, now three years old, with an Espartero regency, seems the most feasible solution of a difficulty which may arise, and which should be provided for beforehand: but on the other hand, the life of the Princess of the Asturias, from inherent delicacy of constitution, cannot be estimated at a twelve-month's purchase, even supposing a constituent Cortes were to adopt an infant, of whose paternity the less that is said the better. As to the King, Francis D'Assisa, he is entirely out of the question, though his brother Don Enrique, Duke of Seville, has a few partisans. But with the nation at large, he is not popular, for he partakes of his father's character, and no man relies on his word.

The Count of Montemolin would number the largest number of partisans of any of the Bourbon candidates, for the Absolutist Carlists and the Church would be in his favour, as well as a good number of the peasantry and farmers in Old Castile; but under the provisions of the Quadruple Treaty, England and France could show him no favour unless the popular will exhibited itself in his regard in a light it is never likely to do. All the intellect, and all the intelligence of Spain, and every one of her commercial cities, are against him.

As to the Duke of Montpensier, he has no voice. So long as the present government subsists in France, he would not be permitted to appear in the lists without a struggle; and under dif-

ferent circumstances, the treaty of Utrecht is antagonistic to, and would be invoked against his pretensions. The Spaniards are as much opposed now, as at any former period of their history, to the pretensions of foreigners; and a French *garacho*, the son of Louis Philippe, all whose proceedings towards Spain were marked by a spirit of intrigue, would be peculiarly distasteful to the nation.

A party has risen up in Spain, within the last six years, very favourable to a union with Portugal. There can be no doubt that such a union of the two kingdoms, if desired by the bulk of both nations, would form a state with one of the finest seaboard in Europe. That Spain and Portugal thus merged into one would be one of the fairest and most desirable of the continental kingdoms, cannot be denied. But there are immense obstacles to such a political *merger*—if we may use a word adopted from equity law—both from within and from without—both internally and externally. In the first place, Spaniards and Portuguese hate each other with an intensity proportioned to their very territorial proximity. The Spaniard despises the Portuguese, the Portuguese loathes the Spaniard. Such are the feelings of the masses, and the wishes and desires of a handful of thinkers, speculative politicians, and pamphleteers, may be breathed and uttered in vain against these strong popular prejudices. In neighbouring towns and communities of Italy, where the people speak one and the same language, we see this traditionary hatred handed down from the mediæval times. It is rendered more bitter in the Peninsula than in Italy, from the difference of language existing between Portugal and Spain. The Spaniard conceives the Portuguese to be a corruption of all the languages of southern Europe, and the Portuguese charges on the Spanish, Moorish, Gothic, Celtic, Phœnician, Sanscrit, and Hebrew importations. Commercial, manufacturing, and fiscal, would be superadded to other rivalries. The wines of the Alto-Douro and other vintages would often compete with the Valde Peñas and the produce of the vineyards of Xeres and Malaga.

Irrespective of these commercial considerations, could king-created Madrid, with its tawny and swampy soil, hope to continue the capital of a kingdom possessing so fairly-set a natural gem as Lisbon? In reference to external obstacles, it may be remarked that England has for ages enjoyed a preponderating influence in Portugal, partly arising from the position and commercial wants of both countries, and partly arising from the provisions of treaty law. Could our country hope to preserve that influence if Spain and Portugal were united?

France, on the other hand, has sought to counterbalance English influence in Portugal, by exercising an influence in

Spain—an influence which England has occasionally overpassed, and often thwarted. Would, however, France, under any circumstances, located as she is in regard to Spain, and abutting on the Pyrenees, agree that the crowns of Portugal and Spain should be united, thus giving herself a powerful military and naval neighbour, with harbours in the Atlantic and Mediterranean, in the place of two moderate sized kingdoms, one, of the second or third, and the other of the third or fourth class.

England, it is possible, but not probable, might now see no objection to a Don Pedro wearing the crown of Spain in addition to that of Portugal: but a day might come when such a union of crowns would be hostile to the interests of either England or France, or of both. At all events, such a union of kingdoms would materially alter the disposition of territory as settled by the Congress of Vienna, and disarrange the balance of power in Europe, even were it possible to fuse laws and customs, and languages, and debts, and tariffs, into one homogeneous mass of Hispano-Portuguese arrangements and compromises.

To avoid these and greater evils, it seems wiser, at present, to cling to Isabella, or to Isabella's daughter with a Regency, than to attempt a union of kingdoms separated by great natural barriers, and greater moral prejudices and antipathies.

For ourselves, we have the fullest confidence in the probity and fair intentions of Espartero. We believe he has the desire, and we trust he will have the vigour and power to achieve great things for Spain. The very difficulties that surround the government of the palace, may impel him to new energy. In 1843, like another Spanish character mentioned in history, Espartero was elate with triumph, and resigned himself to a too confident repose. Now, however, he is awake to the exigency of the times, and neither of him nor of O'Donnell, nor of any of the Spanish Cabinet, can it be said, *Ellos se abandonoran al-sueno y su confianza va a desturirlos*. The Spanish ministry sees that honesty is the best policy, for it has notified in the *Madrid Gazette* the payment of the interest of the Consolidated and Deferred Three per Cent. Stock, and of the Treasury Bills. The ministry has also commenced several economic reforms, retrenching useless expenditure in the civil service, in the army and navy, and in all the offices and employments of the State.

These are auspicious circumstances, and though the situation is one pregnant with difficulty and full of danger, yet let us hope that a people energetic, sober, and laborious, and a country heretofore great in arts, in science, and in literature, great in commerce and in navigation, may not be destined to anarchy or to civil war, or to the preferable but hard alternative of military despotism.

OUR EPILOGUE

ON

A F F A I R S.

OXFORD is no longer the school of a sect or of a party. The nation has its own again. The badge of civil inferiority fastened on all Englishmen who are not churchmen, has been cast away. It is as Englishmen that we congratulate our countrymen on this event.

But the men who have made this concession are wise in their generation—let those to whom it is made be also wise. Churchmen have counted on more gain than loss as the fruit of this policy—and their expectation will possibly be realized. The sons of Nonconformists who have sojourned for a season in our old universities, have been almost invariably lost to the religion of their fathers. Should it become more common to travel that road, it may be that the dangers of so doing will diminish. But come what may—let right be done.

Right, however, is still only partially done. Nearly all the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge are older than the age of the Reformation. They were dealt with as national property then, and should be so dealt with now. The liberty to found new colleges, on the old national basis, is only an instalment of right.

The last session of Parliament has been mainly occupied with questions concerning war or religion. On questions of the latter description a new power has come into existence. It is long since the Nonconformists ceased to have any place as a party in the House of Commons. They are now known as such, and they have become wiser as they have grown stronger. Our own humble counsel for many years has been—less noise, but more work—less waste, worse than waste, in platform performances; and more careful organization, wise forecasting, and steady action. The change of policy is now bringing its change of results.

But it will be wise in the Nonconformists to allow the past to be the past, and to do as they are doing for the future. In the session of 1853-4 they have prevented some evil, achieved some good, and have laid the foundation for good still to come. To all things just and equal, they have given a generous suffrage. It will never, we trust, be forgotten by them, that the largeness of their policy will be their safety. To merge the patriot in the partisan, the Englishman in the sectary, would be to lose—deservedly to lose, the power they have gained.

The great danger of some Nonconformist members is, we fear, from a quarter whence they seem least to suspect it—from Rome. Help from Romanists, in schemes for the purification of religion, is what no wise man should expect. If there is to be any league of that sort, *we* can be no party to it. On that matter, our copper-back will be found sound as copper to the last.

OUR EPILOGUE

ON

BOOKS.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ETC.

Narrative of a Journey through Syria and Palestine, in 1851-1852. By LIEUT. VAN DE VELDE. 2 vols. 8vo. Blackwood and Sons.—The object of Lieut. Van de Velde in visiting the Holy Land, was to subject it to his instruments as a surveyor. But his work is one which performs more than it promises—and that is much to say of a book now-a-days. The reports here made to his friend of his sights and experiences is most simple-hearted, natural, and manifestly truthful; it is, moreover, the report of one thoroughly Christian man to another about objects in which all Christian men are interested. Sad is his feeling on seeing how the religionists of Syria and Palestine hate, rather than love, one another—the intolerance being as bitter between Christian and Christian, as between Christians and Moslems. The land where all objects possessed the power of suggesting religious thought, and of awakening religious feeling in the mind of the author, stands in the view of the writer in painful contrast with the ignorance, superstition, and bigotry of the people who dwell in it. Above all, our traveller mourns to see the crescent ascendant where he thinks the cross only should bear sway. Unhappily, it has to be made out that such a change of masters would be a change for the better. The author does not affect to be a painter of the scenes on which he gazes, but he is a painter nevertheless, after his own manner, and paints both persons and places only the more vividly, from attempting nothing more than to give us what his eyes saw, in the briefest and simplest forms of speech. The illustrations of Biblical matters in the book, are many; but of these, the writer's opinions concerning M. Sauley's supposed discovery of the old 'cities of the plain,' will be read with chief interest. Van de Velde insists that M. Sauley has been deceived by his mendacious and rapacious Arab guides, and that alleged 'stupendous ruins' are no ruins at all. Where the truth lies in this dispute, we have not the means to determine—for the present our belief inclines to the side of M. Van de Velde, and nearly all travellers and divines, in supposing that no vestige of the guilty cities has been left above the surface of the Dead Sea.

A History of India under the two first Sovereigns of the House of Taimur, Baber and Humayun. By WILLIAM ERSKINE, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. Longman.—While our 'bluff Harry' was performing some of his

earlier feats in English history, the Tarter and Moslem chief, to be known in later times as the Emperor Baber, was making his way to the throne of India. These volumes give us vivid and trustworthy pictures of the India of those days. It is refreshing amidst so much flimsy compilation under the name of history, to meet with a work like the present, in which we have the fruit of adequate learning and of the most patient industry, informed and communicated with the spirit which renders the story of the past at once instructive and interesting. The Emperor Baber was his own biographer, and it is many years since Mr. Erskine completed his well known translation of that valuable document of history. In the present volumes we have the life of Baber, not from himself merely, but from many other sources, and sources now first brought into requisition for the purpose. The intention of the author was to have given the reigns of the princes of the dynasty of Taimur in India from the accession of Baber to the end of the sovereignty of Aurungzib; but we regret to say his hand has been stayed by death, and his narrative does not extend beyond the reign of Baber, and his son Humáyun. Enough is said concerning the territory and people of India prior to the conquests of Baber, to make his history intelligible. One feeling has been almost constantly with us in reading this narrative—a feeling of the wide difference as regards intercommunication between the condition of the race three centuries since and now. We feel as we read, that revolutions of the most colossal magnitude are taking place in one quarter of the globe, and the peoples and dynasties of other quarters no more cognisant of them than if they were taking place in some remote planet. The reader who has the historical spirit in him, and loves to travel up the great valleys of the past, and to see what the sundered tribes and races of men have been doing there, will not put himself under the guidance of the author of these volumes without realizing much gratification in so doing.

Hard Times. By CHARLES DICKENS.—In this story, Mr. Bounderby, of Coketown, is a great millowner, who prides himself on having risen from the lowest imaginable condition, and on having made himself the great man he is. Mr. Gradgrind, of the same town, is a specimen of the severe economist school, living in a region of statistics, who sees in human beings only so many pieces of mechanism, to be weighed or measured according to certain mechanic laws, the substance of which laws, fairly and briefly translated is, that man's mission in this world is to take the best possible care of number one. The working of this philosophy in the domestic relations of the philosopher is not pleasant. His eldest son becomes a coarse-minded rascal. His eldest daughter marries unhappily, being influenced so to do by the false philosophy of her father. In the course of the story the quarrel between masters and men comes up, and if the picture of a master in Mr. Bounderby is not very flattering, as little so is the picture of the orator who gets the ear of the workmen, and puts them on wrong courses. Among the men is an honest fellow whose wife has become the burden of his existence from habits of intoxication. The woman is sunk in filth and offensiveness. The man would know why the

poor man may not have a divorce in such cases, in common with the rich man, and why he should not be allowed to marry again.

These are the main features of the story. Its faults are the faults common to Mr. Dickens' authorship—the faults of one-sidedness and exaggeration. There is a class of men resembling Mr. Bounderby, but he is, in our judgment, an exaggeration of even the worst in his class. Moreover, the class of millowners, and of such as have risen from an humble origin, who acquit themselves most humanely and honourably, is much greater than the class which Mr. Bounderby is made to represent; and to depict the worst man of a class so that he can hardly fail to be taken as a sample of the whole, is to become chargeable with what would be described, applied to individuals, as falsehood and calumny. As to the picture of the economical school, who see the whole duty of man in buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, we believe there are not a few of them fully as bad as the picture here given of them. They are men without bowels. Concerning the divorce question—we could wish that divorce were available in the case of the poor as of the rich on the one ground which the New Testament permits, but if Mr. Dickens can suppose that it would be for the benefit of the working classes that our laws should deem the plea of incompatibility a sufficient ground for divorce, all we can say is, that we think he is more at home in delineating character than he would be as a legislator. In this story, again, as in all his works, Mr. Dickens has his characters of great moral beauty, but care seems to be taken that this beauty of character shall come into existence, not only apart from any religious influences, but in circumstances most alien to such influences. His best condition of humanity is a condition without religion, a condition that does not need religion. When he does introduce that element, it is an element of cant and hypocrisy, not as a matter rooted in honest convictions, and taking with it pure and noble tendencies. Mr. Dickens may not mean to teach his readers to distrust and ignore everything religious by this one-sided and unfair course of authorship, but this is the lesson which multitudes of his readers are imperceptibly, but steadily learning, as they sit at his feet, and we could wish him, for his own sake, to remember that for all this he is responsible. We loathe the cant of religiousness quite as much as Mr. Dickens does, and we see it where it is as much as he does. But are we all to become atheists, practically at least, if not avowedly, because the world has its hypocrites in religion, as in everything besides? Theologians, however, have themselves to thank for much of this mischief. It is rarely their manner to do justice to poor human nature, which, faulty as it may be, often gives signs of noble qualities; and these romancings about it are a not unnatural reaction against their harsh and narrow dogmatisms concerning it.

History of French Literature in the Eighteenth Century. By ALEXANDER VINET. 8vo. Clark.—This course of lectures Vinet did not live to complete, still less to prepare for publication. His manner of lecturing, it seems, was mostly extempore, with the aid of

notes. From his notes, and from those taken by four of his pupils, this volume has been produced. But the characteristics of the style of the author, as well as his thoughts, have been retained with singular success. There is little in the volume accordingly to remind us of the process through which it has come to us. In an introduction of some forty pages we have a vigorous sketch of the seventeenth century in French history in its relation to the eighteenth. Approaching the eighteenth century, its literary history is given in a series of lectures, each lecture being occupied with the history and writings of some distinguished person holding an illustrative position in relation to the literature of his age. The book thus unites many of the charms of biography and history, and is rich in an extraordinary degree in literary, philosophical, and Christian criticism. It bids fair to do more than any previous work towards making Vinet adequately known to English readers.

The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart, Esq., F.R.S.S., Edited by Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart. Vols. I. II.—The first of these volumes gives us Dugald Stewart's well-known Dissertation, on the Progress of Metaphysical, Ethical, and Political Philosophy, since the revival of letters. This reprint is from the second edition, including some passages from the first edition omitted in the second. Concerning the unpublished matter appearing for the first time in this edition, it will be best that the learned editor should be allowed to speak for himself:—

'In the present edition of the Dissertation, beside the concluding chapter of Part third, and its relative note, which now appear for the first time, there are given numerous and extensive additions, both in the body of the work, and in the notes. These, as inserted, are all marked by their enclosure within square brackets. They are, however, to be divided into two classes, as derived from different sources. In the first place, Mr. Stewart's own interleaved copy of the *original* edition of *both* parts of the Dissertation, contributes various corrections and amplifications. These have all been made use of, and their insertion is simply indicated by the brackets. In the second place, the other authorities, from which new matter has been obtained, (but for Part *Second* only), stand on a less favourable footing, in so far as whatever they afford, was, after being written, omitted by Mr. Stewart himself from the Dissertation as published. These omissions, however, seem to have been made under an anxiety to bring the work, as connected with the *Encyclopædia*, within a narrower compass, (*See* p. 201) and not in consequence of any rejection of the passages as in themselves either erroneous or redundant. Their insertion is, therefore, now marked, not only by the brackets, but expressly as *restorations*, and though printed without other distinction, it should be mentioned that they also are founded on *two* several documents. They are partly taken from the original *proof* of the Dissertation; it being explained that Mr. Stewart was in use to have the whole, or a large portion of an extended publication, set up at once in type, and on this, at his leisure, he made any alterations which he thought expedient. Such a proof of Part *Second* is preserved, and it supplies much that is new and valuable. Again, there remains of the same Part a copy of the author's *original manuscript*, which exhibits, in like manner, many passages which, though unpublished, merit preservation. Of this, it indeed appears that Mr. Stewart was fully sensible. For he has not only printed in the second edition some insertions drawn from all the three sources, (insertions which, as stated, do not in the present publication, show any sign of discrimination :) but in the third document—the original manuscript, it is prominently noted in his daughter's handwriting, that 'this particularly is to be

preserved with care,' as containing some valuable passages not printed.' Accordingly, these omissions have, in a great measure, been recovered, and as already noticed, those from the two last sources are indifferently marked out by the word *restored*.—pp. 8, 9.

Thus much in relation to this edition of the Dissertation. The collected works of Mr. Stewart will reach to nine volumes. The special value of this edition of them will be considerable from the corrections and additions derived from Mr. Stewart's papers, and as including a life of the author by Sir William Hamilton. But Sir William tells us that the only service to which he is pledged, as editor, is to see 'that Mr. Stewart's writings should, in this collective edition, be published without note or comment.' It is felt that to attempt to defend, to correct, or to supplement such a series of publications, would be to enter on a field not easily limited. But the volumes are of handsome workmanship, so far as the taste and liberality of the publisher are concerned, and the services of the editor, restricted as above stated, will be important.

Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands. By MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. 2 vols. London. These volumes record, we doubt not, the 'Memories' of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe concerning the 'Foreign Lands' she has visited. That the letters, of which they for the most part consist, were written in the said lands, to dear friends in lands far away, is not to be supposed. The charm of real letters lies in the confidences they express, the matters which give them their chief value as private communications, being such as would preclude them, or at least, ought to preclude them, from publication. Mrs. Stowe had a delicate work to do in giving publicity to her 'Memories' of persons and affairs in this country. It required all her caution, and prudence, and good temper, to acquit herself wisely in such a service. Letters at the moment, to friends at home, would not be written under such influences in the requisite degree. We scarcely need say that the English public will not gather much information about England from Mrs. Stowe. The instruction of the book to us will be found mainly in the occasional contrasts drawn between British and American society. Here the suggestions which present themselves are rarely such as to dispose us to wish for more of the American infusion than we possess. Truly, the equality principle does not come out even in Mrs. Stowe's pages, as a very amiable or genial thing. Of the English people, however, Mrs. Stowe knows but little after all—she was too much fêted for that. Her intercourse was always with parties and cliques, from Stafford House downwards. Of her relative, the Rev. Charles Beecher, whose journal concludes the second volume, we say nothing, inasmuch as we can say nothing commendatory.

Alexandria, and her Schools. Four Lectures, delivered at the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh. By REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY. Macmillan and Co. pp. 172.—Rightly does Mr. Kingsley remark in his preface, that our truest guide in these anxious times lies in the interpretation, not of prophecy, but of history. Not by fanciful and fatalistic notions concerning what has been foretold, but by the truths

that come forth to view on a thoughtful survey of what Providence has done in the past, with nations and with men,—shall we construct our chart. In these lectures, Mr. Kingsley calls up to life an instructive section in man's spiritual and intellectual history. The reader will readily see how the salt 'lost its savour,' and was given up straightway to be trodden under foot of men,—how, when men organized the abandonment, not the benefaction of the world, when they could lie and slaughter for the glory of God; when such were the characteristics, not of a few ascetics or zealots, but of the whole religious world of Alexandria,—the sooner the earth was rid of them the better—and rid it presently was. The eagles were soon at the carcass. All this is indicated with a rapid, precise hand by Mr. Kingsley, after a fashion which will dispose every right-minded reader to feel that in that Alexandrian history he receives a personal lesson, and to resolve once more that whatever truth he has, shall be in him, God helping, as a living thing and not a dead. The significance and the moment of history, even in its most dusty and neglected sections, is far greater for our times than is commonly supposed. Would that we had more men among us with an eye to read its lessons and skill to present them to their fellows! It would have been better that Hypatia should have been preceded rather than followed by lectures such as these. The lectures would awaken a curiosity which the novel would fully gratify. A book like Hypatia is too true and deep, and the ignorance concerning the elementary materials of that history too gross, even with tolerably educated folk, for it to win at once the popularity it deserves. A taste must be created for that highest walk of fictitious prose writing. But for the service the lectures will thus render, even now, we should almost regret to see the powers which had such full scope in Hypatia, cramped by the narrow conditions which must necessarily limit four hours of popular address.

A Gazetteer of the Territory under the Government of the East India Company, and of the Native States of the Continent of India. By EDWARD THORNTON, Esq. Four vols. 8vo. Allan and Co.—These four handsome volumes of eight hundred pages each, present the first work that has claimed to be accepted as a complete gazetteer of the entire continent of India. It has been compiled, we are told, 'by authority of the Honourable Court of Directors, and chiefly from documents in their possession.' The work is manifestly the result of great labour, and its materials have been collected from the most varied and authentic sources, and is a vast treasury of knowledge concerning the land and the people of India. The politician, the economist, and the Christian—all who would so know India, as to be capable of judging rightly concerning it, and doing it service, will do well to make themselves acquainted with the book. Mr. Thornton, as the author of the *History of the British Empire in India*, has brought a large previous knowledge of the subject to his present task.

Lord John is allowing himself to be beaten in the march of liberalism by his own House of Commons; and Sir Charles Wood and his co-adjutors, we are told, are allowing themselves to be beaten in the same

direction, by the reformed Board of Directors. So sickly a thing is modern whiggery! There are, we trust, better days in reserve for India, but to that end reforms at home must be followed by reforms throughout the whole civil service of that country. The vice, tyranny, and blackguardism of the military service generally in India are so bad, that they can scarcely be worse. Let the reader who doubts this read *Oakfield*, and he will see the picture as drawn from the life. Our Captain Perry affair is only a sample of what every subordinate has to apprehend in those remote provinces.

Hungarian Sketches of Peace and War; from the Hungarian of MORITZ LOKAI. Constable.—This is the first volume of a projected series, to be intitled, *Constable's Miscellany of Foreign Literature*. About six volumes are expected to appear every year, and the price on the average is to be about three shillings a volume. Each volume is to contain a double title-page, one referring to the series, the other leaving the volume separate and complete in itself. The appearance of the volume before us, is in all respects in good taste. Lokai is one of the few literary men in Hungary who have heart enough to write, notwithstanding the severe Austrian scrutiny through which every work must pass before it can reach the eye of the public. Mr. Emeric Szabad, the translator of these 'sketches,' is the author of a work intitled *Hungary Past and Present*. The translation is, we doubt not, successful; it is introduced by a short preface, touching on the recent state of literature in Hungary; and the sketches themselves, while not inferior in merit to those of some of our own best writers of tales and fiction, will especially interest the reader, as affording glimpses of the domestic life and war-troubles of a people of whom until within the last few years little was known among us.

Deutschlands Politische, Materielle, und Sociale Zustände. (The Political, Material, and Social Condition of Germany in the Eighteenth Century. By KARL BIEDERMANN.) One vol. 8vo. Leipzig: Weber. Nutt, London.—The Germans are improving in historical composition. Always diligent and painstaking, they now begin to know how to describe. History is not mere inquiry, as its Greek etymon would seem to imply. History is not the accumulation of facts, with whatever exactitude they may have been ascertained. History is the reproduction of the past. Every historian, therefore, is a painter. The French have practically learned this lesson, and learned it thoroughly. To the Germans the lesson has for the most part remained a secret. We do not deny that there are valuable contributions to history in the German language. Most abundant are the materials which the Germans have amassed; and excellent works treat on the very topics handled by Karl Biedermann. We refer to such works as Menzel's *Neuerer Geschichte der Deutschen* (Recent History of the Germans), Hänsler's *Deutsche Geschichte vom Tode Friederich's des Grossen* (the History of Germany from the death of Frederick the Great), Perthe's *Das Deutsche Staatsleben vor der Revolution, 1845* (the Political Life of Germany before the Revolution); and from these writings, with the addition of the one now under notice, the student may obtain

a very exact and complete view of the subject. But the Germans want style; they want unity and proportion; they want the reproductive power; and consequently they have no great historian (Schlosser in his *Geschichte des 18. Jahrhunderts*, &c. is not an exception) like our Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, Macaulay. The present work gives signs of improvement. At least it is not a labour to read these pages. The subject is thoroughly handled, and the style is light and flowing; and certainly the subject wants not interest. The author has proposed to himself to give a complete view, or picture, of the whole higher life of Germany—the political, the literary, the religious, the material, as they appear under the imperial government, in the separate states, in the forms of society, and in the spirit of individuals. Such a subject calls to mind Bulwer Lytton's *England and the English*, a book of far inferior pretensions, but also more attractive, because more sketchy, than the one before us. This, however, is only the first volume, and it treats of only a part of the subject, namely, the political, material, and social condition of Germany in the eighteenth century. A second volume will complete the work, in presenting the social, moral, scientific, religious, educational, and statistical condition of the country in the same period. In one particular the author appears to great advantage; he does not restrict history to what some would consider the more important and dignified aspects of human life, but enters into minute details of the economy of homes as well as of states, and the observances and habits of individuals, knowing that human life gives an importance and dignity to everything connected with it. This advantage is well exemplified in his seventh part, in which he treats of the food, clothing, dwellings, pleasures, and conveniences of the people of Germany of all classes, and indeed enters into all the particulars of every-day existence in full detail, and with a comparison of the present with the past. The information here conveyed is specially interesting and important, particularly to those who take a practical interest in the condition of the great masses of society. The tendency of these disquisitions, and of the volume in general, is of a pleasing nature; the rather as the whole demonstrates a steady progress and a marked improvement in the life of no small portion of the great European family.

Zur Biographie von Nicolaus Copernicus. (Contributions to the Biography of Nicholas Copernicus.) By Dr. L. PROWE. 1 vol. 1854. London: Nutt.—Nicholas Copernicus? Did such a person ever exist? If so it is strange that even the bare ordinal facts of his so-called life should be uncertain. Yet uncertain they are. Call Dr. Prowe into court, and listen to his evidence. First the name, a matter, we opine, of some importance—‘You, Dr. Prowe, have made diligent search into the original documents said to relate to a person having the repute of an astronomical reformer, and commonly known as Copernicus?’ ‘I have.’ ‘Have you found any person of that name?’ ‘No; but I have found a name out of which the myth of that person may have grown.’ ‘What is that name?’ ‘Koppernigk.’ ‘What is the day when the said mythical person was born?’ ‘I do

not know that he ever was born; all I know is, that the alleged day of his birth, the 19th of February, 1473, is incorrect.' 'If he was never born, of course he never died; but when is he said to have died?' 'The result of my inquiries is merely that he died (if he ever lived) between the 7th and the 21st of May (old style), 1543.' 'Probably you can inform the court with less uncertainty as to his birth-place—always supposing he was born.' 'Several places contend for that honour, as with Homer of old; Thorn and Cracow have the best claim, and, for my part, I incline for Thorn; nevertheless much has been advanced for Cracow.' 'Why, then, it is not certain whether he was a German or a Slavonian?' 'No; nothing is certain; his father and his mother—if he had father and mother—his relatives, if he had relatives—are enveloped in a mist, which all the diligence I have been able to employ, has not shaken off.' 'Then, do you deny the existence of Copernicus?' 'Why should I deny that which the believers therein should prove? When the name of this mythic personage has been ascertained, when the place of his birth, the day of his birth, and the day of his death are settled, and when historians have come to an agreement respecting his parents and his blood relations, then will be the time to utter positive opinions on the matter—meanwhile read my *Contributions*.' In the foregoing, the facts belong to Dr. Prowe, the application is our own. That application we have made in order to supply a specimen of the manner in which Rationalism has dealt with Scriptural narratives, and even with the life of Christ. Notwithstanding the uncertainties which, in fact, hang over the history of Copernicus, Copernicus was a real being. So, notwithstanding the uncertainties which are said to attach to some parts of Christ's history, Christ too was a real being.

Memorials of the Life of Amelia Opie, selected and arranged from her Letters, Diaries, and Manuscripts. By CECILIA LUCY BRIGHTWELL. 8vo. Longman.—Mrs. Opie, the gay, party-loving, sight-loving, romance-loving Mrs. Opie, lived to be popular, and lived to be forgotten—at least by that grateful personage the public. The good lady survived to mix with the crowd at the Great Exhibition, but her memoir seems to come to us much too late, the subject of it being apparently of a past generation. The youth of Mrs. Opie belongs to the time before the first French Revolution, her womanhood to the commencement of the present century, when her fictions, like those of a more gifted person, Maria Edgeworth, contributed to produce the transition in our literature from the tales of Anne Radcliffe to those of Walter Scott. The romantic element was strong in her through her whole life, and even her quaker conformities were only a phase of it—sincere enough, no doubt, but specially agreeable, as partaking of the marked, the striking, the power of contrast. She had a great passion for seeing and knowing remarkable people, and in her friendships, as in her books, she ranged 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe.' Many notices of distinguished persons belonging to the half century now closed, occur in these pages; but the ground has been too long and too thoroughly occupied by others, to leave room for novelty in what

is reported concerning such persons. The book, however, is one of a class which, with the majority of readers, is pleasant reading, and will possibly make its contributions of anecdote to the stores of some future Macaulay.

The Memoirs of Joseph John Gurney, with Selections from his Journals and Correspondence. Edited by JOSEPH BEVAN BRAITHWAITE. 2 vols. 8vo. Hatchard.—This publication has relation to the preceding. When Mrs. Opie retired from the gay world, and sought her home in the Society of *Friends*, her change resulted mainly from the monitions and counsels of Joseph John Gurney. Some of our readers may ask, and who was Joseph John Gurney? He was the son of a banker in Norwich, and became himself a man of that vocation. But while a man of business he was also an earnest student, a ripe scholar, a man of deep piety, and distinguished through life by a wide range of practical benevolence. In him may be seen, how possible it is to unite sound habits of business, with a high degree of mental, moral, and religious culture. In this view these volumes are pregnant with a rich influence. With all the schemes of social amelioration conspicuous in our history during the last forty years, the name of Joseph John Gurney is associated; and with the memorable discussions and disruption in the quaker body during that interval his labours as a peacemaker were abundant. Those who are acquainted with the writings of Joseph John Gurney will turn to these volumes with large expectation, and they will not be disappointed. They are rich in the traces of the strong Christian wisdom which characterized the subject of them.

THEOLOGY, ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY, ETC.

The Essence of Christianity. By LUDWIG FEUERBACH. (Translated from the Second German Edition, by Marian Evans, Translator of *Strauss's Life of Jesus*.) Quarterly Series. John Chapman.—In this volume we have the last phase of anti-Christian speculation in Germany. The old Rationalism, having passed through the middle gate of Pantheism, may be here seen in its natural issue as open and avowed Atheism. If asked to say of what does this book of Ludwig Feuerbach consist, we should be disposed to say—it consists of a great lie, grafted upon a great truth. All man's conceptions of the divine, as it is called, consist necessarily of the human expanded and elevated. The intelligent and the moral in man give him all his conceptions of the intelligent and the moral in the being whom he calls God. This is Feuerbach's truth. The falsehood grafted upon it is—that seeing the divine with men is only a projection of the human, *therefore* the human, man himself, is the only God known to humanity—the only God possible to humanity. Feuerbach is only too clever at his business, but the manner in which he rings changes in this little circle of thought, in relation to all topics, becomes, after a while, not a little wearisome.

The fallacy in this reasoning lies in part in the premises, but mainly in the inference deduced from them. The nature and experiences of man are finite—they do *not* give him the idea of the infinite. Never-

theless, his idea of the infinite belongs to his conception of the Supreme Being. His conception of God is not merely himself reflected, nor himself improved. His God is not simply man, but another being, and a different one. The phrase, 'communicable perfections,' common among divines, suggests that, up to a certain point, the ground taken by Feuerbach has been always ceded. But that phrase suggests that, while there are certain respects in which properties of the divine nature come to belong to human nature, there are other respects in which this communication of qualities may not take place. The eternity, independence, and omnipresence of the Supreme Existence do not admit of being thus communicated. Degrees of intelligence or goodness may be communicated, but eternity, independence, and omnipresence are all absolute. They must exist in some one nature or they do not exist at all. We are so constituted, however, as to feel that exist they do, exist they must, and that their existence must have relation to being. It may be true enough that the God of the ignorant and unreflecting is often merely a Man-God—but the God of intelligent and thoughtful humanity is not *that* God. The ground taken by the author, accordingly, includes truth, important truth; but that truth is exaggerated so that his premises are vitiated, and his conclusions along with them. It is not true that the God of humanity is humanity reflected, and nothing more. In a measure it is so, but in forms which cannot be measured it is otherwise. *

This distinction, excluded by Feuerbach from his premises, is of course excluded from his reasoning. Capacity is allowed to imply the existence of the object to which it relates, in so far as serves his purpose, but no further. The eye has its object in the light, the ear in sound, touch in the material world. The capacity to apprehend the intelligent has its object in intelligence; so of right, so of goodness. All this is admitted in so far as the body and the soul of man are concerned. But why not further? Why not in relation to the capacity of man which necessitates that he should have a conception of the infinite—of infinite perfection? Purely because it is not the pleasure of Ludwig Feuerbach that it should so be. Nothing can exceed the tone of dogmatism and scorn with which he would settle this question, and shut us in with nothing to worship beyond our own dear selves. The weakness and the wickedness of the reasoning of the book are pretty much on a par, and together, will suffice to render it comparatively harmless. It is not a book to be read by the multitude, and the educated can hardly fail to detect its sophistry. But if it does not work the mischief in this country that has been wrought by it in Germany, no thanks to those who are combining their influence to dispense such poison among us. Too large a portion of our people are living according to the creed here expounded, such being the form of the 'secular,' or the 'worldly,' most natural to them. But it belongs to Ludwig Feuerbach, and to some others among ourselves, to furnish these people with 'reasons' for living the very elevated kind of life which proves to be the most agreeable to them. Just now, the emigrants to the United States from

Germany are greater than from Ireland. But the German element thus imported is regarded by the thoughtful men of that country as greatly more dangerous than the Irish. The Irish either remain Romanists, or, what is more general, become Protestants. The Germans, for the greater part, are practically the true disciples of Feuerbach. They have no God beyond themselves; no home beyond the present. Beautiful citizens they will no doubt become!

A Defence of 'the Eclipse of Faith.' By its Author. Second edition, Revised. Longman.—Our attention has been attracted to this 'second edition' of the '*Defence*' of '*the Eclipse of Faith*,' by an Appendix, intitled *A Few Last Words with the Prospective Review*. It would be mere affectation to seem not to know the writer in the *Prospective Review*, who is the subject of these strictures. It is true, the literary productions of that gentleman include qualities which separate them widely from each other—such strange alternations of acuteness and blundering, of good taste and bad taste, that, in fact, you can never be sure how he will acquit himself on any topic until he has done. But amidst all this variety as to substance, there are certain lighter elements of workmanship which retain their identity, and betray the origin of the commodity. Unhappily for the Reviewer, his better genius seems to have forsaken him utterly in his criticisms on the author of the *Eclipse of Faith*. Rarely has failure been more signal than his in this field. Even in his happiest moments, his acuteness borders so closely on the subtle, that his light is always in danger of becoming darkness. But the light in this second critique is at best but darkness visible, or, as poor Stephen Blackpool hath it, 'it is a' a muddle.' Nothing could well be more pitiable than the nibbling in which the critic indulges through his three-and-thirty heavy pages. The style of the criticism is fairly indicated in the following extract from the reply of the writer thus assailed:—

'It will be amusing to see with what ease a critic of this species (at least, while in such a mood) can satisfy his mind of the most ridiculously improbable charges. If you are silent, he knows what you *meant* to say, and it is nothing less than literary high treason; if you refer, without citing the place, to one part of your own book, he will prove that you meant something very different and malignantly artful; if you have cited two lines from your opponent, he will prove that you ought to have cited ten; if ten, twenty; if a cited sentence be ever so clear, he will tell you you maliciously omitted the next or the one that went before it; if you have merely wished to draw attention to a word or clause by printing it in italics (without saying so—a thing Mr. Newman has done repeatedly by me, and for which I do not blame him,) there is a deep design of fraud in it—you *wished* to give a different meaning from that the author attached to it; it is the '*fallacia accentus*,' he will tell you! If a printer has put inverted commas before a word instead of *after* it, it *cannot* be an inadvertence, it is a plot of the author—a deep plot, nothing less.'—pp. 223, 224.

We must not forget to apprise our readers that the Reviewer has taken upon him to teach the author of the *Eclipse* how to write English; and to show his competency to the function he has assumed, rebukes the said author for using the word 'eliminate' in the sense of 'disengage,' or 'disentangle,' and informs him that he ought to have used it in the sense of 'annihilate'!

Lectures on the Ecclesiastical History of the First and Second Centuries. By FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE, M.A. 8vo. Macmillan.—Mr. Maurice lectured on the Early History of the Church to the students of King's College. But his lectures were extemporaneous. The notes taken of them were too fragmentary and imperfect to allow of publication; and at the same time it was felt to be very desirable that materials deemed so well worth preserving should be in some way preserved. The result is, that Mr. Maurice has committed the substance of the course, so far as it could be recalled, to writing, and presents it to the public in the volume before us. These lectures do not of course give you the ecclesiastical history of the first two centuries, they are what they are said to be, '*Lectures on the Ecclesiastical History.*' They are twenty in number. Each is on a distinct phase or topic, and, together, they supply so many separate lights, which must not be accepted in the place of the fuller history, but may be serviceable in the reading and study of it. The ideas in each lecture are few, but they are leading and suggestive thoughts, the results of reading and reflection, and generally commend themselves to our approval. The outline is distinct, the spirit which pervades it is intelligent and liberal, but the filling up must be sought elsewhere. 'The church,' says Mr. Maurice, 'was the witness to the world of a living and righteous King, who is the centre of all society, and the bond of the visible and invisible world; the judge of empires, who will raise the nations out of their thralldom and death to a new life.' (p. 261.) This all orthodox Christians substantially believe. It is when attempting to determine more definitely the nature of this relation of Christ to humanity, showing what it is that he does or does not do with a view to these results, that Mr. Maurice comes to be at issue with his brethren. So enamoured is he of the broader view, which has reference to Christ's relation to humanity at large, that his more definite and practical view of these relations—that is, of our Lord's relations to his real church—become obscure and unsatisfactory in a serious degree. That the doctrines of the Gospel may be made to harmonize with this broader and more general view, quite as much at least as with the narrower and more special one, they are all disturbed, obscured, changed, damaged. The atonement, justification, sanctification, and much beside, all must have meanings that will admit of their having a place in the larger view of Christ's relations, and of their being matters which belong to all men, and not to some special fellowship merely. But to this end, the meaning of all these terms, and the things which these terms denote, all are changed, and are very far from being changed for the better. The general lot of humanity from the beginning may have had its complexion from the great Mediatorary scheme, and the church formed of Jew and Gentile, now existing in the midst of this humanity, may be destined to become the church including all the nations; but these facts, admitted as such by all orthodox believers, do not impose on us the slightest necessity for adopting the huge and mischievous novelties to which some men are disposed to submit themselves as their supposed consequences. If

these dreamings come from spiritual insight, we must be allowed to say that we think the said insight would be the better for a little schooling from common sense.

Synonyms of the New Testament. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, B.D. 12mo. Macmillan.—The substance of this small volume was delivered in a course of lectures to the theological students in King's College, London. It relates to a department of sacred learning that has not been successfully cultivated among us. It is a better book than we possessed before on the subject, but not the best that will appear. To the theological student concerned to be accurate in the interpretation of the sacred text, it will be a most welcome aid—preferred to many a work of much greater bulk and pretensions.

The Earnest Student, being Memorials of John Mackintosh. By the Rev. Norman Macleod. Constable.—The subject of this memoir was born in Edinburgh, in 1822, and died at Canstadt, in Germany, in 1851. He was evidently a man of deep piety, an 'earnest student,' and possessed of powers, both for acquiring knowledge and for turning it to good account, that would have raised him to distinction had his life been prolonged. The book gives us the impressions of such a mind concerning affairs, and especially religious affairs, in Britain, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, within the last ten years. The effect of this large acquaintance with what the world is doing, was to liberalize his thinking and feeling, without disturbing his convictions in relation to the great substance of evangelical truth. We commend the book to youth generally, especially to such as are prosecuting studies with a view to the Christian ministry.

The Second Epistle of Peter and the Epistles of John, and Judas and the Revelation, translated from the Greek on the basis of the Common English version, with Notes. New York: American Bible Union; London, Trübner & Co. 1854.—This is a valuable contribution to Biblical science. Founded on a complete survey of the best literature bearing on the subject, and displaying a largeness of view as well as a strict impartiality. The work is published anonymously, but is beyond a doubt by the hand of a ripe scholar, and presents every aid toward a correct and exact version of the several originals, regarding both the purity of the Greek text, and the fidelity of its English representative. Here the purpose of the learned author stops. He aims to reproduce to the English reader the very word of the sacred writers. The exposition of their meaning, the elucidation of their thoughts, the application of their teachings, he leaves to other pens. While every pains has been taken to secure the object, no undue assumption of success appears; on the contrary, on the back of the title-page we read, 'This revision is 'not final. It is circulated in the expectation that it will be subjected 'to a thorough criticism in order that its imperfections, whatever they 'may be, may be disclosed and corrected.' After a critical 'Introduction,' setting forth what has been previously done, for the rendering of these scriptures into English, the translator applies himself to the task of translation, which he pursues in the following manner—he gives in three separate columns on each succeeding page, first 'King James's

Version' secondly the 'Greek Text,' and thirdly his 'Revised Version.' Very copious notes are subjoined relating to the correct reading of the original, the import of particular terms, the versions offered by others, and the proper translation. These notes are of very great value for every one who wishes to possess a critical acquaintance with the word of God. At the end of the volume, the revised versions are presented, each in an unbroken continuity so that the entire whole may be consecutively read. We have not space here to enter into a critical examination of the work, but we are so impressed with its general excellence, that we earnestly desire to see the whole Bible put forth in the same way. By the avoidance of comment on doctrinal points, 'The American Bible Union,' under whose auspices the work is issued—has rendered, in this work, a contribution to the Christian church at large, and in our judgment, a greater benefit could not be conferred on that church, than the publication of every part of the sacred Record thus executed. A corrected version is much needed, and has often been loudly called for; this is the best promise of so desirable a boon that has come under our notice. "

Die Bussordnungen der abendländischen Kirche. (The Penitential Ordinances of the Western Church, with an Historical Introduction. By Dr. F. W. H. WASSERSCHLEBEN, Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of Halle; Halle, Graeger; London, Williams and Norgate.—Those who are students of moral pathology, are here presented with a volume full of spiritual diseases, together with their several remedies. Pathology is a branch of human history; for if you would know what man is, you must, among other things, know what man has suffered. And so this book has an historical value. In truth it is full of historical information to the intelligent and deep-seeing reader. Here may he see Christianity in conflict with many of the worst and most repulsive forms of sin, and here too may he see the Gospel shaded and marred by the very hand which aimed to make it serve as a spiritual panacea. In this latter point of view the book presents a dark picture of the Roman Catholic church, for though it manifests a disposition on the part of that church to put away foul and sinful practices, it also shows an ignorance, a want of skill, and mistakes the most flagrant in the selection and employment of means. Romanism has justly been charged with producing immorality by even suggesting immoral acts in her practice of confession and penance. Bits and scraps of evidence have been adduced to sustain the charge. And so heavy is the charge and so unsystematic the allegation of evidence, that the fair dealing have sometimes hesitated to say "Yes" to a verdict of guilty. In this volume, evidence to satisfy the most hesitating, may, alas! be found—set forth not to arraign Romanism, but simply as a page in human history, set forth in all the bare and unimpeachable form of laws, regulations, and ordinances, but on that very account in forms which, if repulsive and sometimes disgusting, are of the more manifest certainty. It would be as wrong to take this book as an image of society in the dark ages, as to take a work on pathology as a picture of the ordinary condition of the human frame. Nevertheless,

it is sad to know that misdeeds such as are here spoken of could ever have existed in connexion with the Christian Church, and especially with persons consecrated and set apart as ministers of that church.

Church Patronage; Historically, Legally, and Morally Considered, in connexion with the offence of Simony. By ALFRED WADDILOVE, D.C.L., F.S.S. Feap. Longmans.—Dr. Waddilove would repeal the existing laws in relation to the transfer of church patronage and to simony, as obsolete, as laws which prevent no evil, inasmuch as no one thinks of appealing to them. ‘Let the bishops,’ he writes, ‘be required more effectually to ascertain the moral, religious, and physical qualities of presentees, and empowered to reject those they deem in any way unfit—let no man become an independent incumbent until he has attained to at least twenty-five years of age,’ and the Church will find her interest better secured than at present. This remedy seems very simple, but we are far from thinking it would be very effective. The treatise, however, is full of curious matter, and is worth reading from its embracing so many points in the field of ecclesiastical antiquities.

A Catechetical Help to Bishop Butler’s Analogy. By the Rev. C. G. HULTON, M.A. Printed for the author by W. H. Collingridge, City Press, Long Lane, London.—Mr. Hulton has acquitted himself with fidelity and judgment in the task he has here undertaken. Butler is an author whose influence ripens with time, and his reasonings were never better adapted to meet current streams of thought than now. The book before us brings out all the material points in Butler’s argument with great distinctness, and may be used with great advantage, not only in schools, but in colleges.

Ten Lectures addressed to the Working Classes, delivered in the Lyceum, Sunderland, in the Winter of 1853-4. By Dissenting Ministers of various Denominations. 12mo. Binns and Goodwin.—These were not Sunday lectures, nor were they delivered in a chapel. The time selected was a week-day evening, and the place the Lyceum. The attendance, we are told, was large, amounting to some two thousand, from the beginning of the course to the end. The effort is pronounced to have been in a high degree successful. The small charge made for admission to a part of the building, and the sale of the volume, have enabled the ministers to defray every cost, and to present the surplus in contributions to the religious institutions of the town. We give these particulars because we are quite sure that what has been done in Sunderland, may be done in hundreds of places with the same effect. Where ministers of ‘various denominations’ may not join with advantage in such an enterprise, from their small numbers, or the want, in some cases, of aptness for the work, one man of real competency, and giving himself thoroughly to the effort, might occupy the ground. The combination of ministers for such a purpose has its advantages and disadvantages, but where that may not be satisfactorily realized, let the gifted man of the locality be at his post, and do his work. Many who would never have heard him from the pulpit, will hear him then. The Sunderland Lectures are of course of various merit, but the volume as a whole is highly creditable to those who have produced it.

An Historical Text Book and Atlas of Biblical Geography. By LYMAN COLEMAN. London. Trübner and Co. One vol., crown 8vo. 1854.—This is one of those practically useful works which well correspond to the genius of brother Jonathan, to whom we owe it, and are not unsuitable to either the genius or the wants of John Bull, within whose reach it is put by the English publishers above named. And unwise will those publishers be, if they do not take pains to bring the volume thoroughly under the notice of the English public. Of its kind, we have never met with so good a volume. The book is a carefully made digest of the results of the highest scholarship in Biblical Geography. The authorities employed are of the first, and only the first character. Here any one who can read English may have for his instruction the fruits of the labours of such men as Roland, Ritter, Winer, Von Rümmer, Arnold, Helmuth, Robinson, Lepsius, Chesney, Layard, Bonomi, Knobel, Kiepert, Zimmermann, Conybeare, and Howson, &c. &c. We are glad that the compiler has consulted German authorities. In scholarship their writings hold a high place, whatever may be thought of the doctrines taught by some of that learned nation. In a succession of chapters, Mr. Coleman gives in Part I., succinct summaries of the history of the world and the history of the Hebrew people ‘from the Creation to the Flood,’ ‘from the Flood to the Promise,’ ‘from the Promise to the Exode,’ ‘from the Exode to the Passage over Jordan,’ ‘the Judges from Joshua to Samuel,’ ‘from Samuel to David as king,’ ‘from David to the Babylonish captivity,’ ‘from the Conquest of Judea to the conclusion of the Canon of the Old Testament.’ In Part II., the author treats of ‘the Life of Christ,’ ‘the Labours of St. Paul,’ ‘Patmos and the Seven Churches.’ Well executed maps, comprising the facts most recently ascertained, are prefixed, namely: 1. Ancient and Modern Jerusalem; 2. The World as known to the Hebrews, according to the Mosaic Account; 3. The Routes of the Israelites through the Desert, Canaan at the time of the Conquest; 4. Palestine under the Judges and Kings; 5. Palestine in the time of Christ; 6. The Travels of Our Saviour; 7. The Missionary Tours of the Apostle Paul; 8. A Chart of the Elevation of various sections of the Lands of the Bible. The matter and the manner of this excellent compendium, in which is compressed the substance of thousands of pages, may be judged of by the following extract, relating to a part of the earth of special interest to the Biblical student, and scarcely less so to any one given to the study of physical geography.

THE ATLANTIC GULF, OR THE AKABAH, THE ARABAH, AND THE GHOR.

‘Between the Atlantic Gulf, or the eastern arm of the Red Sea and the Dead Sea, runs in a direct line an immense chasm, or gulf, known as the Arabah, one hundred miles from sea to sea. The bed of the gulf is a barren sand-plain, varying in width from five to ten or fifteen miles, with occasional oases overspread with a sparse and coarse growth of weeds. It is lined on either side by perpendicular bluffs, which in the west, at the height of twelve or fifteen hundred feet, form an abutment for the great western desert that lies at this elevation above the bed of this valley. On the east the mountains of Edom rise to the height of fifteen hundred and two thousand feet, which indicates the elevation of the eastern portion of the

great desert of Arabia. The Ailanitic Gulf is but a continuation of this extraordinary fissure of the earth, which extends at about the same variable width to the Red Sea, a distance of about a hundred miles, and lined with bluffs corresponding to those of the plain of the Arabah. In its geological character it is but a continuation of the fissure of the Arabah, which when formed by some mighty convulsion, in some distant age, opened out upon the sea and received its waters. The depth of these waters is very remarkable. It greatly exceeds that of the Straits of Dover, or the Gulf of Suez. They have often been sounded to the depth of a thousand and eighteen hundred feet without finding bottom, but their actual depth is not known. Altogether, the conclusion is irresistible that the immense peninsula of Sinai, and the portion of this desert north, has by some mighty convulsion been broken off, and fallen back from the greater desert eastward, leaving this vast cleft and chasm now occupied by the Akabah and the Arabah. The Dead Sea itself is only an expansion and deeper depression of this fissure of the earth, of which the Valley of the Jordan and the Sea of Galilee are also a farther continuation. The whole line from the Red Sea to the Mountains of Lebanon, a distance of not less than three hundred and forty miles, is one continuous chasm, deep, dreary, desolate, and mysterious. This rent in the earth's surface is in geology called a *crétasse*, and is the most remarkable of this class of phenomena perhaps on the face of the earth. It opens a wide field of speculation respecting the stupendous convulsions and disruptions to which the surface of the earth has been subject in the early and unknown ages of its existence. From below the Dead Sea northward this valley takes the name of *the Ghor*, a name which it has appropriately received from the Arabic language, in which it means a valley between two ranges of mountains. The entire length of this crevasse affords the most evident indications of volcanic agencies. Basaltic rocks are of frequent occurrence. The fountains of petroleum and naphtha, near the sources of the Jordan, the asphaltum of the Red Sea, and the hot springs of this and the Sea of Galilee, and the frequent earthquakes with which the country is convulsed, indicate the existence of slumbering agents that may, far back in ages past, have kindled into such tremendous activity as to cleave the solid earth asunder, and open this stupendous chasm in its surface. Above the Dead Sea, the summit level of the mountains which inclose the Ghor gradually recede and approach to the bed of the valley by more gentle declivities, or rather by successive offsets and terraces. On the east of the Jordan are found several offsets and terraces, with intervening plains of great fertility and beauty, overspread with the ruins of cities once numerous and populous. This country, then occupied by the Ammonites and Moabites, the tribes of Reuben and Gad, and a part of Manasseh, wisely chose as their final inheritance. The plain of the valley forming the bed of the Jordan rises from the Dead Sea to Tiberias six thousand feet in sixty miles, and in twenty-five or thirty miles ascends three or four hundred feet farther to the common level of the earth's surface at the base of the mountains of Lebanon.

History of the Propagation of Christianity among the Heathens since the Reformation. By the Rev. WILLIAM BROWN, M.D. 3 vols. 8vo. Blackwood and Sons.—In this third edition of his history, Dr. Brown brings his narrative down to the present time, and has taken much pains to improve the work by revision and correction. It is to a large extent a new work. The plan of the work is good, and in its execution it is judicious and impartial. It is a trustworthy repertory on the subject to which it relates. Missions in the fields of modern heathendom are now a large subject, supplying many lessons, but lessons, we fear, that are not turned to account so readily as might be wished. To us, two things are clear—Christianity must not be expected to continue among barbarians except as they cease to be barbarians; and to expect the conversion of cultivated Pagans by means of uncultivated missionaries, will be to expect in vain. God might work without the aid of such natural adaptations, but it is not his manner so to do.

The Church. By WILLIAM ATKINSON. 2 vols. 8vo. Longmans.—The full title of this work reads as follows: 'The Church. An Explanation of the Meaning contained in the Bible, showing the Ancient, Continual, and Prevailing Error of Man—the Substitution of Worship for Religion; and showing that the principles of all right Individual Action, and General Government, or the Government of all Nature, are comprised in Revealed Religion.' This prolix description indicates but too truly the prolixity of the work. Its great object is analytical, to distinguish between a true principle and a false one often thrust into its place. But in illustration of this analysis, Mr. Atkinson moves at camel pace over the whole field of history, and wearies you beyond endurance with the tedious, the obscure, and the exaggerated. The work is the result of much reading, and contains many just observations; but we regret to say that these two handsome volumes belong to a class of publications the profits of which must be restricted to the printer and the stationer. In regard to the principle insisted on—that religion should consist in doing the will of God, and be in everything, almost all men are agreed; it is in the applications of this principle that difficulties arise, and here the help to be derived from Mr. Atkinson is very small.

A Model for Men of Business; or, Lectures on the Character of Nehemiah. By HUGH STOWELL, M.A. Fcp. Hatchard.—In these lectures we have the evangelical spirit, the earnest feeling, and the clear, direct, and popular style of expression characteristic of the author. Great practical questions come up in the course of these discussions. In dealing with these questions, there is at times the want of a fuller exposition and of a closer discrimination; but the impression conveyed by the author's briefer and more dogmatic method of dealing with them is generally sound and healthful.

A Treatise on Relics. By JOHN CALVIN. Newly Translated from the French Original. With an Introductory Dissertation on the Miraculous Images, as well as other Superstitions of the Roman Catholic and Russo-Greek Churches. Fcp. Johnstone.—The 'Treatise' in this volume does not exceed seventy pages; the 'Introduction,' by the translator, extends to more than two hundred. The porch, accordingly, is not in due proportion to the edifice. But we have no other complaint to make of it. The 'Dissertation' is good in its substance and spirit, and not the less welcome as bearing on the topic in its relation to the Russo-Greek churches.

Memoir and Correspondence of Mrs. Coutts. By the Rev. W. M. HETHERINGTON, LL.D. Fcp. Johnstone.

Memoir of Helen S. Herchell. Edited by RIDLEY HERCHELL.

The Life of Mrs. Sherwood. 8vo. Darton.

These publications bear a strong resemblance to each other. They are the memorials of pious women, and will be read with interest in the circles in which the persons to whom they relate were known; but they are not likely to attract a wider attention.

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